

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift

EDITED BY
HAROLD WILLIAMS

VOLUME IV
1732-1736

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NOTE TO THE CORRECTED IMPRESSION

(1972)

THE call for a new printing of vols. iv and v of this edition (which were published two years after vols. i–iii) has permitted a measure of correction to be made. Although all stages of proof were overseen by their distinguished editor, his health was then steadily failing, and when finally advance copies of the bound volumes reached his desk they remained unopened. The task of revision, therefore, has involved recapitulating much of his work. The text of both volumes has been collated throughout against the original manuscript and printed sources, and the smallest departures noted. Where an earlier or superior text has been found, or the holograph has reappeared, account was taken of their readings. But while many corrections have been made to the text they have been of necessity limited, in this reprint, in the main to errors of substance; viz. to supplying and correcting omitted and mistaken words and essential punctuation, correcting misreadings of manuscript, and rectifying printer's errors. It has not been possible consistently to restore all literal spelling and pointing, capitalization, and forms of abbreviation, but any such restoration has been made in accordance with the editor's practice elsewhere in the edition.

In particular some preference here was given to the letters by Swift, whose conventions remained characteristic and fairly constant over fifty years. One detail merits attention, which may be misconstrued in Sir Harold's text. All his life Swift seems to have marked the pauses in his thought, as he deliberated what next to set down, by resting his quill on the paper and recording a full stop; then he would resume by *adding* immediately the appropriate punctuation mark, with the result that there is frequent duplication of stops, which appear in manuscript as .. ., .; ,. and so on. Many of these are incorrectly rendered in print, some having been regularized and others giving an ambiguous or misleading effect through literal reproduction. Further he did not care overmuch whether he wrote a comma or full stop, the sense not being in doubt. It has not been possible in an interim revision to do more than draw attention to this aspect of the text.

The annotation has been reviewed and aberrations set right. Where space and the occasion permitted, later and more accurate information has been incorporated, without identification though its substance will in general declare this. No attempt was made to re-annotate and the pagination of both volumes stands unchanged, with the minor reservation that in a handful of instances a line or two of text have had to be carried over to accommodate an earlier restoration. Fully detailed identification of sources, which is much desiderated, must await the preparation of the next edition. The lengthy section of Appendixes at the end of vol. v, which derives largely from those distributed by Elrington Ball through his six volumes, has been scrutinized and corrections made.

Appendix I, which was constructed by Ball from several undeclared sources in a modernized text, has benefited from the expert eye of Paul V. Thompson who is now editing all Swift's account books, and a number of additions and corrections were made; likewise Appendix XXXIII was revised in the light of Professor Thompson's chronological record of Swift's life. The Swift manuscripts in the Huntington Library, California, were generously consulted anew by George P. Mayhew, and thanks are due to the Librarian Mr. R. O. Dougan for allowing me to use the text of Swift's holograph for Appendix XXXI. Those unpublished and uncollected letters and documents, approaching forty in number, which I have turned up in the course of revision I hope to publish as a supplement to Williams in a forthcoming number of the *Harvard Library Bulletin*.

For assistance and kindness, such as I will never forget, I wish to thank the following scholars, librarians, and private collectors: Alan S. Bell, Frank Brady, Anthony Burton, James L. Clifford, Peter Croft, Margaret Crum, Pierre Danchin, D. M. Davin, Edna C. Davis, D. D. Devlin, Irvin Ehrenpreis, A. C. Elias Jr., Frank Ellis, Douglas Ewing, Andrew Fountaine, Philip Gaskell, P. J. Gautrey, Robert Halsband, Martin Hamlyn, A. A. Houghton Jr., Carolyn Jakeman, Maurice Johnson, Dorothy King, William LeFanu, J. C. Maxwell, J. C. T. Oates, James M. Osborn, Michael Papantonio, Stephen Parks, M. P. Pollard, Cecil Price, Robert H. Taylor, Dorothy Thompson, Alexander D. Wainwright, Stanley Waters, Margaret Weedon, Philip Yorke; and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and London Symphony Orchestra for fortuitously enabling me to visit some great American libraries during three

Note to the Corrected Impression 1972

concert tours in two years. For the whole, however, I must bear responsibility, hoping to escape the doubts cast upon my name by Swift in his memorandum to Thomas Sheridan (v. 251).

DAVID WOOLLEY

London, March 1971

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

11 Jan: 173½

Tis well for Mr Pope your Letter came as it did,¹ for else I had called for my Coach and was going to make a thorough search at his House, for I was most positively assured that you was there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you Non Credo is all the Latin I know and the most usefull word upon all occasions to me, however like most other People I can give it up for what I wish, so for once I believed or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then for the only time your Letter was unwellcome, you tell me you have a request which is purely personal to me, Non Credo for that, for Im sure you woud not have been so disagreeable as not to have made it when you know it is a pleasure and Satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *Sans Consequence* to me, I mett with your friend Pope tother day he complains of not being well and indeed lookt ill, I fear his wit nor sense does arm him enough against being hurt by Malice and that he is too sensible of what fools say, the run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos account, but I believe their rage is not kindness to the Duke but glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence² I wish your presence woud have such a miraculous effect as you design on Biddys³ Speech, you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination, but now every winter tis kept still perforce for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter, but as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorsets⁴ I will let her loose at you and see which can get the better, Miss Kelly⁵ was a very

¹ A reply no doubt to her letter of 4 Nov.

² Pope's *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, carrying the half-title 'Of Taste. An Epistle', appeared on 14 Dec. 1731 and raised an outcry against Pope's alleged ingratitude. The character of 'Timon', ll. 99-168, was supposed to represent the Duke of Chandos. Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Hill, iii. 152-3, supported this contention. It is, however, quite certain that 'Timon' was not intended as a caricature of Chandos. See Sherburn's article in the *Huntington Library Bulletin*, Oct. 1935, and the Twickenham edition of *Epistles to Several Persons*, ed. F. W. Bateson, 2nd ed. (1961), pp. 170-4.

³ Biddy Floyd, Lady Betty Germain's companion (*Poems*, i. 117).

⁴ Ball suggests that the reference may be to Lady Allen.

⁵ The only child of Dennis Kelly, who was arrested for complicity in Layer's plot. She was distinguished for her beauty; but her health was failing, and, as subsequent letters will show, her death took place at the end of the following year.

prity Girl, when she went from hence and y^r Beaus show their good taste by liking her, I hear her father is now kind to her, but if she is not mightly alterd she woud give up some of her Airs and Equipage to live in England, since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform y^u I never was better in my life than this Winter and have escaped both Headachs & Gout. and that yours may not be in danger by reading such a long letter I will add no more but bid Adieu to My Dear Dean.

Address: To | The Rev^d Doctor Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks at Dublin | Ireland
Postmark: 11 1A

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} Elis. Germain | Rx Jaⁿ 20th 1731 | Answ^d Feb. 3th | 1731-2

4806

John Gay to Swift

[London, 18 January 1731-2]

Dear Sir.¹

It is now past nine a clock, I deferr'd sitting down to write to you in expectation to have seen Mr Pope who left me two or three hours ago to try to find Lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year & a half but for what reason I know not. Mr Pope is just this minute come in, but Had not the good luck to find him, so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the Affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to morrow, & if any thing can be done he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my Letter you see how I decline in favour, but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the Court gains a man I lose him; tis a mortification I have been us'd to, so I bear it as a Philosopher should.

The Letter which you writ to me & the Duke I receiv'd,² & Mr Pope show'd me that directed to him,³ which gave me more pleasure than all the Letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the Duke & Dutchess of my writing I know

¹ At the end of his letter to Lord Bathurst, 17 July 1731, Swift had asked him to speak to Lord Burlington about repairing Lord Cork's monument. He now despaired of any assistance from Bathurst; and, as appears from this letter, he had appealed for help to Gay, who was at the time living with Lord Burlington.

² That of 1 Dec. 1731.

³ Not forthcoming.

18 January 1731-2

John Gay to Swift

that they would have something to say to you & perhaps would prevent my sending the Letter this post so I chuse to say nothing about it. You are in great favour & esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love & esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is 'till you want it as it carries some interest, though it might be now sold to some advantage, & is liable to rises & falls, with the other stocks it may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it 'till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, & I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprise. The Bellman rings for the Letter so I can say no more.
London. | Jan^y 18 173 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Address: To | The Reverend D^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patrick's in | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 18 1A

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Gay. Jan^y 18 | 1731-2 and M^r Gay. | Jan^y 18th 1731-2 | Answrd.

Rothschild¹

Swift to the Rev. John Winder

Dublin. Feb. 19th 1731-2

Sr²

I had the favor of Yours of the 6th instant, I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental Strain,³ and can neith^r ride nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner, I am heartily sorry for your disorders, and am the more sensible by those I have my self, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddyness, which I fear my present confinement with the want of exercise will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you or my nearest friends in

¹ Lord Rothschild's Library 2294.

² For Winder see Swift's letter to him as early as the Kilroot days, 1 Apr. 1698. Whether they had met since those early days is doubtful. A sermon of Winder's preached in Dublin in 1714, preserved in print among tracts in the Royal Irish Academy, shows his Tory leanings.

³ As will be seen by a subsequent letter the injury was due to a slip on the stairs which strained one of his legs.

any manner with people in power. For I have the misfortune to be not onely under the particular displeasure both of the King and Queen, as every body knows, but likewise of every person both in England and Ireland who are well with the Court, or can do me good or hurt; And although this and the two last Lieutenants here¹ were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevayl with any of them to give a living to a sober grave Clergyman who married my near Relation, and hath been long in the Church so that he still is my Curate,² and I reckon this present Governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any Person you see from this town, who does not know that my Scituation is as I describe. If you or your son³ were in favor with any Bishop or Patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind or sollicited, but I am no way proper to be the first mover; because there is not one spirituall or temporal Lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited but am as meer a Monk as any in Spain, and there is not a Clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except shewing *malice*. All this I bear as well as I can, *eat my morsel alone* like a King, and [am] constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of my self out of old friendship; from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth are now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning; Forgive this tediousness in the pen which I acquire by the want of spending it in *talk*

And believe me to be with true esteem and friendship | Your most obedient humble Serv^t | &c.

Address: To the Reverend | M^r Winder at | Belfast

Postmark: Illegible.

Later endorsement: Dean Swift | to | The Rev^d John Winder | Feb: 19th—1731

¹ Dorset, Carteret, and Grafton.

² Stafford Lightburne.

³ Winder had two sons, Edward, and Peter who took Holy orders, and two daughters, Jane, who married the Rev. Edward Benson, and Elizabeth, who married George Macartney, and was mother of the illustrious Earl Macartney.—Ball.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

23 feb: 1731½

I like to know my power, if tis so, that I can make you uneasy at my not writing, tho I shant often care to exert it, least you shoud grow weary of me & my Correspondance, but the slowness of my answers does not come from the Emptyness of my heart but the Emptyness of my head and that you know is Natures fault not mine, I was not learned enough to know Non Credos has been so long in fashion but every day convinces me more of the Necessity of it, not but that I often wish against my self, as P^r exemple I woud fain believe your coming to England because most of your acquaintance tells me so & yet I turn and wind and sift your letters to find any thing like its being true, but instead of that there I find a Lawsuit, which is a worse tye by the leg than yr lameness. and pray what is this hurt above my Heel,¹ have you had a fellow feeling with My Lord Lieu^{nt} of the gout and call it a sprain as he does, who has lied so long and often to disguise it that I verily think he has not a new story left, does he do the same in Ireland for there I hoped he woud have given a better example, I find your grown a Horrid flatterer or else you coud never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of Marble you speak on for my sister Penelope which I desire may be at my expence,² I cant be exact neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there & we did not stay quite two year and was in England some Months before King William died,³ I wish I had my Dame Watkers or M^r Ferrers Memorandum head, that I might know whether twas at the time of Gooseberrys,⁴ surely your Irish Air is very bad for Darts if M^{rs} Kellys are blunted already make her cross father let her come over & we wont use her so in England, if My Dutchess⁶ sees Company in a

¹ The strain mentioned in the previous letter.

² As appears from subsequent letters Swift proposed to erect a monument to the memory of a sister of Lady Betty who had died while their father was a Lord Justice of Ireland, and had been buried in St. Michan's Church, Dublin.—Ball.

³ Lady Betty's sister died within a few weeks of their arrival in Dublin. Lord Berkeley returned to England in April 1701, and virtually retired from public life. King William died on 8 Mar. 1702.

⁴ See *Mrs. Harris's Petition* (*Poems*, i. 68-73).

⁵ *Sic* for 'Mrs.'

⁶ i.e. of Dorset.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

23 February 1731-2

Morning you need not Grumble at the hour for it must be purely from great Complaisance for that never was her taste here, tho she is as early a riser as the generality of Ladies are, and I believe there is not many dressing-rooms in London but mine where the Early Idle come. Adieu Abruptly for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole Name at the Bottom as if I were asking you your Catechism—

Address: To | The Rev^d Doctor Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks at | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 2? FE

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} E. Germain | Feb. 23^d 1731-2 | Answ^d April 13 | 1732

Faulkner 1741

Viscount Bolingbroke and Alexander Pope to Swift

[March 1731-2.]¹

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years.² I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject;³ that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it be push'd as successfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphysical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of

¹ Ball, following Elwin, places, within brackets, the date April 1732. By 13 Mar., see the opening sentence of the letter of that date, Gay suspected that an injury to Swift's leg would prevent him visiting England. Delany's *Revelation examined with Candour* was published early in May, and April would be unduly late for submitting the manuscript to Bolingbroke. Sherburn suggests, with probability, an unspecified date in March.

² Bolingbroke's projected history of his own time. See Bolingbroke to Swift, 2 Aug. 1731.

³ His philosophical writings which may be consulted in Mallet's edition of the *Works*.

your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am perswaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it were to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall¹—the passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr.*² the Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations, &c.

It has happened that whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: He was in haste to return, and is I perceive in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations,³ a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against monday next when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find my self unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are true: The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

⁴P.S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Free-man—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; tho' some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries.

¹ Bolingbroke contemplated posthumous publication.

² Dr. Delany. Swift's remark was fully in consonance with his contempt for argument concerning metaphysical or religious subjects.

³ Eight dissertations would be about half that part of *Revelation examined with Candour* published in 1732 in two volumes, vol. i in May, and vol. ii in June.

⁴ Here Pope begins to write.

I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to my self) is as much estrang'd from politicks as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politicks, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but Satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. 'I fancy if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this Age; or at least some punishment made effectual, toward the Example of posterity, between History, Philosophy, and Poetry, or the Devil's in it. Nay, and I think 'tis all among ourselves; at least, I yet see none likely to dispute it with us. Those who get your money, can't get your Fame from you: that is one thing at least not always to be sold.'¹

I know you'll desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for Politicks, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as publick quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satyrical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life than I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy of his pen. Dr. D*****'s² Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkley's,³ tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is I think purely *ad Clerum*. | Adieu.

4806

John Gay to Swift

[13 March 1731-2]

Dear Sir.

I hope this unlucky accident of hurting your Leg will not prevent your coming to us this Spring though you say nothing about it;⁴ All your friends expect it, & particularly my Landlord & Landlady,

¹ The section of Pope's part of the letter, here enclosed within half-brackets, was entirely omitted by Faulkner in his 1741 volume. It was printed in the London texts of 1741-2.

² Delany's.

³ Berkeley's *Alciphron* was advertised in London as published 2-4 Mar.

⁴ The letter to which the present one is a reply is missing.

who are my friends as much as ever, & I should not think 'em so, if they were not as much yours. The Downs of Amesbury are so smooth that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you can prevail with the Dutchess to ride & walk with you, you will do her good, but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterel & I set out to morrow morning for Rousham in Oxfordshire to stay ten days or a fortnight.¹ The Dutchess will undertake to recommend the Lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr Reeves his Cause² if it should come on before our return; the Duke will do the same. Her Grace too hath undertaken to answer your Letter. I have not dispos'd of your S. Sea Bonds; There is a years interest due at Lady day. But if I were to dispose of 'em at present I should lose a great deal of the premium I pay'd for 'em; perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell 'em. The Roguerys that have been discover'd in some other companys I believe makes 'em all have less credit. I find myself disquieted for want of having some pursuit; indolence & idleness are the most tiresome things in the world, & I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left of almost all my great acquaintance; which saves me something in Chair-hire, though in that article the Town is still very expensive.

Those who were your old acquaintance are almost the only people I ever visit, and indeed upon trying all I like 'em best. Lord Cornbury refus'd the Pension that was offer'd him.³ He is chosen to repre-

¹ General James Dormer was previously mentioned by Gay writing to Swift, 4 July 1730. For an account of him see a footnote to that letter. He was a cousin of Sir Clement Cotterell to whom Rousham was bequeathed by him. The editor is indebted to the Cottrell-Dormer family for access to manuscripts. Warton declared that Pope's imitation of the *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737, was addressed to Col. Cotterell of Rousham; but this statement is open to question. See John Butt's note, p. 164 of vol. iv of the Twickenham Pope.

² The reference is to a suit between William Ryves and David Bindon, which had led to an appeal to the British House of Lords. Swift's interest in Ryves was attributable to the fact that he was through his mother, who was a sister of Philip Savage, a cousin of Lady Acheson.—Ball.

³ For an earlier mention of Lord Cornbury see Gay to Swift, 31 Mar. 1730. On his return from his travels Cornbury was told by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Essex, that he had secured a pension for him, 'a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank'. The answer was, 'How could you tell, my lord, that I was to

sent the University of Oxford, (in the room of Mr Bromley)¹ without opposition. I know him and I think he deserves it. He is a Young Nobleman of Learning & Morals which is so particular that I know you will respect and value him, & to my great comfort he lives with us in our family. Mr Pope is in town & in good health I lately past a week with him at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the Dutchess² for I must pack up my shirts to set out to morrow being the 14th of March the day after I receiv'd your Letter. If you would advise the Dutchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room while I am in the country I will write; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

Address: To | The Revd Dr Swift | Dean of St Patricks | in Dublin.

Frank: Cornbury | ffree

Postmark: 8 AP

Endorsed by Swift: Mr Gay Rx Apr. 13 | 1732 | Answd May 6th 1732.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to George Faulkner

[Deanery House, 29 March 1732]

Mr. Faulkner,³

Without the least Regard to your Wager, I do assure you upon my Word and Reputation, that I am not Author of one single Line or Syllable of that Pamphlet, called, *An infallible Scheme to pay the*

be sold, or at least how could you know my price so exactly?' (Spence, *Anecdotes*, p. 292). See also l. 61 of Pope's imitation of the *Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace*.

¹ William Bromley, known to Swift in Queen Anne's days as Speaker and Secretary of State. He died 13 Feb. 1731-2.

² As will be seen later she was prevented from finishing the letter by being called to Winchester, where her son, Lord Drumlanrig, had contracted small-pox. The London postmark carries a date nearly a month later.

³ Evidently when in London in 1726 Faulkner called on Bolingbroke offering to carry a letter to Swift (22 Sept.). At that time he was journeyman to William Bowyer, improving his knowledge of the trade. He then set up a business in conjunction with James Hoey in Skinner's Row, Dublin. In 1728 he began to print the *Dublin Journal*, which appeared twice a week and proved a great success. His association with Swift stood him in good stead. In 1735 he published in four volumes the first collected edition of the Dean's *Works*.

29 March 1732

Swift to George Faulkner

Debts of the Nation;¹ and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible Proceeding to pronounce determinately on our Taste and Knowledge of Style or Manner of Writing, where very good Judges are often deceived, and in this Case, few men have suffered so much as my self, who have borne the Reproach of many hundred printed Papers which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same Manner, that I did not write the Epigram upon *Taylor*, nor heard of it until Mr. *Pilkington* shewed it me in Manuscript.² Therefore, pray desire your Wagerer from me, to be more cautious in determining on such Matters, and not to venture the Loss of his Money and Credit with so much Odds against him. | I am, | Your affectionate³ Servant, | J. Swift.

Deanry-House, | Mar. 29, 1732.

If this Fancy should hold, of taxing me with all Papers that come out, and at the same Time I should take a Fancy to be a Writer, I shall be discovered when I have no Mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Lady Acheson

[1 April 1732]⁴

A Gentleman called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. —'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from *Wicklow*. He tells me that Mrs. — was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all

¹ *An Infallible Scheme To pay the Publick Debt Of This Nation in Six Months: Humbly offered to the Consideration of the present P[arliament]*, a sixteen-page pamphlet printed in Dublin 1731, and reprinted London 1732, was written by Matthew Pilkington. It proposed the imposition of a tax on various forms of vice.

² John Taylor, 1703–72, itinerant oculist and charlatan, commonly known as the 'Chevalier'. He visited Ireland about this time.

³ As Ball notes it seems unlikely that Swift thus honoured Faulkner. The word is presumably an editorial insertion.

⁴ In 1732 1 Apr. fell on a Saturday. 'An April-fool Letter'—*Deane Swift*.

Swift to Lady Acheson

1 April 1732

her cholics. Mrs. *Brent* tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of *Monky*?¹ How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until *Monky* returns. Adieu, &c. | I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

Deane Swift 1768

Lady Acheson to Swift

[1 April 1732.]

I am greatly surprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. —; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. *Morris*'s gout seized her all over on *Thursday*, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to *Delginney*² (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

Saturday morning.

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[20 April 1732]

My Lord.

I return my most humble acknowledgments to Your Grace and my Lady Dutches for your great condescension in inquiring after

¹ As the reply shows Lady Acheson was at this time residing in Dublin. Her companion, who went by the name of *Monky*, was the Miss Morice of the next letter. She may have been the daughter of Catherine, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Pembroke (in 1707 Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), who, in 1704, married Sir Nicholas Morice of Werrington, co. Devon. Miss Morice is mentioned in a poetical epistle addressed by Swift to Dr. Helsham in 1731. See *Poems*, iii. 1028.

² Delgany, the home of Chief Justice Whitshed, lies about half-way between Dublin and Wicklow.

20 April 1732

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

me at a time when you are so much taken up in crowds and Ceremony.¹ I can make no wishes for either of you but a good Voyage without sickness or accidents. For as to honor fortune, favor, and the like, I can onely pray for the continuance of them. That I so seldom troubled Your Grace, I am sure you will approve, as a matter of Conscience in me, not to disturb your hours, which in the business of some months left so few for your own leisure and diversions. | I am with the truest respect | My Lord | Your Grace's most obedient | most obliged and | most humble Servant | Jonath Swift.
Deanry-house | Apr 20th 1732

No address.

Endorsed: 20th April | 1732 | D. Swift

Forster copy

Knightley Chetwode to Swift

[April 1732.]

Sir,²

I am truly concerned at your having been so long lame, whence you say I cannot see you, though I imputed it to your having taken something amiss in my last letter wherein when I thought I was only plain perhaps I have been blunt, and that is a fault, for I am of opinion with my old friend Wycherley, that some degree of ceremony should be preserved in the strictest friendship. However I write again to you, upon my old maxim that he who forbears to write because his last letter is unanswered shows more regard to forms and punctilios than to friendship. I have met you handed about in print, and as the coffee-houses will have it of your own doing.³ I am

¹ Two days later the Duke and Duchess sailed for England.

² This letter was printed by Birkbeck Hill (*Unprinted Letters of Swift*, p. 247), but in his arrangement it preceded the last from Swift to Chetwode (see 8 May 1731). A reviewer of Hill's book in *The Athenaeum*, 1899, pt. 1, p. 460, expressed the opinion that the order of these letters should be reversed, and this conclusion is confirmed by the discovery of Chetwode's bitter retort. To that effort of Swift's correspondent there is evident allusion in the present letter, of which the date can be determined with approximate certainty by mention in it of Swift's injured leg. As will be seen Chetwode had come to Dublin, and had endeavoured again to obtain access to the Deanery, but without success.

³ Faulkner's edition of *The Grand Question debated*, to which allusion is evidently here made, was published on 3 Feb. 1731-2 (*Poems*, iii. 863).

afraid your using your leg too soon will not let it be too soon well, the very shaking of a chair, though you had a stool under it, I believe harmed you, for you see by your accident at the Archbishop's¹ [visitation], how small a thing throws you back. Beware I pray of this hurt in time for if a swelling should fix in your legs, an access of dropsy may be apprehended. I should be glad to see you if it were convenient and agreeable to you and not else,² though I am, | Your well wisher and humble servant, | K.C.

Longleat xiii (Harleian transcript)

Swift to John Gay

Dublin May 4th 1732.

³I am now as lame as when you writ your Letter, and almost as lame as your letter it Self, for want of that limb from my Lady Dutchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a *true* Step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false Step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand politicall ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Ministers who hobble on and prosper without the Sense of feeling, To talk of riding and walking is insulting to me, for, I can as soon fly as do ether^r, I desire you will manage my South-Sea estate, as you would do if it were your own, I mean in every circumstance except gaming with the public, that is buying or Selling lottery tickets, as you once proposed to me from your own practice. I love Mr Lewis's Device; Piano piano^l. It is your pride or lazyness more than Chair-hire, that make the town expensive. No honor is lost by walking in the dark, and in the day, you may becken a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting place (*experto crede*)⁴ Save eleven pence; and get half a crowns worth of health, The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat

¹ According to the copy used by Birkbeck Hill the word 'visitation' should here appear, instead of 'and exertion', doubtless a misreading.

² So far as we know there was never any further communication between Chetwode and Swift.

³ Printed by Pope 1740-2. His omissions are here placed in half-brackets.

⁴ Believe me who have experienced it.—Faulkner, 1741. Elwin notes that

4 May 1732

Swift to John Gay

and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and to encrease my misery the knaves are Sure to find me at home, and make huge voyd Spaces in my Cellars, I congratulate with you for losing your *great* acquaintance, in Such a case philosophy teaches that we must Submit, and be content with *good* ones, I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but demur at his being elected for Oxford, which I conceive is wholly changed, and entirely, devoted to new Principles, 'directly contrary to those for which Lord Cornbury refused a pension, and' appeared to me a most corrupt Seminary¹ the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; just the reverse of Mr Pope, who hath always loved a domestick life from his youth. I was going to wish you had Some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one Systeme of life that would please you, You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Dutchess, yet from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you allways Joyned a violent desire of perpetually Shifting places and company, with a rooted Lazyness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and Six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this onely when you can fill it with Such company as is best Suited to your tast, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoyd jolting; while I who am So much later in life can or at least could ride 500 miles on a trotting horse, You mortaly hate writing onely because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune; you are mercifull to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity;—Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithfull account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Amesbury write domestick libels to divert the family and the Neighboring Squires for five-miles round; or venture So far on Horseback without apprehending a Stumble at

Gay was experienced in getting a boy to clean his shoes before entering a house as a visitor. Swift may even have had in mind lines from *Trivia*, ii. 99–102.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.

¹ 'Seminary' in Oxford's hand.

every Step? Can you Set the footman laughing as they wait at dinner; and do the Dutchess's women admire your Wit? In what esteem are you 'of' with the Vicar of the Parish? can you play with him at Back-gammon? Have the Farmers found out that you cannot distinguish Rye from Barly, or an Oak from a crab-tree? You are Sensible that I know the full extent of your country Skill is in fishing for Roches, or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore desire you will Show this letter to the Dutchess, to improve Her Graces good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how usefull you are like to be in the family. 'I suppose you have Seen Dr Delany who hath been long amongst you, And we hear is printing many Sermons against free thinkers, besides one or more against eating blood. I advised him against preaching on those Subjects to plain believing Christians, but that he might print if he pleas'd,¹ This I Suppose hindred him from taking me as his adviser, & he rather chose Lord Bolingbroke. We hear he has published a Poem inscribed to one of the Princesses. Pray how does Dr Berkeleys book pass amongst you; It is too Speculative for me, I hope you Still See Ldy S— in her grandeur and think her as much your friend as ever; in which you do her justice. I desire to present my most humble respects to the Duke and Dutchess.² Her Grace shall have the honor of my correspondance again, when She goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buryed the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my Cathedral, he was 96 years old:³ So that Mrs Pope may live Seven years longer.³ You saw Mr Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you, I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My Stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine alone like a Hermit, and then I drink little or none at all, yet I differ from you for I would have Society if I could

¹ The sermons which eventually appeared as *Revelation examined with Candour*.

² General Meredyth, who had served under William III and Marlborough, was one of the three officers obliged to sell his command in 1710 for drinking destruction to the Tory Ministry (*Journal*, 13 Dec. 1710). The Meredyths were a Meath family and this would reconcile Swift to officiating at the burial of his father despite his alleged leanings towards Dissent.

³ Mrs. Pope was six weeks short of ninety as Swift was writing. Perhaps he was aware of her true age; although Pope himself always assumed that she was born in 1640.

4 May 1732

Swift to John Gay

get what I like, people of middle understanding middle rank, 'very complying, and consequently Such as I can govern. Lord knows where this letter will find you, but I think your will is that I Should always [direct] to the Dukes in Burlington Gardens. There's a Lord¹ for you wholly out of my favor whom I will use as I did Schomberg's Heiresses. So¹ adiu | 'ever your &c.'

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

London | 13 May 1732

I am sorry my writing shoud inconvenience your Eyes, but I fear tis rather my stile than my Ink that is so hard to be read,² however if I dont forget my self I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble, their Graces are at last arrived in perfect health in spight of all their Perils and dangers³ tho I must own they were so long in there Voyage that they gave me an exceeding heart ach, and if that woud be any hindrance they shall never have my Consent to go back to Ireland, and to remain here be only king of Knole and Drayton, and I dont think 'twoud be the worse for him either in Person or Pockets I dare say he wont need a Remembrance office for any thing you have spoke to him about, but however I wont fail the part you have sett me, I find you want a strickt account of me how I pass my time, but first I thank you for the Nine hours out of the 24 you bestowed on me for sleeping, one or two of them Ill⁴ willingly present you back again, as to Quadrille tho I am generally speaking a constant

¹ i.e. Burlington.

² Swift's eyesight had begun to trouble him but he consistently refused the aid of spectacles. Lady Betty's writing is easily legible; but she certainly used poor ink. If some of her letters are now faded it does not follow that they were so when first seen by Swift.

³ The Duke and Duchess of Dorset set sail from Dublin on Saturday evening, 22 Apr. They met with tempestuous weather and were driven back to the Irish coast, where they put into Carrickfergus on Monday. After sheltering several days they reached Parkgate on the following Saturday. This incident was long remembered. Lady Orrery, writing to her husband, 21 Sept. 1751, recalls the 'eminent danger' to which the Duchess had been exposed in 'the Irish Seas' (*Orrery Papers*, ii. 260). At that time the Duke of Dorset had again been appointed Lord-Lieutenant.

⁴ 'I'll'.

attendant to it every day in the week not one excepted, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time for when Complaisance draws me on farther tis with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my Breath in asking who plays who's called & what's trumps, and if you can recollect any thing of my former way of Life, such as it was, so it is, I never loved to have my hands idle they were either full of work or had a Book, but as neither sort was the best or most usefull, so you will find forty years and a way bitt,¹ has done no more good to my head than it has to my face, your old friend Biddy is much y^r humble servant and cou'd she get rid of her Cough, her spleen woud do her nor her friend no harm, for she loves a sly sedate joke as well as ever you knew her do,

the Duke & Dutchess are just come in, who both present their services to you and will take it as a favour that you will bestow any of y^r time that you can spare upon Lord George,² Adieu for the D^{ts} the Countess of Suffolk M^r Chardin³ & I are going to Quadrille

Endorsed by Swift: May 18th 1732 | L^{dy} B. Germain | Answd. June 19th 1732

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[13 May 1732]

Domine,⁴

Audivi quod abra foeminae nobilis et mihi amicae offendendo pedem ad paxillum vel ridicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum; valdè

¹ 'Wee bit' as pronounced in Ireland.

² George Sackville Germain, 1716–85, known from 1720 to 1770 as Lord George Sackville. He acted as principal secretary to his father, the Duke of Dorset, during his tenure of the viceroyalty of Ireland 1751–6. His name is remembered for his conduct at the battle of Minden, 1 Aug. 1759, when he was in command of the English forces. He was arraigned for disobedience to orders and dismissed the service. See *Sackville of Drayton*, by Louis Marlow, 1948.

³ Possibly the younger son of Sir John Chardin, 1643–1712, oriental traveller of French birth. The elder son was created a baronet in 1720.—*D.N.B.*

⁴ 'As the words, in this and the following letter', says Deane Swift, 'which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon; we presume, it will not be amiss to print a glossary, in order to save our readers the plague and trouble of turning over a dictionary.'

Abra, a waiting-woman: *quod sit delicata, non vulgaris Ancilla*. *Paxillus*, a stake, pale, or post. *Ridica*, the prop of a vine, &c. *Rutabulum*, a maukin, a cole-rake

laesit uropygium, et est miserè catax. Novi ejus patrem, capitularem,¹ et sublestum, et carnarium, qui furatus erat hornotinum per ostium clathratum, et, ut meruit, a vulgo occillatus. Pauper enim erat, gaunaco² et decotibus vestitus; pernionibus claudicans laboravit. Frequentavit sui similies, propolas³ nempe, arilatores, cociones, imò salisubsulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant, tribonibus vestitos.

Pridiè tabellio⁴ ad me attulit epistolam de stlata et catta in portu obrutis, unde miser perdidit cadiscum strobilorum plerum, duo haustra, calpar, decem scutellas, calignam, et, quod maximè dolet, crocotulam nuper uxori emptam, sed spero redhostiturum fore.

Amicus noster catulaster⁵ lepidissimus hominum miserè vivit in domuncula vescarum plena, proficiebus pascitur, operando strigus et conquiniscens, et turundis pullos pascit in tuguriolo serphorum pleno.

Hesterna nocte cecidit terribilissima labes⁶ mantissa, quae inlices omnes implevit. | Sum humilissimus, &c.

to make clean an oven, an oven-swoop, a skealing-stick. *Uropygium*, the narrowest and lowest part of the chine, the rump. *Catax*, lame, hip-halt.

¹ *Capitularis*, a tax-gatherer, an exciseman. *Sublestus*, weak, feeble; of no esteem or account. *Carnarius*, a butcher. *Hornotinus*, a fawn or hind-calf. *Clathratus*, latticed, barred, grated. *Occillo*, to buffet, or beat and maul.

² *Gaunacum*, a thick shag rug to cover one with, an Irish mantle. *Decotes, togae detritae*, garments worn bare. *Pernio*, a kibe on the heel.

³ *Propola*, a huckster, or retailer, a forestaller, a regrater, &c. *Arilator*, a pedlar. *Cocio*, a higler. *Salisubsulus*, a morris-dancer, any one who dances and capers to music. *Labda*, any sort of vile, filthy rascal. *Tribon*, a threadbare cloak.

⁴ *Tabellio*, a carrier of letters. *Stlata*, a float, a hoy, a flat boat. *Catta, nomen navis*. *Cadiscus*, a rundlet, a kilderkin, or little barrel. *Strobilus*, a pine-apple. *Plerus*, idem quod *plenus*. *Haustrum*, a bucket; also a kind of pot, or jug, to draw drink with. *Calpar*, an earthen vessel, or tun. *Scutella*, any kind of dish or platter. *Caligna*, as this word seems to be derived from *καλόν*, *lignum*, perhaps it signifies a large wooden bowl. *Crocotula*, a little saffron-coloured, or yellow garment. *Redhostio*, to requite a courtesy, to return like for like: but here it may signify, to make a present of just such another garment.

⁵ *Catulaster*, a little whelp. *Vesca*, a cobweb. *Proficies*, perhaps it may signify supply, or subsidy, given as a present. *Strigo*, to breathe, or rest in work, to stop or stand still, as oxen sometimes do at plough in the middle of a furrow. *Conquinisco*, to duck the head, to bow or bend the body, to stoop. *Turunda*, a pellet of bread, dough, or paste, wherewith capons are crammed. *Serphus*, a kind of vermin like an ant.

⁶ *Labes*, a great fall, or pash of rain or hail, &c. *Mantissa*, qu. *manutensa*, eo quod manu porrigitur; over-measure, advantage, the vantage or over-weight; the Welsh call it *Ispine*. *Inlex, inlices canales*, gutters in streets.

Deane Swift 1765

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

[15 May 1732]

Doctissime Decane,¹

Forbum tabellarum methodium vestrarum lagonopono me fermè affecit, quocirca hostire vestrae reverentiae gerras aggredior. Quid mea refert si uropygium abrae ignobilis sit laesum? Ejusmodi etenim mulieres plerumque sunt exbuae,² atque rimarum non minùs plenae quam excernicula; profecto non mihi injucundum foret si tu esses illi iatraliptes. Si vero curam suscipias, non abs re fuerit illius crotaphitas³ ambabus calide manibus fricare ne spiritus deficient, atque inde porrò ad podicem descendens, postquam complutum aquâ vitae feceris, applicueris emplastrum, calligoni, mattiacarum tritarum, daucorum, sussitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveto interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit,⁴ aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quandò

¹ *Forbus*, calidus, *serv.*; *formus* a *θέρμος*: *Æol.* *φέρμος*, aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*, i.e. *serveo*, hot, warm. *Tabella*, a letter, or epistle. *Methodium*, a trick, a cheat, a cunning fetch. *Lagonoponos*, a fretting to the gutts. *Hostio*, to recompense, to return like for like. *Gerrae*, hurdles, or twigs filled up with earth, for fortifying a place; gabions, &c.

² *Exbuae*, tippling-gossips. *Excerniculum*, a sieve. *Iatraliptes*, a physician or surgeon that cures by ointments and frictions.

³ *Crotaphitae*, the two muscles that are in the temples. *Complutus*, wetted all over. *Calligonum*, way-grass, knot-grass. *Mattiacae* [pilae dict. quòd praestantissimae apud Mattiacum Germaniae oppidum conficcentur] soap-balls, wash-balls. *Tritus*, common, much used. *Daucus*, a kind of wild carrot. *Sussitieteridis*. As there is no such word as this to be found in the common dictionaries, it is imagined to have been coined by Doctor *Sheridan*, when he was writing this letter, in order to amuse and puzzle his correspondent: or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us suppose the word to be thus divided, *sussiti et eridis*; and then it may refer to the rest of the ingredients of the plaster, and especially to the severe poignancy of the onions, in the next and last article. And then, perhaps, the latter part of the sentence may be thus paraphrastically interpreted: 'You might apply to the part affected a plaster of knot-grass, common wash-ball, wild carrot, and among the rest of the ingredients' [for *Συνοσιτος* signifies a Companion] 'by way of giving the whole a poignancy' [for *Ἐπὶς* signifies a contention for victory] 'you should take care that a mixture of onion predominate in the composition.' The word *Urtica*, in the following period, seems to favour this conjecture. *Gethyon*, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

⁴ *Imbulbito*, to defile one's self with any thing detestable; see Dictionary. *Imbubino*, to defile with any thing abominable; see Dict. *Partiliter*, particularly, with exactness or subtility. *Urtica*, a nettle, or any tickling pain like the sting of a nettle. *Crepido, dorsi crepido*, the rump. *Fissiculandus*, to be cleft, or cut open.

15 May 1732

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

praedicti spiritus urticam senserit; sed ne forsan obliviscaris, te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorsi interior sit fissiculanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione¹ gingrinatorem; lucuntes olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus; sed salaconem atque dosonem nimiùm se ostendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut nostra denuo amicitia inalescat,² te mecum cràs prandere prorito; habebis sympinium vel applam vini non vulgaris absque flocibus, cum cervisia aequè pellucidum ac glaesum. Saepissimè futabas³ in aedibus meis neque unquam inanias, de quibus mentionem in epistolâ vestrâ fecisti, in ullâstrarum conspexisti camerarum. Hesterno die nimiùm ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex stomachi ventositate evenisse comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut postico emurmuret, deglutire statuo. | Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco Maii 15^o, 1732.

4806

John Gay to Swift

London May 16.⁴ 1732

Dear Sir.

To morrow we set out for Amesbury where I propose to follow your advice of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seem'd not to approve of my writing more Fables; those I am now writing have a prefatory discourse before each of 'em by way of Epistle, & the Morals of most of 'em are of the political kind; which makes 'em run into a greater length than those I have already

¹ *Ruderation*, rubbish. *Gingrinator*, a piper or minstrel. *Lucuns*, a kind of meat, or rather some baked thing; a spice-cake. *Pilicrepus*, a ball-player. *Salacon*, a great boaster, who, being extremely poor, would be thought very rich. *Doso*, a great promiser, but who does nothing.

² *Inalesco*, ut *coalesco*, to grow together, to stick one to another. *Prorito*, to provoke, stir up, egg on. *Sympinium*, a kind of wooden vessel for wine, used of old in their holy rites and divine services; a stone-jug, or pitcher, a drinking-cup. *Appla*, ab *ad* et *pleo*, ut sit vas quod subinde impletur et depletur, a kind of vessel used at table. *Flores*, pl. the dregs or lees of wine. *Cervisia*, vel *cerevisia*, *cerealis*, liquor, ale, beer, &c. *Glaesum*, a kind of amber.

³ *Futo*, to blame or reprove. *Inaniae*, emptiness, cobwebs. *Flegmen*, an inflammation or swelling in the legs, tired by overmuch walking. *Git*, vel *gith*, indecl. a kind of cockle, a small seed. *Posticum*, a back-door. *Manacus*, a month.

⁴ This letter is dated 19 May by Hawkesworth.

publish'd. I have already finish'd about fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it the most difficult of any that I ever undertook; after I have invented one Fable, and finish'd it, I despair of finding out another, But I have a moral or two more which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of a Scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the Stage;¹ with this & some reading & a great deal of exercise I propose to pass my summer; I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come, & saunter about upon the Downs a Horseback in the Autumn to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I receiv'd your Letter,² & notwithstanding your reproaches of Laziness I was four or five hours about business & did not spend a shilling in a Coach or a Chair. I receiv'd a years interest on your two Bonds which is Eight pounds. I have four of my own, I have deposited all of 'em in the hands of Mr Hoare to receive the half Year's interest at Michaelmas. The Premium of the Bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours: I gave very near six pounds on each bond, and they are now sold for about fifty shillings. Every thing is very precarious, & I have no opinion of any of their publick securitys, but I do not know what to do with our money. I believe the Parliament next Year intend to examine the Southsea Scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr Ryves, & I am very glad that he hath found Justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, & was very zealous in bringing on his Cause.³ The Dutchess intended to write in my last Letter, but she set out all on a sudden to take care of Lord Drumlanrig, who was taken ill of the Small pox at Winchester School. He is now perfectly well recover'd (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday, Lady B— continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her Spirits; You are always rememberd there with great respect & friendship. Mrs Pope is so worn out with Old Age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her Life as very uncertain. Mr Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. as for

¹ Gay's opera *Achilles* was produced at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, on 10 Feb. 1733, the year after his death. It was published later in the year.

² 4 May 1732.

³ See Gay to Swift, 13 Mar. 1731-2.

16 May 1732

John Gay to Swift

myself, I am often troubled with the Cholick, I have as much inattention, & have, I think, lower Spirits than Usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the Duke & Dutchess, & Lord Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir W. Wyndham, Mr Pulteney, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Lewis &c. Every one of 'em is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen Dean Berkeley, but have read his Book, & like many parts of it, but in general think with you, that it is too Speculative, at least for me. Dr Delany I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath publish'd; I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings and I should have advis'd him as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, & let me hear from you often; But I am still in hopes to see you; & will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your Guide to Amesbury.

Endorsed by Swift: Rx Jun. 10th 1732 | Mr Gay, by Mr. Reeves | Answd Jul. 10th 1732

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Charles Ford

[17 May 1732]

I was very much concerned at the account you gave of your misfortunes by sea and land; the latter was not so much your own fault, as that of the careless rascal your servant. You had an indulgent Doctor to allow you any wine at all; however, I trust you are now recovered altogether, and if your flesh be brought down, I hope you will endeavor by health and exercise to keep it so, for in my opinion you do both eat and drink a great deal too much, I mean in a physical and not a moral sense. As to my self, I am very little, if at all better since you left us, but I got no new wrenches this fortnight, and my Surgeon now lets me use nothing but flannel, which with¹ the help of Summer (whereof we have not yet enjoyd one day) he says I shall mend in time. Immediatly on receipt of your letter, at least in a few hours, after considering as well as I could I writ to

¹ Perhaps should be 'with which and'.

Mr Burton at Woodpark.¹ I repeated to him what I thought fit of your letter, told him, as it was true, that I never knew a juster person in all dealings than you, and that I was confident you would joyn with him in any proposals to make him secure, that your Lawyers would think Proper: That in case you should dy before the expiration of his lease, your personal estate in money and other valuable things would be always worth the interest of his lease, and with that you could cover it, so that the Heir would certainly rather suffer Mr Burton to enjoy his bargain than lose what you would leave him in Money, arrears, &c. I received answer but this day, and the Post goes to morrow. His proposal is, that Your Nephew should joyn with you to levy a fine of the Lands leased to him, and the Nephew to suffer a recovery of them; and a short deed be executed by you and the Nephew declaring the trust of that fine and recovery to the purpose onely of establishing the lease to Mr Burton, and on the back, the Nephew to signify his approbation.—This Scheme of Burtons I apprehend will hardly bear, because the Nephew (who has not been with me since you went) will never be brought to it, and his mother and her relations will all be against it on hopes to get what terms they shall impose to bring you to their terms. Therefore when I read that part of your letter desiring my Opinion, I immediately called to mind the fee-farm you hold from Luttrell,² which I think is worth 60¹¹ a year, above the small rent you pay for it, and is entirely at your disposal. I suppose rather than hazard the loss of that fee-farm, both Mother and Son will agree that the lad should joyn with you to secure Burton. Or if perverseness and folly should carry them so far as to refuse, that Farm in reversion after your life may be secured to Burton in such a manner, as to bind your heirs rather to confirm his lease than lose what is worth twelve hundred pound. If

¹ By an indenture made 22 Sept. 1731 Ford had let Woodpark to Walter Burton, a Dublin banker, for the term of three lives—viz. those of Burton's two sons John and Francis, and of Ford's nephew Edward, the son of his brother Richard—at an annual rent of £115. The indenture is preserved in the copy written by Swift's orders on the back of his letter to Ford of 5 Apr. 1733. But it does not explain everything in the dispute which immediately arose between Ford and Burton. Hitherto our knowledge of the dispute rested on Ford's reference to it in his letter to Swift of 23 Dec. 1732, and on the transcripts in Swift's writing from the angry correspondence of Ford and Burton printed by Sir Walter Scott, 1814, xix. 374-7.

² Ford purchased the town and lands of Bennetstown from Henry Luttrell in Oct. 1707.

17 May 1732

Swift to Charles Ford

you will talk over this to any friend of the Law, he will easily tell you how this may be managed. But of this expedient I gave not the least hint to Burton but mentioned onely, as I said before, your personall estate.

If a Lawyer here could see your fathers will, he could soon judge whether such a lease as you made to Burton, were in your power, and then would tell you whether the expedient of Lutterels farm could not easily be practiced. I will do what you shall direct me, but shall continue to be silent on that particular to Burton, without your licence.

I am told here that L^d Derwenwaters estate was sold for onely one thousand Pounds.¹ I wish you had been early enough to have bought it for me. We must own with shame that England exceeds us in villany, as to it's greatness; but ours is more epidemick.

M^{rs} Ford² is gone to M^r Ludlows,³ and I think intends to stay the Summer. She came hither to take her leave, but I was gone out in the Chaise.

All your friends here are well. You forgot to send me your address, therefore I direct to the Coco-tree.

The Bishops have had one or two mawlings in Epigrams,⁴ and answers &c One Epigram writ by a y⁵

I am ever y^r &c—

Dubl. May. 17th. 1732.

Address: To Charles Ford Esq^r, to be | left at the Coco-tree in | Pell-mell|
London

Postmarks: Dublin and 2? MA

¹ The report of the committee on the sale of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Derwentwater, published by order of the House of Commons in 1732, shows that on 11 July 1723 the estates in Northumberland and Cumberland were sold to William Smith, Esq., of Billiter Square, London, for £1,060. They had been put up at £2,000. A witness gave evidence that the estates and mines might be made worth £9,000 per annum.

² Ford's sister Penelope; his mother had died in 1730.

³ At Ardsallagh.

⁴ See 'On the Irish Bishops', 'Judas', 'Advise to a Parson', and 'Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church' (*Poems*, iii. 801-8).

⁵ 'y' perhaps stands for 'yahoo'.

Swift to the Rev. Henry Jenney

Dublin, June 8, 1732.

Sir,²

It is true that some weeks ago a manuscript paper of verses was handed about this town, and afterwards printed. The subject was my great ingratitude and breach of hospitality in publishing a copy of verses called *Hamilton's Bawn*. The writer hath likewise taken severe notice of some other verses published many years ago by the indiscretion of a friend, to whom they were sent in a letter. It was called a *Journal*, and writ at Mr. Rochfort's; and the consequences drawn from both by this late writer is, that the better I am used in any family the more I abuse them; with other reflections that must follow from such a principle. I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be, but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean, if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember that among at least two thousand papers full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I ever saw any

¹ The original is said by John Nichols to have been then in the possession of Viscount Cremorne, an ancestor of the Earl of Dartrey. Untraced.

² Jenney, who had been known to Swift for many years, had evidently written to him to say that he was not the author of a poem entitled '*An Answer to Hamilton's Bawn: or a Short Character of Dr. S—t*' (*Haliday Tracts*) which was published at that time. The opening lines are as follows:

'Gallstown is long in wish'd oblivion lost,
The only vict'ry death o'er him can boast,
In dust deserv'd that odious journal lies,
O! had it ne'er appear'd to mortal eyes,
Unsullied then had stood the Drapier's name,
And unborn tongues proclaim'd the patriot's fame,
Now fresh alas! the black remembrance lives,
Gallstown again in Market Hill revives.'

8 June 1732

Swift to the Rev. Henry Jenney

one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of; for which I can assign a very natural reason, that during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings. As to Ireland, where I lived very little before the Queen's death, and ever since in perfect retirement, I remember to have published nothing but what is called the Drapier's Letters, and some few other trifles relating to the affairs of this miserable and ruined kingdom. What other things fell from me (chiefly in verse) were only amusements in hours of sickness or leisure, or in private families, to divert ourselves and some neighbours, but were never intended for publick view, which is plain from the subjects and the careless ways of handling them: neither, indeed, can it answer the true ends of vanity or desire of praise, to let the world see such little sallies of fancy or humour, because if they be ill or indifferently performed, which must often be the case, the loss of reputation is certain; and however well executed, after a week's vogue, they are utterly forgot. I know not how I come to be led so far from the subject of your letter. I confess there were some few persons who made random conjectures that you might possibly be concerned in the paper you hint at, but they were such who knew very little of you or me; for others who were better acquainted with us both have always cleared you, because they did not look upon that paper any way equal to your known good sense and candour, or talent of writing. And as to myself, I had further conviction, because I knew how well you were acquainted with the whole history and occasion of writing those verses on the Barrack; how well pleased the master and lady of the family were with it; that you had read it more than once; that it was no secret to any neighbour, nor any reserve but that against giving a copy. You know well by what incidents that reserve was broken, by granting a copy to a great person, and from thence how it fell into other hands, and so came, as it is the constant case, to be published, and is now forgot. I confess my own conjectures about this late libel against me lay towards another gentleman, who, I am informed, hath since cleared himself, I mean Dr. Tisdall, but that suspicion was first taught me by others: and yet I know very well that for at least fifteen years past, he hath been often engaged in a kind of flirting war of satiric burlesque verse with certain wags both in town and country, who, it seems, were provoked with his faculty of jibing, and used to answer him in

his own way.¹ Yet I have been assured that in these combats, he was generally mistaken in his adversaries, falling foul upon many persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him, and I think you, among others, had some marks of his favour. But, as to me, who, I solemnly profess, was always entirely innocent, during the whole time that his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well as before and since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit.² Whatever was writ to ridicule him, was laid at my door, and only by himself, with a further declaration, much to my honour, that he knew my style, would trouble himself to inquire no further, and, using my surname, said, I was his man. Some of his performances I have seen, and have heard of more, besides the great number he kept *in petto*; so that five or six gentlemen have often and very lately assured me, that in one evening-sitting, he has produced a dozen of his libels wholly against me, desiring I might be told of it, and assuring those gentlemen that the whole dozen should be published, if I would not let him alone. This was a little hard upon me who had never one single moment in my life the least inclination to enter the lists with him, at those or any other weapons whatsoever, any more than I would venture to sit four hours disputing with him any point of controversy. I confess this keenness of the Doctor in determining, whenever he was attacked, to fix on me for his adversary, inclines me to conceive that he might have probably writ this last paper, and other people had the same thought; but I hear he hath utterly denied it, and I believe him, for I am confident he is an honest man, but unhappily misled through the whole course of his life, by mistaking his talent, which he hath against nature applied to wit and raillery, and rhyming. Besides which, his incurable absence of mind on all occasions, and in all companies, hath led him into ten thousand

¹ Eight years before Tisdall had published 'Tom Pun-sibi Metamorphosed, or the Gibber Gibb'd' in which Sheridan is represented as a mere creature of Swift:

'What he shou'd do, he couldn't guess,
Sw—t us'd him like a pawn at chess;'

and this poem was answered by 'The Rivals' in which Tisdall is represented as actuated by jealousy and as having formerly been proud to occupy a similar position (Trinity College Library).

² 'Tom Pun-sibi' is included in 'Gulliveriana' and is said to have been written 'by a very ingenious clergyman of Ireland in contempt of Gulliver's insolence to his friends and acquaintances, and to expose the servile behaviour of the Captain's underlings'. It is probable that Swift had treated Tisdall with contempt when he met him in Cope's company.

8 June 1732

Swift to the Rev. Henry Jenney

errors, especially of that kind, which are mortal to all agreeable or improving conversation, and which hath put him upon such a foot with every friend, that I heartily lament the situation he is in.

I entreat your pardon for the length and insignificancy of this letter, but my solitary way of life is apt to make me talkative upon paper. I desire you would believe, first, that I have so frequently been libelled, that my curiosity to know the authors is quite extinct, though that of some friends is not; secondly, that I am not hasty in judging of men's style, or matter, or malice. I can venture to say, that a thing is not written by such a person, because it is much below his good sense, and to look among the herd of dunces is endless. As to yourself, I hope you will be my witness that I have always treated you with particular distinction, and if we differ in opinions relating to publick proceedings, it is for very good reasons. You are an expectant from the world and from power. I have long done with both; having been an original offender against all principles set up since the death of the Queen, I could not think it worth my while to quit my old ones, and must have done it with an ill grace, though honour and conscience had been out of the question. Whoever really believes that things are well, is many ways happy. He is pleased with the world (as I was formerly) and the world with him; his merit is allowed, and favour will certainly follow, which I heartily wish you, only desiring, that in what appears to my eyes a very dirty road, you would pick out the cleanest stages you can, and believe me to be, with much esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

Address: To the Rev. Dr. Henry Jenney, at his house in Armagh.

Faulkner 1741

*Swift to Alexander Pope*¹

Dublin, June 12, 1732.

I doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us to sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy

¹ This letter was first inserted by Pope, out of chronological order, in his London editions of the correspondence. Faulkner introduced it, with other letters, into the supplement of his seventh volume, 1741. Faulkner's text is followed.

effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have ordered by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for, I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen say to my self a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon,¹ they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended further than to divert our selves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger, or publick Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy three years ago to write a Weekly paper, and call it an *Intelligencer*: But, it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was re-printed in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, my self and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer² here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the Sale being so small, and the price one half-penny; and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw,³ (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses (very uncorrect)⁴ the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—n's⁵ Preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town;

¹ For the 1732 volume of the Pope and Swift *Miscellanies*.

² Sarah Harding.

³ The volume referred to was *The Intelligencer*, 1729. The first number was introductory, the third was on 'The Beggar's Opera', the fifth and seventh numbers were reprinted as 'An Essay on the Fates of Clergymen'. The verses were attacks on Richard Tighe, 'Mad Mullinix and Timothy' and 'Tim and the Fables'. See *Poems*, pp. 772 and 782. The ninth number was an 'Essay on Modern Education', the fifteenth a 'Short View of the State of Ireland', and the nineteenth concerned itself with the coinage question.

⁴ The words 'but against a fellow we all hated', appearing at this point in Pope's text, were omitted by Faulkner.

⁵ Sheridan's.

and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unenterprising. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in Verse a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ against him; the Barack (a stolen Copy) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen Copy) the Place¹ of the Damn'd (a stolen Copy); all these have been printed in London, (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England:²) Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices,³ is not one syllable mine.⁴

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea, and even Prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose,⁵ begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age,⁶ which will

¹ Place] Incorrectly printed 'Plea' by Pope.

² In his letter to Pope of 6 Mar. 1728-9 Swift had already disclaimed authorship of the 'Tale of Sir Ralph'.

³ The author of the 'Scheme' was Matthew Pilkington. It was printed in the *Miscellanies*, 1732, pp. 137-53.

⁴ After the word 'mine' Faulkner omitted, in view of Pilkington's subsequent unsatisfactory behaviour, the following passage: 'but of a young Clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same Thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr D— is one of his Patrons; he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.'

⁵ *A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation*, published in 1738.

⁶ *Directions to Servants*, published in 1745.

require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr.—¹ who promiseth to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told that Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to her self or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

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*Lady Catherine Jones to Swift*Jun ye 15th 1732

The return of my humble thanks to Mr Dean by the date it bears looks more like a slumber of Gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare vertue which I owe to you S^r; for the Trouble you have so willingly undertaken in executing what I so much desired: since the manner you have done it answers my wishes in every respect.² the proposal you made I acquainted my sister Kildare, & niece Faney Coningesby with, for I being but one part of the Family cant act father, than they will consent; which is that they will settle twenty shillings per year during your life, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.³

¹ Gay, 16 May.

² Swift seems to have written to Lady Catherine telling her that the monument to her ancestors had been repaired, requesting an annual allowance for its care, and suggesting that she should urge Lord Burlington to follow her example.

³ Lady Catherine had two sisters. The elder, then a widow, had married the nineteenth Earl of Kildare, the younger, then dead, had married Earl Coningsby and had left two daughters.

15 June 1732

Lady Catherine Jones to Swift

I need not inform M^r dean that the world teaches us that Relations & Friends looks like two different species & tho: I have the honour to be allied to My Lord Burlington, yet since the death of my good Father, and his, the notice he takes of me is, as if I was a separated blood or else I am vain enough to say, wee are sprung from one Ancestor whose ashes keeps up a greater Luster, than those that are not reduced to it.¹

I cant conclude without saying, that was I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing Dean Swift, I dont know any passion even envy, would not make innocent in my ambition, of seeing the Author of so much wit, & Judicious writing, as Ive had the advantage to reap from your most | humble & oblig'd | servant Catherine Jones

Your opinion of M^r French² is just and his due

Address: To the Rev^d the | Dean of S^t Patricks | at Dublin

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy Cath^r Jones *and* Lady Cath^r Jones | June 15th 1732—

Barrett's Essay 1808³

Swift to Dean Brandreth

[30 June 1732]

Sir,⁴

If you are not an excellent philosopher I allow you personate one perfectly well, and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you, for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not

¹ Lady Catherine's grandmother was a daughter of Richard Boyle, 1566–1643, first Earl of Cork, frequently known as the 'great Earl'. Lord Burlington was only a second cousin once removed.

² Possibly Humphrey French. Cf. Lady Catherine Jones to Swift, 11 June 1729.

³ This letter, first printed in Barrett's *Essay on Swift*, 1808, pp. 177–81, is stated to have been discovered by Brandreth's curate at Kilmore. Scott, printing the letter in 1814, xix, pp. 371–4, professed a more careful reading from the original, then in the hands of the Rev. Edward Mangin. Obvious slips make this doubtful. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcvi, part i, p. 3 (Jan. 1826), the letter is contributed by M. Green, as new, and, mistakenly, as addressed to Henry Jenney (see p. 26). There is also a transcript among the manuscripts of the Earl of Harrowby, in the youthful hand of the first Earl, about 1781–2, when Dudley Ryder. This and a clerical transcript, also among the Harrowby Manuscripts, exhibit considerable omissions. The Ryder transcript is marked 'part of a Letter'.

⁴ John Brandreth, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, had been tutor

in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county of Tipperary, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom, a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent ignorant oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles riding; a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which, an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer, inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny: so your sons and grandchildren will find it to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay, and the wretched merchants instead of being dealers, are dwindled to pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar? unless once a year at a fair, or on a holiday, where some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after. You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in a slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton. Pray, take care of damp, and when you leave your bed-chamber, let a fire be made to last till night, and, after all, if a stocking happens at night to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning. *I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.*¹ I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not

to the Duke of Dorset's eldest son, and received valuable Irish preferments, including the Deanery of Armagh and the rectory of Knocktopher. See Leslie, *Armagh Clergy*.

¹ Hor. Ep. ii. 2, 76.

relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature within thirty miles round Knocktopher,¹ during your residence in those parts, and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

My lameness is very slow recovering; and if it be well when the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I made a shift to ride about ten miles a-day, by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes,² where my feet stand firm as on a floor, and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and blind. Mr. Jebb³ never calls at the Deanry of late; perhaps he hath found out that I like him, as a modest man, and of very good understanding. This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. A murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds:⁴ and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadly hath been nine days in the smallpox, which I never heard of till this minute; but they say she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the Archbishop.⁵ Dr. Felton⁶ of Oxford hath writ an octavo about Revelation; I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell, two for the Bishops of Cork and Waterford,⁷ and one to myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not.—Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me, by coming often to a philosophick dinner at the Deanry: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, Lady E. Germaine, to whom I owe⁸ the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect

¹ Knocktopher, co. Kilkenny, not, as Swift seems to have thought, in Tipperary.

² Large boots fastened to the saddle to protect the rider's feet and legs.

³ John Jebb, afterwards Dean of Cashel; father of the more eminent son, theologian, political writer, physician, and prison reformer.—*D.N.B.*

⁴ long spring and eastern winds] spring north-east winds *Scott*.

⁵ The Archbishop's only child.

⁶ Henry Felton, 1679–1740. In 1732 he published *The Christian Faith asserted against Deists, Arians, and Socinians*.

⁷ Dr. Peter Browne, Bishop of Cork and Ross since 1710, won fame by denouncing as a superstitious rite the drinking of memories. Thomas Milles held the see of Waterford from 1708 to his death in 1740.

⁸ *Scott* reads 'I owe', not improbably correct; *Barrett* reads 'I've'.

Swift to Dean Brandreth

30 June 1732

your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem, | Your most
obedient, | humble servant, | J.S.

30th June, 1732.

Mrs. A. H. Bright

*Swift to Charles Ford*¹

Dubl. Jun. 30th 1732

A person who left London ten days after the date of your last which was June 1. went by Wood-park about a fortnight ago and said among your tenants that you were dangerously ill, as Crossweight² told me last week, but I was less alarmed by your own account, which said that you had got the better of your ague, and was now taking medicines to prevent the jaundice, which sometimes happens to follow: and I can hope without being sanguin, that you are by this time well and out of apprehension of further consequences. Young Ford³ has been often with me for his money, and at last the B. of Ferns⁴ sent me a note on his banker for 20^l for which I gave a receipt on account, and paid young Ford the money and had his receipt on account. I could not find what was due to him, but by a paper he had of yours, and what he said himself, I think two years interest will be due to him in October next, of which the 20^l I paid him is a part. I mentioned to him the business of Mr Burton, because I was told by Crosswait that the young man had heard enough of it, and from his littel shifting dubious manner of talk, I found it proper to let him know that you had a remedy in your own hands to make Burton easy, and told him (which he knew very well before) what that remedy was: That I should write to you soon, and desired he would give me an answer in three days, because his whole language ran upon his complying with you in all things. Two days ago he writ me a long letter, very silly and artificial, with objections that he called his own, but I suppose he had pickt them up from some scrub Attorney. And from the tenor of all he said, I am positively of opinion that Mr Burtons scruples had better be eased by covering his Lease with that which is in your own power, onely leaving the

¹ Original in the possession of Mrs. A. H. Bright, Fold Cottage, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire.

² Ford's Irish agent.

³ Ford's nephew Edward.

⁴ Arthur Price, Bishop of Ferns 1730-3, previously Dean of Ferns and Bishop of Clonfert.

30 June 1732

Swift to Charles Ford

next heirs their choice to lose what will be worth above 1000¹ for the sake of voyding Mr Burtons lease, which will never be worth one third of that Sum. When you have talked to your friends upon it, and shall be advised to follow this method, either you or I by letter may propose it to Burton, and I like it the rather because it will best show that you have no occasion for the young man or his relations to make a merit in complying to what is for their own interest.—I desire you will as soon as it shall be allowed by the Doctors, use Exercise, and live more temperatly, I do not mean in point of morality but health. Looking over your Letter, I find Bennets town is settled on Mr^s Pen Ford for life,¹ but as she is not likely to out-live you, and that if she should, You have always something in your power, and as the heirs will not probably be so mad as to lose the reversion, I am confident an expedient may be found.

Chargeableness² is indeed a very bad circumstance in sickness, And therefore my advice is always against it, for three strong reasons, first the pain, secondly the bad dyet, and thirdly the expence, to which, fourthly I may add the confinement. So that I wonder any body will chuse it. As to my lameness I can say no more than that I think I grow better. I ride often, but not above ten miles a day at most, and I ride in Gambadoes, if you ever have heard of such implements . . . the advantage is that my foot as I ride stands even as upon a floor for I cannot yet bear the least stretch of the great sinew above my left heel, and God knows when I shall. Therefore going down stairs is the worst of my gates, and I limp at best, even in my garden, in which however I walk above an hour every day. And so you are obeyd in my giving you this account of my self. But your case was different, as much as an acute disease is from a chronical. There is no revolution here among any of those few whom you know. The Death of the old Beau Sr T. Smyth³ I suppose hath been of importance enough for a news article. You have buried a young Lady of this kingdom, in London, who is much lamented for her Virtue, Beauty and Fortune.⁴ I am glad I never saw her, because I dwell

¹ Bennetstown is described in Ford's will as mortgaged to Penelope for £300 and is left to her for life. She outlived him by twenty years.

² The word is clearly written but calls for explanation.

³ Sir Thomas Smyth of Buckinghamshire, Ranger of Phoenix Park, the object of bitter satire in William King's poem 'The Toast'.

⁴ Elizabeth, first wife of Robert Rochfort, afterwards Earl of Belvidere. She died of smallpox in London, 6 June 1732. She was the eldest daughter of Richard Tenison of Thomastown, co. Louth.

onely on a pleasing Circumstance, that such a young Villain as G. Rochford's son has so deservedly suffered so great a loss, he hath shown himself the most avaricious, unnatural undutifull Rogue you ever heard of.

I am concerned for poor L^{dy} B—s¹ illness, which I hear from others will probably soon put an end to her life, and I am much obliged by her many civilityes. I desire my hearty service to Mr Lewis; I hope you often see each other. If he must be a loser by his Lady's death,² I shall be sorry for it, no further this deponent knoweth. My days when I do not ride, pass five in the week in limping, and sitting alone, in reading very little, and writing less. I wish I had twenty thousand Guineas in my Cabinet, that I might shut the doors, put on spectacles, and amuse my self with reckoning them three times a day. I am ever | most sincerely yours &c

Mr^s Pen. Ford is very quiet for ought I can hear at Mr Ludlows, and may grow rich if she be wise

Address: To Charles Ford Esq^r | at the Coco-tree in | Pell-mell, | London
Postmark defaced.

Longleat xiii (Harleian transcript)³

Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry

Dublin Jul. 10^o. 1732.

I had your Letter⁴ by Mr Ryves a long time after the date for I suppose he stayd long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something^r that will bring you money. But you have misunderstood me, for¹ there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in. which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happyness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember, I acted as you seem to hint, I found a moral first,

¹ Lady Bolingbroke's poor health is frequently referred to in Swift's correspondence.

² She died on 21 Nov. 1736, and was buried in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey.

³ This letter, printed from the Harleian transcript, contains material omitted by Pope in *his* texts. The omissions are indicated by half-brackets.

⁴ 16 May 1732.

10 July 1732

Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry

& then studied for a Fable, but cou'd do nothing that pleased me, & so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one which was to represent what Scoundrels rise in Armys by a long War, wherein I supposed the Lyon was engaged, & having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to a Brigadeer,¹ & Corporall Ass a Colonell, &c. I agree with you likewise about geting something by the Stage, which when it succeeds, is the best crop for Poetry in England. But pray take some new scheme quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humor of the Players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, & your present Scituation at the Court, are the difficultyes to be overcome, but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, & then go to Twittenham & live a winter between that & Dawly, & sometimes at Riskins, without going to London where I now can have no occasional lodgings.² But I am not yet in any condition for such removeals. 'I believe I told you that I have been about a month able to ride in Gambadoes which give my feet a support like a floor, but I can no more stand tiptoe on my left leg than I can dance the rope, nor know when I shall; for I mend slowly, & limp when I walk. For these reasons' I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three Servants about you & a convenient house. It is hard to want those subsidia Senectuti when a man grows hard to please, & few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house; yet I should hardly prevail to find one Visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine. So that when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, & am thankfull if a friend will pass the evening with me 'over a bottle'. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, 'that I drank with water at dinner, with no creature but two Servants attending while I eat about half a chicken; and' so here's your health—And the second & chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance,³ My Lady Dutchess. And I tell you that I fear, my Lord Bolin. & Mr Pope, a couple of Philosophers would starve me; for even of Port wine I should require half a pint a day, & as much at night, and you were growing as bad unless your Duke & Dutchess have mended you. 'You have not forgot; Gentlemen I'll leave you to your wine, which was but the remainder

¹ The Harleian transcript omits 'be' after 'to'.

² The government had turned Gay out of his Whitehall lodgings.

³ He means that she would only recognize his existence when in the country.

of a pint when four glasses were drank. . . I tell that story to every body, in commendation of Mr Pope's abstemiousness. If you please to manage my 200ll as your own, (though I believe you are just such a manager as my self) I shall be obliged to you. Yet if it ever comes to be at par, I will against my former maxims return it hither, where I can get 10 per cent by the exchange, & 6 per cent Interest, or 5 and a $\frac{1}{2}$ with great safety but probably I shall have occasion to spend it, for our tythes hardly yeild us any thing, & my land rents are not half sufficient to maintain me. I congratulate with my Lady Dutchess on her Son's passing so easily through the small pox. I am heartily concerned for the Lady at Dawly. I fear she is in a bad way. I owe her much gratitude for many civilities I recieved from her, & have a great esteem for her good sence.[†] Your Cholick is owing to intemperance of the Philosophick kind. you eat without care, & if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your *inattention* I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your fourty Millions of Scheams by Court hopes & Court fears, yet Mr Pope has the same defect, & it is of all others the most mortal to conversation. Neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it. . . . All for want of my rule *Vive la bagatelle*. But the Doctor is the King of inattention. . . . What a vexatious life should I lead amongst you. If the Dutchess be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Amesbury, or if I do, I will run away from you both to one of her women, & the Steward & Chaplain.

†Pray God bless you, & your Landlord & Landlady with the whole family. I am ever sincerely yours, &c.[†]

Madam,—I mentioned something to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance whom we forget of course when we return to Town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again 'the' next summer they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look upon my right of coresponding with your Grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury, & I shall at this time descend to forget or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London, 'tho' I still keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no sooner turned his back than you left the place in his letter voyd, which he had commanded you to fill, though your guilt confounded you so far that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line where that command stared you in the face. But 'I own' it is my misfortune to quarell with all my acquaintance & always come by the worst,

10 July 1732 *Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry*

and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by persuing me out of meer partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance she hath pleased by one stumble on the Stairs to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure. And thus I am prevented from revenging my self by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many 'thousand' degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the *invisible Lady* to whom I am obliged for so many favours, & whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, shall be ever with the greatest respect & gratitude Madam your Grace's most obedient | & most humble &c.

'I intreat your Grace to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke & pray God of his mercy preserve you to see a Court worthy of your appearing in it.'

'Jul. 10. 1732.'

Arthur A. Houghton Jr.

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Dublin Jul. 15th 1732

S^r

I received your letter but two days ago, and will first answer the material part of it. Upon my word, I never intended that any but y^r self should be concerned as Printer or Bookseller in any thing that shall be published with my consent while I am alive or after my death by² my Executors. As to my posthumous things I shall intrust them to M^r Pope, but with a strong recommendation that you alone

¹ This letter concerns the publication of the fourth volume of the Pope and Swift *Miscellanies*, which appeared in Oct. 1732. Negotiations for publication began to follow a tangled course. Swift preferred Benjamin Motte, publisher of the first three volumes, whereas Pope, owing to Motte's failure to observe monetary aspects of the agreement, was dissatisfied with him. While matters were in train Swift put Matthew Pilkington in touch with William Bowyer, thus introducing new agents into the affair. See the relevant correspondence in Appendix XXII and George Sherburn's article, 'The Swift-Pope *Miscellanies* of 1732' in the *Harvard Literary Bulletin*, vol. vi, no. 3 (1952), pp. 387-90.

² Written above the line.

may be employd. Supposing and being assured of your honest and fair dealing, which I have allways found. I am likewise desirous that some time or other, all that I acknowledge to be mine in prose and verse, which I shall approve of with any little things that shall be thought deserving should be published by themselves by you, during my life (if it contains any reasonable time) provided you are sure it will turn to your advantage. And this you may say to Mr Pope, as¹ my resolution, unless he hath any materiall objections to it, which I would desire to know. For I ever intended the property as a Book-seller should be onely in you, as long as you shall act with justice and reason which I never doubted in the least; and I conceive that Mr Pope's opinion of you is the same with mine.

I am so well recovered of my lameness, that I can ride in Gambadoes and hope in some time to come to my Stirrups. I ride twice or thrice a week about ten miles at a time, and I begin to walk the toun, but with halting² a little. I tryed your remedy a good while, onely not with red lead. but I use at present onely a soap playster. if I should be able before summer is spent to ride with Stirrups, and get more strength in the Sinew above my left heel . . so as to be able to get in and out of a ship and a boat without danger of a new wrench, by severall of which my case hath been much put back; I did propose to go over, and pass a Month at Amesbury and then the Winter with Mr Pope; but God knows whether I shall find it possible. Pray thank Mrs Motte in my name, for her kind remembrance with my humble service.

I had lately a letter from my Cozen Launcelot, in answer to one I sent by Mr Jackson,³ who I believe forgot to give her a small present I troubled him to carry over; it was only a piece of gold that goes here for 40^{sh} but with you is worth something less.

I⁴ received the Box with the Bibles and Dr Feltons⁵ books. The Bibles I think are very good; I hope you have included the charge of Carriage to Chester, for I shall send you a bank bill in two or three days of 8¹¹-12-6^d. If there be any more for the carriage, Mr Jackson shall pay you. I desire my humble Service and thanks to Dr Felton; I have delivered the three books as he has directed. I will write to

¹ 'unless' before 'as' struck through.

² Written above the line.

³ Probably the Rev. John Jackson, vicar of Santry, who may have been in London again.

⁴ 'have' after 'I' struck out.

⁵ Henry Felton, see p. 35.

15 July 1732

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Coz^a Launcelot soon. I am your assured friend and very humble
Serv^t | J: Swift.

I will add to Bank bill the 16^s for the telescopes,¹
which I might have forgot if I had not kept yr
Letters.

8-12-6

0-16-0

9-8-6

Address: To M^r Benjamin Motte, | Bookseller, at the middle-Temple | gate in
Fleet-street | London

Postmark: 15 IY

Endorsed in a late hand: By Swift 18 July 1732

4806

Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

July the 18th [1732]

I write this letter in hopes that Pope, a Man scattered in the world, according to the French Phrase, will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you,² my Reverend Dean. for my own part, half this wicked Nation might go to you, or half yr beggarly Nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. my letter will concern neither affairs of state nor of party, and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers. it might pass in their excellent noddles for a peice of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or att the least it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill natured & disappointing a goodnatured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious & the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, & especially on this, to the par nobile Fratrum.³ After this preamble, I proceed to tell you that there is in my neighbourhood in Berkshire⁴ a clergyman, one M^r Talbot, related to the solicitor

¹ Matthew Pilkington, writing to William Bowyer, 5 Feb. 1732, says, 'I desire you to present my service to him [Dr. Delany]; and tell him that the Dean designs to trouble him to buy a convenient microscope, that he may find out both myself and my house with greater ease than he can at present, because we are so excessively small, that he can scarce discover either'. See Appendix XXII.

² The letter is dated in Bolingbroke's hand 'July the 18th'. Also at the head of the letter in Swift's hand: 'Rec^d Aug: 21— | 1732'. It was sent by private hand and not by post.

³ Horatio Walpole, younger brother of Robert, was ambassador at Paris 1723-30. He then returned to England till 1733 when he became ambassador to The Hague.

⁴ Near his first wife's property.

general, & protected by him.¹ this man has now the Living of Burghfield,² which the late Bishop of Durham held before, and for ought I know after He was Bishop of Oxford. the living is worth 400 pds a year over & above a curate payed; as Mr Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, & who is a very grave authority, assures me. the Parsonage is extreamly good, the place pleasant, the air is excellent, the distance from London a little days journey, and from hence, give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you, not much above half a days, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr Talbot has many reasons which make him desire to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. as soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him that an advantagious exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his Kinsman to make it practicable att Court. He answered for his own acceptance & his Kinsmans endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my Lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, & in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing att the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your Deanery is not in the Nomination of the Crown, but in the Election of the chapter. this may render our affair perhaps more easy—more hard, I think, it cannot, but in all cases it requires other measures to be taken. one of these I believe must be to prepare Hoadly B: of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his B:³ ArchB of Dublin. The light, in which the proposition must be presented to him, and our Ministers, if it be made to them, is this, that tho' they gratify you they gratify you in a thing advantagious to themselves, & silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to perswade them that, it is better for them you should be a private parish Preist in an english county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, y^r authority and influence. att least this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them to insist upon, & coming out of a Whig mouth may have weight. sure I am, they will be easily perswaded that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less

¹ Charles Talbot, eldest son of William Talbot, successively Bishop of Oxford, Salisbury, and Durham, was at first destined for the Church, but turned to the law. He was at this time Solicitor-General and became Lord Chancellor in 1733.

² Burghfield lies a few miles south-west of Reading.

³ 'B', that is 'Brother'—John Hoadly brother of Benjamin Bishop of Salisbury.

18 July 1732

Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

revenue, is a foolish Bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make. you see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judg better than I am able to do of the means to be employed on y^r side of the water. as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying y^r thoughts & y^r commands to me, for my friend has a Right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. or rather dispose affairs so as to come hither imediately. you intended to come some time ago. you speak in a letter Pope has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. make it in the summer, & the sooner the better. to talk of being able to ride with stirrups is trifling. get on Pegasus, bestride the Hipogryph, or mount the white Nag in the Revelations. to be serious, come any how, & put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. tho' I have room I will not say one word to you about Berkeley's or Delanys Books.¹ some part of the former is hard to be understood, none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to Metaphysicks by shewing you how they may be employed against Metaphysicians, and that whenever you do not understand them nobody else does, no not those who write them. I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place.² it is tollerable. better than it has been in some years. come & see her, you shall be nursed, fondled, & humoured. she desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. y^r Horses shall be grazed in summer & fothered in winter, & you & y^r man shall have meat, drink and lodging. washing I cannot afford M^r Dean, for I am grown saving, thanks to y^r sermons about frugality.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

Drayton | 19 July 1732

I believe you wont wonder at my long silence when I tell you that M^{rs} Floyd came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to her self, and ever since she has been here till within these 2 or 3 days I have had no hopes of her Life, you may easily guess what I must have

¹ *Alciphron and Revelation examined with Candour.*

² Lady Bolingbroke.

sufferd for so long tried prudent usefull agreable companion and friend, and God knows now she is excessively weak and mends but slowly, however I have now great hopes, and I'm very good at believing what I heartily wish, as I dare say you will be concern'd for her you may want to know her illness but thats more than I can tell you, she her self has fancied her self in a Consumption a great while but tho she had the most dreadful Coughs I ever heard in my Life, all the Doctors said twas not that, but none of them did say what twas, the Doctor here who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long long mile off has lately been left ten thousand pounds and now hates his business) he sais tis a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves sometimes on her stomach and Bowels and indeed what he has given her has to appearance had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take, after this you wont expect I shou'd have followed your orders and ridd for I have scarcely walked altho I durst not be very much in her room because she constraind her self to hide her illness from me, the Duke and Dutchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon, I dont know whether you remember M^{rs} Crowther¹ & M^{rs} A Court,² they & M^d Persode,³ are my company but as I love my house full I expect more still, and my Lady Suffolk talks of makeing me a short visit, I have been so full of M^{rs} Floyd that I had like to forgot to tell you that I am such a Dunder head that I really dont know what my sister Pens age was⁴ but I think she cou'd not be above 12 year old, she was the next to me but whether 2 or 3 year younger I have forgot, and what is more ridiculous I dont exactly know my own for my Mother and Nurse us'd to differ upon that notable point, and Im willing to be a young Lady still so wont allow my self to be more than 48 next Birthday, but if I make my letter any longer perhaps you will wish I never had been born, so Adieu Dear Dean

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} Elz. Germain | Rx July. 27th 1732

¹ Possibly the widow of Maj.-Gen. Crowther, mentioned by Swift in his letter to Robert Hunter, 12 Jan. 1708-9. He died in 1730.

² Ball suggests that she may be the widow of Pierce A'Court, an ancestor of William A'Court, who was created the first Baron Heytesbury in 1828.

³ Perhaps widow of Dr. Pursade, sub-preceptor to the Duke of Gloucester. He died in 1729.

⁴ Swift must have asked for Lady Penelope's age with a view to inserting it on the tablet in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Eventually it was not mentioned. Cf. Lady Betty to Swift, 23 Feb. 1731-2, and Swift to Lady Betty, 8 Jan. 1732-3.

22 July 1732

Swift to John Barber

Nichols Supplement 1779

Swift to John Barber

Dublin, July 22, 1732.

Mr. Alderman,¹

There is a young gentleman of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard. And I cannot but wish this young gentleman (for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage) might have the honour to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is *Matthew Pilkington*; he is some years under thirty, but has more wit, sense, and discretion, than any of your *London-parsons* ten years above his age. He hath a great longing to see *England*, and appear in the presence of Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of *prior engagements*; because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favour from you. Therefore pray let me know immediately that you have complied with my request before you had read half my letter. I expect your answer, to my satisfaction, and the happiness of the young Gentleman; and am, with great sincerity, | Your most obedient servant, | J. Swift.

P.S. You need not be afraid of Mr. *Pilkington's* hanging upon you; for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the church; but he would be glad to see *England*, and be more known to those who will esteem him, and may raise him.

4806

John Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

Ambresbury² July the 24th 1732

Dear Sir.

As the circumstances of our money affairs are alter'd I think myself oblig'd to acquaint you with 'em as soon as I can which if I had not receiv'd your Letter last post I should have done now. I left your

¹ This letter was sent to Mrs. *Barber* the poetess and Dr. *Delany*, who were then in *London*, to be delivered by them to the Alderman; but they never delivered it, out of a desire, as was supposed, to prevent the recommendation from succeeding: and the Dean was under the necessity of writing a second letter to the same purpose, which secured the place to Mr. *Pilkington*.—Nichols. See John Barber to Swift, 24 Aug. 1732.

² The place-name and date are in the hand of the Duchess.

two S. Sea Bonds, and four of my own in Mr Hoare's¹ hands when I came out of town. that he might receive the interest for us when due, or if you should want your money that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the Southsea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent of their Bonds with the interest on the 50 per cent to Michaelmas next, so that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr Hoare's hands at present without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclin'd to have your money remitted to Ireland I will not lay out the summ that is paid into his hands in any other thing till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own; I believe I shall see Mr Hoare in this country very soon, for he hath a house not above six miles from us,² & intend to advise with him, though in the present situation of affairs I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent, were it to be sold at present bears a premium, but the premium on the 50 that was paid in is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly to you upon this subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest besides your principal, & you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you that half of your money is now in Mr Hoare's hands without any interest; so since I cannot send you the particulars of your account I will now say no more about it. I shall finish the work I intended this summer, but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very rightly of my present situation that I cannot propose to succeed by favour, & I don't think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension. I have almost done every thing I propos'd in the way of Fables, but not set the last hand to them; though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook, but I have determin'd to go through with it, and after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last Post I had a Letter from Mr Pope who informs me he hath heard from you, and that he is preparing some scatter'd things of yours & his for the Press; I believe I shall not see him 'till the Winter, for by riding & walking I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health to squander in town; You see in this respect my scheme is very like the Country

¹ The future Sir Richard Hoare. See Gay to Swift, 11 Apr. 1731, and note.

² At Stourhead.

24 July 1732 *John Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry to Swift*

Gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating & drinking I live as when you knew me, so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the Dutchess will answer for me that I am cur'd of inattention, for I never forget any thing she says to me.¹ for he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. if I served him the same way I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, which by my attention to him I have learnt to sett my heart upon I began to give over all hopes & from thence began my neglect. I think this is a very good philosophical reason, tho' there might be another given; when fine Ladys are in London tis very genteel & allowable to forget their best friends, which if I thought modestly of my self, must needs be you, because you know little of me. till you do more pray dont perswaid Mr Gay that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, or I either We are of great use to one another for we never flatter or contradict but when tis absolutely necessary & then we do to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions, if ever we quarrel twill be about a peice of Bread & butter for some body is never sick except he eats too much of it, he will not quarrel with y[ou] for a Glass or so for by that means he hopes to be able in time to Gulp down some of those forty millions of schemes that hindred him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleasd, perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance & I with a new one, tis so well worth taking a journey for, that if the Mountain will not come to Mahomet Mahomet must come to the Mountain, but before either of our journeys are settled I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house & Servants before tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person with whom he lives pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath) & tells him they have enough of his Company. he will not let me write one word more but that I have a very great regard for you &c &c The Duke is very much yours & will never leave you to your wine. many thanks for Drum.² I wish to receive your congratulations for the other Boy you may believe.

Address: For | the Revd Dr Swift Dean of St Patricks | in Dublin | Ireland |
by way | of London *Postmark:* 26 [illegible]

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Gay, & D—s | of Q— | Rx Aug · 1 · 1732 and repeated.

¹ Here the Duchess commences.

² Her son, Lord Drumlanrig.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to Charles Wogan

[July-2 Aug. 1732]

Sir,¹

I received your Packet² at least two Months ago, and took all this Time not only to consider it maturely myself, but to show it to the few judicious Friends I have in this Kingdom. We all agreed that the Writer was a Scholar, a Man of Genius and of Honour. We guessed him to have been born in this Country from some Passages,

¹ The recipient of this letter, descended from an old Irish family, was born about 1698. He was out in 'the Fifteen', taken prisoner, escaped from Newgate, 1716, succeeded in reaching France, and took service in Dillon's regiment. His great exploit was the rescue of Clementina Sobieski from Innsbruck to wed the Old Pretender. For this he was rewarded by James with a baronetcy. He took service with the Spanish army, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and became Governor of La Mancha. He died about 1752.

² Mrs. Pilkington, *Memoirs*, iii. 167-9, gives the following account of the communication which led to this letter. 'Just when he had fix'd Mr. Pilkington to be Chaplain to Alderman Barber, the Dean received from Spain, a green Velvet Bag, in which was contained the Adventures of *Eugenius*; as also an Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier, to the Princess *Sobiesky*, wherein he represents himself to have been a principal Negotiator. It was wrote in the Novel Stile, but a little heavily: There was also some of the Psalms of *David*, paraphras'd in *Miltonick* Verse, and a Letter to the Dean, with Remarks on the *Beggar's Opera*; in which he says he believes the People of *England* and *Ireland* had quite lost all Remains of Elegance and Taste, since their top Entertainments were composed of Scenes of Highwaymen, and Prostitutes, who all remain unpunish'd and triumphant in their Crimes: He concluded with paying the Dean the Compliment of intreating him to correct the Work.'

The 'Packet' now consists of a bound volume of 250 pages. For information relative to its provenance and present location in the diocesan archives of Galway I am indebted to the Most Rev. Dr. Michael Browne, Bishop of Galway. Above the preface is written in a different ink, 'Ex libris Caroli Aylmer, Dunsith, Co. Kildare, 1770'. The preface contains much autobiographical matter. There follows a poem addressed to 'My friend, Sir Charles Wogan, Baronet, on his excellent commentary on the seven penitential psalms' signed 'Wharton'. The commentary runs to 75 pages in blank verse. 'The Confusion of Babel or Second Fall of Man', in blank verse, follows; then commentaries on the prayer of Habakkuk, and the 'Canticle of Moses'; then Latin poems about Philip V, and an epigram on Lord Dundee. A transcript of the above letter from Swift to Wogan occupies pp. 149-57. The book ends with a Latin poem addressed to Swift, with many corrections written into it. The transcript of the letter from Swift has only a few insignificant variants from Faulkner's text.

July-2 August 1732

Swift to Charles Wogan

but not from the Style, which we were surprized to find so correct in an Exile, a Soldier, and a Native of *Ireland*. The History of yourself, although part of it be employed in your Praise and Importance, we did not dislike, because your Intention was to be wholly unknown, which Circumstance exempts you from any Charge of Vanity. However, altho' I am utterly ignorant of present Persons and Things, I have made a Shift, by talking in general with some Persons, to find out your Name, your Employments, and some of your Actions, with the Addition of such a Character as would give full Credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory Epistle.

You will pardon a natural Curiosity on this Occasion, especially when I began with so little that I did not so much as untie the Strings of the Bag for five Days after I received it, concluding it must come from some *Irish* Fryar in *Spain*, filled with monastick Speculations, of which I have seen some in my Life, little expecting a History, a Dedication, a poetical Translation of the Penitential Psalms, Latin Poems, and the like, and all from a Soldier. In these Kingdoms you would be a most unfashionable military Man, among Troops where the least Pretension to Learning, or Piety, or common Morals, would endanger the Owner to be cashiered. Although I have no great Regard for your Trade, from the Judgment I make of those who profess it in these Kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those Gentlemen of *Ireland*, who, with all the Disadvantages of being Exiles and Strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their Valour and Conduct in so many Parts of *Europe*, I think above all other Nations, which ought to make the *English* ashamed of the Reproaches they cast on the Ignorance, the Dulness, and the Want of Courage, in the *Irish* Natives; those Defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the Poverty and Slavery they suffer from their inhuman Neighbours, and the base corrupt Spirits of too many of the chief Gentry, &c. By such Events as these, the very *Grecians* are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert that from several Experiments I have made in travelling over both Kingdoms, I have found the poor Cottagers here, who could speak our Language, to have much better natural Taste for good Sense, Humour, and Raillery, than ever I observed among People of the like Sort in *England*. But the Millions of Oppressions they lye under, the Tyranny of their Landlords, the ridiculous Zeal of their Priests, and the general Misery of the whole Nation, have been enough to damp the best Spirits under the Sun.

I return to your Packet. Two or three poetical Friends of mine have read your Poems with very good Approbation, yet we all agree some Corrections may be wanting, and at the same Time we are at a Loss how to venture on such a Work. One Gentleman of your own Country, Name, and Family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy;¹ but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a Man of Rhimes, and that upon Trifles, never having written serious Couplets in my Life; yet never any without a moral View. However, as an Admirer of *Milton*,² I will read yours as a Critick, and make Objections where I find any Thing that should be changed. Your Directions about publishing the Epistle and the Poetry will be a Point of some Difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least Profit to the Author's Friends in Distress. *Dublin* Booksellers have not the least Notion of paying for a Copy. Sometimes Things are printed here by Subscription, but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to Account. In *London* it is otherwise, but even there the Authors must be in Vogue, or, if not known, be discovered by the Style; or the Work must be something that hits the Taste of the Publick, or what is recommended by the presiding Men of Genius.

When *Milton* first published his famous Poem, the first Edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it, and it gained Ground merely by its Merit. Nothing but an uncertain State of my Health, (caused by a Disposition to Giddiness which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this Summer into *England* to see my Friends, who hourly have expected me: In that Case I could have managed this Affair myself, and would have readily consented that my Name should have stood at Length before your Epistle, and by the Caprice of the World, that Circumstance might have been of Use to make the Thing known, and consequently better answer the charitable Part of your Design by inciting People's Curiosity. And in such a Case, I would have writ a short Acknowledgment of your Letter, and published it in the next Page after your Epistle; but giving you no

¹ The member of the Wogan family referred to by Swift has not been identified. Ball conjectures that he may have been a student in Trinity College. A marginal note in the Galway transcript of this letter states that 'The corrections are made since by the Author'.

² The extent of Swift's knowledge of Milton remains in doubt. His allusions are few and provide little evidence.

Name, nor confessing my Conjecture of it. This Scheme I am still upon, as soon as my Health permits me to return to *England*.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in Raillery and Satyr, both in Prose and Verse, if that Conjecture be right, although such an Opinion hath been an absolute Bar to my Rising in the World, yet that very World must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my Talent, and charitable People will suppose I had a Design to laugh the Follies of Mankind out of Countenance, and as often to lash the Vices out of Practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some Partiality for such Kind of Writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in some Time of your Life, you turned to the rallying Part, but I find at present your Genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime, and therefore I find you less indulgent to my Way by your Dislike of the *Beggar's Opera*, in the Persons particularly of *Polly Peachum* and *Macheath*; whereas we think it a very severe satyr upon the most pernicious Villainies of Mankind. And so you are in Danger of quarrelling with the Sentiments of Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay* the Author, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, myself, Dr. *Young*, and all the Brethren whom we own. Dr. *Young* is the gravest among us, and yet his Satyrs have many Mixtures of sharp Raillery. At the same Time you judge very truly, that the Taste of *England* is infamously corrupted by *Sholes* of Wretches who write for their Bread; and therefore I had reason to put Mr. *Pope* on writing the Poem, called the *Dunciad*, and to hale those Scoundrels out of their Obscurity by telling their Names at length, their Works, their Adventures, sometimes their Lodgings, and their Lineage; not with *A—'s* and *B—'s* according to the old Way, which would be unknown in a few Years.

As to your Blank-verse, it hath too often fallen into the same vile Hands of late. One *Thomson*, a *Scots-Man*, hath succeeded the best in that Way, in four Poems he hath writ on the four Seasons:¹ yet I am not over-fond of them, because they are all Description, and nothing is doing, whereas *Milton* engages me in Actions of the highest Importance, *modo me Romae, modo ponit Athenis*.² And yours on the seven Psalms, &c. have some Advantages that Way.

You see *Pope*, *Gay*, and I, use all our Endeavours to make folks Merry and wise, and profess to have no Enemies, except Knaves and Fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one Article, which was engaging with a Ministry to prevent if possible,

¹ *The Seasons*, in collected form, appeared in 1730. ² Cf. Hor. *Ep.* ii. 1, 213.

the Evils that have over-run the Nation, and my foolish Zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched Island. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important Article, yet even there I lost all Hope of Favour from those in Power here, and disobliged the Court of *England*, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous Libels on myself, without any other Recompence than the Love of the *Irish* Vulgar, and two or three Dozen Sign-Posts of the *Drapier* in this City, besides those that are scattered in Country Towns, and even these are half worn out. So that, whatever little Genius God hath given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst Manager of it to my own Advantage of any Man upon Earth.

Aug. 2] What I have above written hath long lain by me, that I might consider further: But I have been partly out of Order, and partly plagued with a Lawsuit of ten Years standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two Thirds of my little Fortune. Think whether such Periods of Life are proper to encourage poetical and philosophical Speculations. I shall not therefore tire you any longer, but, with great Acknowledgment for the Distinction you please to shew me, desire to be always thought, with great Truth and a most particular Esteem, Sir, | Your most obedient | and obliged Servant, | J. Swift.

We have sometimes Editions printed here of Books from *England*, which I know not whether you are in a Way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your Library; they are small, consequently more portable in your Marches, and, which is more important, the Present will be cheaper for me.

Dr. YOUNG's Satyrs
Mr. GAY's Works
Mr. POPE's Works
POPE's DUNCIAD

GAY's Fables
Art of Politicks,¹ and
some other Trifles in
Verse, &c.

¹ *The Art of Politicks*, written by the Rev. James Bramston, in imitation of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, and abounding in contemporary references, was published in 1729, winning great success in its day. To this list the transcript of this letter in the diocesan archives in Galway adds: 'Pilkington's Poems by a young Clergyman here of our Acquaintance.'

4 August 1732

Swift to Thomas Staunton

B.M. Add. MS. 38671, f. 12

Swift to Thomas Staunton

[4 August 1732]

I must desire the favor of you to call at the Deanery by four or five a clock this afternoon, about some defects in the Deeds in Mr Lynch's¹ affair, which must be some way made up before they are registered. Among other things [there is] to be an acquittance for the receipt of the 2000l endorsed on the back of the Deeds. pray do not fayl me. I am y^{rs} &c

Deanry-house

Aug. 4th 1732.

4806

Mrs. Caesar to Swift

Aug^t 6 1732

Permit me to Congratulate you upon the return of M^{rs} Barber with thanks for Pleasures Injoy'd in her Company. for had she not came Recommended by the Dean of S^t Patricks, likely I had past her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good Author, in shunning those of my own coat. but hold I must look if it runs not from Corner to Corner, which I more fear then length, for Pope says, tho sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. so with M^r Caesars and my best wishes thou | Worthy Witty Honest | Dean Adieu | M Adelmars Caesar²

¹ From one of Swift's account-books, Forster no. 512, it appears that before 11 Apr. 1736 Alexander Lynch had been lent by Swift £2,000 at 5 per cent.

² The writer of this letter was Mrs. Caesar, wife of Charles Caesar, Treasurer of the Navy in Lord Oxford's administration. She was, before her marriage, Mary, daughter of Ralph Freeman of Aspenden Hall, Hertfordshire. Her husband's home at Benington was only a few miles distant. Her brother William married Katharine Blount, sister of Sir Henry Pope Blount of Twickenham, which led to her acquaintance with Pope. An interesting scrap-book formed by Mrs. Caesar is in Lord Rothschild's Library, no. 564.

Lady Worsley to Swift

[6 August 1732]

S^r

I flatter my self that if you had received my last Letter you would have favor'd me with an Answer, therefore I take it for granted tis lost.¹

I was so proud of y^r Commands, & so fearfull of being supplanted by my Daughter that I went to work immediatly that her Box might not keep her in y^r Remembrance whilst there was nothing to put you in mind of an old Acquaintance, & humble Servant, but M^{rs} Barbers long stay here, who promisd me to convay it to you, has made me appear very negligent, I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share (you once told me) I had in y^r Heart, but I'me still vain enough to think I deserve it better than all those flirting Girls you Coquett with. I will not yield (even) to Dirty Patty, whom I was the most jealous of when you was last here, What if I am a great Grand Mother, I can still distinguish y^r Merit from all the rest of the World, but it is not consistent with y^r good breeding to put one in mind of it, therefore I am determin'd not to use my Interest with S^r Rob^t2 for a Living in the Isle of Wight, tho nothing else cou'd reconcile me to the place, but if I cou'd make you Arch Bishop of Canterbury, I shou'd forgett my Resentment for the sake of the Flock, who very much wants a carefull Shepherd. are we to have the honour of seeing you or not, Ive fresh hopes given me, but I dare not please my self too much with 'em, lest I shou'd be again disappointed;

If I had had it as much in my power as my Inclination to serve M^{rs} Barber, she shou'd not have been kept thus long attending, but I hope her next Voyage may prove more successfull, she is just come in, & tells me you have sprain'd yr Foot, w^{ch} will prevent yr Journey till the next Summer, but assure yr self the Bath is the only Infallible Cure for such an Accident, if you have any regard remaining for me, you'l shew it, by taking my Advice, if not Ile endeavour to forgett you if I can. but till that Doubt's clear'd, I am as much as ever the Deans | obedient humble Servant | F. Worsley

Aug: y^e 6th

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy Worsley | Rx Aug. 21st 1732 | With a present of a | writing box japannd | by her self. | Ansd. Octb. 4th 1732

¹ Her former letter was doubtless a reply to Swift's letter of 11 May 1731.

² Her husband, Sir Robert Worsley, held property on the Isle of Wight.

10 August 1732

Swift to John Barber

Huntington Library HM 14381

Swift to John Barber

[Dublin, 10 August 1732]

Mr Alderman

I am very angry with my friend Dr Delany for not applying to you sooner, as I desired him in favor of Mr Mathew Pilkington, a young Clergy-man here, who hath a great ambition to have the honor of being your Chaplain in your Mayoralty. I waited for the Doct^{rs} answer before I would write to you, and it came but last night:¹ He tells me you have been so very kind as to give him a promise upon my request. I will therefore tell my Story. This Gentleman was brought to me by the Doctor, about four years ago, and I found him so modest a young man, so good a Scholar, and Preacher, and of so hopefull a Genius, and grow still better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been seeking all opportunities to do him some real service; from no other motive in the world, but the esteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in such a case, however contrary it may be to the present practice of the world. He hath a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr Pope, Mr Gay, Dr Arbuthnot, and some other of my friends, wherein I will assist him with my Recommendations. he is no relation or dependent of mine. I am not putting you upon a jobb, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burthen upon you, for he hath some fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and hath also a convenient establishment in a Church of this City.

Mr Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your Commands and I wish he may go as soon as possible, that we may have a few weeks to prepare him for his business, by seeing the Tower the Monument and Westminster Abby, and have done staring in the Streets.

I am so entirely out of the world, that I cannot promise or hope ever to requite your favor otherwise than with hearty thanks for conferring this obligation upon me. And I shall ever remain with true esteem | Your most obedient and | obliged humble Serv^t

Dublin. Aug. 10th

J: Swift.

1732

¹ Swift's words suggest that the letter sent by Swift three weeks before, 22 July, had been enclosed to Delany. Delany's answer is missing.

Longleat xiii (Harleian transcript)

Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry

Dublin Aug. 12th 1732.

I know not what to say to the account of your stewardship and it is monstrous to me that the South-Sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money, when you put me into the way for I shall want it here, my Affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the Kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroyld, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Dutchess as an object of Charity to lend me 3 or 4 thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. That¹ 100ll will buy me six hogs-heads of wine which will support me a year, *provisæ frugis in annum copia*;² Horace desired no more. for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures*³ and you shall not finish it in hast, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satyricall. and the Dutchess shall be your Critick, and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an Offer to change for an English living,⁴ which is just too short by 300ll a year; and that must be made up out of the Dutchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Amesbury, Dawly, Twitenham, Ris-kins and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content my self with making the Dutchess miserable 3 months next summer. But I keep ill Company, I mean the Dutchess and you; who are both out of favour and so I find am I, by a few verses⁵ wherein Pope and you have your parts[†]; and tho' the —,⁶ told me 5 years ago they would make me easy amongst you, I find they take a pretence to be angry to such a degree, that they will not give me the medals they promesed me. Yet wheedled me out of a present that

¹ The South Sea bonds are referred to in Gay's letter to Swift, 24 July 1724.

² A Stock of Wine laid up for many Years.—Faulkner, 1741. Horace, *Ep.* 1. xviii. 109.

³ See Horace, *Odes*, 1. xxxii. 3–4. Which may live this year and many others.—Faulkner, 1741. The Latin is in Oxford's hand.

⁴ The exchange suggested by Bolingbroke in his letter of 18 July 1732.

⁵ Ball suggests that the reference is to ll. 53–60 of a 'Libel on Dr. Delany' (*Poems*, ii. 481–2); but, as Sherburn observes, the verses 'should be hostile to all three men'.

⁶ Court. This word is written in a modern hand in very blue ink.

cost me 40ll. If my leg had been so well 2 months ago I should have been to see Amesbury this Summer, For with a little pain I can walk; and ride without Gambadoes¹. You hear Dr D—y has got a wife with 1600ll a year,¹ I who am his Governor² cannot take one under two thousd; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your Neighborhud, see what it is to write Godly books; I profess I envy you above all men in Engld, you want nothing but three thousand pounds more to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury you must learn to dominear and be peevish, to find fault with their vittals and drink; to chide and direct the servants with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practiced my self with success. I belive I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Amesbury can play at Backgammon. pray ask him the Question and give him my service.

To the Dutchess

Madam, I was the most unwary creature in the world, when against my old Maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge; 'for Mr Gay will depose, that all Ladyes of great quality ever made me the first Advances.'¹ I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a president of it, I never knew any man cured of inattention although the pretended causes were removed. when I was with Mr Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, He would answer; Well; I am determined not to accept the Employment of Gentleman usher 'to the —',³ and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair. As to yourself I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the — that your quality should be never any motive of Esteem to me. My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you, for 'you reason wrong;' I know you more by any one of your Letters, then I could by six months conversing, 'for' your pen is always more naturall and sincere and unaffected then your tongue. In writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of Acting a part and have indeed

¹ Delany was married in July, in London, to a rich widow, Mrs. Tenison. Her husband was Richard Tenison of Thomastown, co. Louth, whose brother Henry (mentioned in the *Journal*, 28 May 1711) was M.P. for county Louth. From 1704 to his death in 1709 he was commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, v. 381, vi. 525).

² As Dean of St. Patrick's of which Delany was Chancellor.

³ Princess.

acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy and although you should arrive at such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it; the world will unite in Swearing this must come from the — of —.¹ I will answer your Question. Mr Gay is not discreet enough to live alone; but he is too discreet to live alone, and yet unless you mend him, he will live alone even in your Grace's company; your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of Bread and Butter, is the most usuall thing in the world, Parliaments, Courts, Cityes, and Kingdoms quarrell for no other causes, from hence and from hence onely arise all the quarrells between whig and Tory, between those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to Employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army, even the common Proverb teaches you this, when we say; It is none of my bread and butter; meaning, it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of Bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a Mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent Lady be who lives a few miles from this Town; as I was talking of Mr Gays way of Living at Amesbury, she offerd 50 Guineas you were both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy which we were then drinking. To your question, I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the² Sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think, according to another proverb, that you tere my Cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of My Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole Family, and Mr Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be Duke and Dut-chess, though I have been of others who are &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you; even down to your Postillons, and when I come to Amesbury before I see your Graces I will have an hours conversation with the Vicar, who will tel me how familiarly you talk to goody Dobson and all the Neighbors, as if you were their equalls, and that you were Godmother to her son Jacky.

I am and shall be ever with the greatest Respect and gratitudⁿ your Graces most obedient &c.

¹ the—of—.] Pope, 1740-2, prints 'you only'.

² 'the' is struck through and 'your' written above in blue ink by a modern hand.

16 August 1732

Alexander Pope to Benjamin Motte

Pierpont Morgan Library

Alexander Pope to Benjamin Motte

[16 August 1732]

Sr.

Had I had the least thought you w^d have now desired what you before so deliberately refused, I w^d certainly have preferrd you to any other Bookseller. All I cd now do was to speak to Mr Gilliver as you requested, to give you the share you wd have in the Property, & to set aside my obligation & Covenant with him so far, to gratify the Dean & yourself. You cannot object I think with any Reason to the Terms w^{ch} he pays, & which at the first word he agreed to. I am |
S^r Y^r friend & Ser^t | A. Pope

Aug. 16. 1732.¹

Nichols 1801

John Barber to Swift

London, Aug. 24, 1732.

Sir,

I wish Dr. Delany had complied with your request sooner in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain, for I flatter myself that your usual good nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-councilmen had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands, (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it

¹ The year is added to the date in another hand, probably that of Motte. The letter concerns negotiations relating to the publication of *Miscellanies. The Third Volume*, which finally appeared in Oct. 1732. Swift desired to employ Motte. Pope preferred to turn elsewhere; and, as a compromise, the volume was published under the imprint of Motte and Gilliver. It was actually the fourth volume.

at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can. For, sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to show my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid cannot lie in the hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will show him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo^r (Dr. I mean) Trapp.¹ The mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expense, by having a raree-show (or pageant) as of old, on the lord mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, etc., and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, | J. Barber.

4806

Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

Amesbury. Aug. 28. 1732.

Dear Sir,

Mr Hoare hath a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it;² I know I am more indebted to you (I mean besides the Southsea

¹ Joseph Trapp, 1679–1747, fellow of Wadham College, who is often mentioned in the *Journal to Stella*. Though an indifferent versifier he became the first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1708–18. Despite limitations he was a hard worker, had a gift for making his way, and attained affluence.

² This letter is an answer to Swift's letter of the 12th.

Bond of a hundred that still subsists) but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands 'till I come to town. I have money of my own too in Mr Hoare's hands which I know not at present how to dispose of; I believe I shall leave it without interest till I come to town, & shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next Winter but am prepared for disappointments which I think it very likely I shall meet with. yet as you think it convenient & necessary that I shou'd have more than I have you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you ['tis] because I wou'd not have the Clerkes of the Post Office know every thing I am doing. If you would have come here this summer you might with me have help'd to have drunk up the Duke's wine and sav'd your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous, and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money & never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us, but not unless it could be to your ease & satisfaction. You insist upon your being Minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskings & prebendary of Westminster; for your being Minister in those places I cannot promise you, but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think 'em a very fine and usefull invention, but I have not made use of 'em since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it; I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, 'tis not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot 19 brace of Partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our Vicar; he doth not live among us but resides at another Parish and I have not play'd at Back-Gammon with any body since I came to Amesbury but Lady Harold and Lady Bateman.¹ As Dr Delany hath taken away a fortune from us I expect to be recommended in Ireland, if Godly Authors of Godly Books are intituled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a

¹ Lady Harold was the Duke of Kent's daughter-in-law. She was then a widow, and married subsequently the Duchess of Queensberry's kinsman, Lord Gower. Lady Bateman, whose husband was a viscount in the Irish peerage, was a grand-daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough, a daughter of the third Earl of Sunderland.—Ball.

Moral one, I mean in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.¹ The Dutchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity for reasons best known to Strada dal Poe,² but she had much rather give you that or ten thousand times more than to lay it out in a fine peticoat to make her self respected. I believe for all you give Mr Gay such good advice that you are a very indiscreet person your self, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs, & not be so indiscreet to send for your monies over to a place where there is none. Mr Gay is a very rich man for I really think he does not wish to be richer, but he will, for he is doing what you bid him, tho' if it may not be allow'd he will acquire greater honour & less trouble, his Covetousness at present is for health which he takes so much pains for that he does not allow himself time [to enjoy it], neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present, when he began to be a sportsman he had like to have kill'd a dog & now every day I expect he will kill himself, & then the Bread & butter affair can never be brought before you, it is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted [to] a letter. Therefore pray come on purpose to decide it, if you do you will not hear how familiar I am with goody Dobson, for I have seen goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determin'd never to risque any thing so unbecoming I am not beloved neither Do I love any creature (except a very few) & those not for having any sort of merit but only because tis my humour, in that rank Mr Gay stands first & your self next if you like to be respected upon these conditions. now do you know me: he stands over me and scolds me for spelling ill & is very peevish (& sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen, for he has yawnd for it a thousand times, we both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well off)³ wish that she had the best living in England to give you. it was not me, but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr Gay does not hang out false lights for his freind.⁴ ⁵I had forgot to tell you that I very lately received a Letter from Twitenham in which was this paragraph: 'Motte & another idle fellow I find have been writing to the Dean to

¹ Without warning the Duchess here begins writing. Her handwriting, as previously mentioned, was very similar to that of Gay.

² Thus written by the Duchess. A street in Turin is so named, and she means it as an equivalent of Lombard Street, i.e. a centre of banking interests.

³ Queen Caroline.

⁴ That is—gives a false character.

⁵ Here Gay takes up the pen.

28 August 1732 *Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry to Swift*

get him to give them some Copyright which surely he will not be so indiscreet as to do when he knows my design (and has done these two months & more) Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with than to a common Bookseller. here will be nothing but the ludicrous & li[ttle thing]s, none of the political or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal; but at any rate it wou'd be silly in him to give a copy right to any which can only put the manner of publishing 'em hereafter out of his own & his friends power into that of Mercenarys.'— I really think this a very useful precaution considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.¹

The Duke is fast asleep or he wou'd add a line.

Address: To | The Revd | Dr Swift Dean | of St Patricks in | Dublin | Ireland |
by way of London.

Postmark: 30 AV

Endorsed by Swift: Rx Sepr 5th 1732 | Mr Gay, and | D—s of Qu—ry | Ansd
Octr 10 1732. *Partly repeated elsewhere on the cover.*

4806

Sir William Fownes to Swift

Island Bridge 9 Sep^{br} 1732

D^e S^r2

It has been the observation of Travelers (as I have been Frequently Told) That in all the Countrys they have seen they never met with Fewer Publick Charitable Foundations then in this Kingdom.³

¹ Elwin, followed by Ball in a lengthy footnote at this point, fails, as Sherburn says, 'to recognize that Gay approves Pope's position'. The confused issues surrounding the publication of *Miscellanies. The Third Volume*, Oct. 1732, have been annotated briefly in printing the text of Swift's letter to Motte 15 July 1732.

² This letter is very erratically written, and the editor has not closely followed all minor details.

³ Sir William Fownes, M.P. for the borough of Wicklow and Lord Mayor of Dublin, was a man of outstanding wealth in Ireland. He had a town residence in Dublin and a villa near Phoenix Park from which this letter was written. In addition he held an estate in county Wicklow. He received a knighthood during the viceroyalty of Wharton and a baronetcy when Carteret was Lord-Lieutenant. A daughter was the second wife of Robert Cope. To her Swift addressed some of the most charming verses ever written by him (*Poems*, i. 320).

Private Charities no doubt will have their reward But publick are great Encitements & Good Examples, often draw others on, Tho' grudgingly & so a good work be don, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was L^d M^{ar}— I saw some miserable Lunaticks Exposed to hazard of others, as well as Them Selves. I had six strong Cells made at the work house for the most outrageous w^{ch} were soon filled & by degrees in a short time those Few drew upon us the Sollicitations of many, till by the time the old Corporation ceas'd wee had in that house 40 and upward,¹ the door being open Intrest soon made way to let in Foolish & such Like, as mad Folks; there grew a needless Charge upon us & had that Course gon on by this Time the house had bin filled with such. The new Corporation got rid of most of these by Death or Care of Freinds and Came to a Resolution not to admit any such For the Future & the first denyal was to a Request of the Earle of Kildares² which put a full stop to further aplycations, as I take it. There are at this time an number of objects which Require assistance & probably many may be restored if proper Care could be taken of them—There is no publick place for their Reception nor Private undertakers as about London.

Friends and Relations here would pay the Charge of their support and attendance if there were a place for securing such Lunaticks.

I own to you I was for some time averse to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay I was apprehensive our Case would soon be like that in England. Wives & husbands trying who could first get the other to Bedlam. Many who were next heirs to Estates, would try their skills to Render the possessor disordered & get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that Regard should be had to those under such Dismall Circumstances; and I have heard the Primate³ & others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot, I should

¹ A Workhouse and Foundling Hospital were established in Dublin in the early years of Queen Anne. Swift was a member of the board.

² Robert, nineteenth Earl of Kildare, whose good deeds are commemorated on 'a sumptuous monument' in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. His son was created Duke of Leinster.—Ball.

³ Archbishop Boulter.

think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has Intentions this way, to see something done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our Poorhouse & Dr. Steevens's Hospitall vizt. to have so an expensive Foundation laid, That the expense of the building should require such a sum, & so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to This Effect. First I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, Free from neighbourhood of houses. For the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, & ought not to disturb Neighbours, which was what you did not think of when you mentioned a spot in a close place almost in the heart of the City. There are many places, in the outskirts of the City I can name very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would when that is secured which should be a good space, have it well enclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royall Hospital Infirmary,¹ lately made for mad people, be examined how convenient, and in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be 6 or 8. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants—then another building to which there should be a piatsa for a stone Gallery for walking dry and out of that severall Lodging Cells for such as are not so outrageous but melancholy &c—this may be of such a size as that it may be Enlarged in Length or by a Return & over head the same sort of a Gallery & little Rooms or Cells opening the Doores into the Gallery—For by Intervalls the objects Effected may be permitted to walk at times in the Gallerys—this is according to the Custom of London. Annexed to the Masters house must be the Kitchin & offices. This proceeding may be so contrived as to be enlarged from time to time as there shall be a fund, & occasion Requireth additions—there is no necessity for any Plans or Architects, but any ordinary Capacity may contrive those Enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well disposed persons who will say they will make this Enlargmnt & so others—& by such helps there may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes—It comes just now into my head that there is a very proper spot which I think the Chapter of St Patricks lets to one Lee

¹ Situated at Kilmainham near Fownes's villa.

—a Brick layr or a builder—it lies back of Aungeyr street past—comes out of York Street down a place called the Dunghill runs down to the End of King street facing William street,¹ at the North End of w^{ch} som alms houses are build by Dowling & others also there stands to the Front of the street a longe stone building called an alms house made by M^{rs} Mercer² Thô by the by I hear she is weary of her project & does little in supplying that house or Endowing it—Perhaps this Ground may be Easily come at from Lees heires—& by your aplycation I know not but M^{rs} Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work—this will go a good way & being followed by subscriptions a great & speedy progress may be made in w^{ch} I will readily joyn my Interest and Labour. If that spot fail we will pitch upon another. Whatever may be your Future Intentions, dont deny me the Consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I wou'd not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the Consent by Votes, shall be determined by the method of a Balloting box that no great Folks, or their speeches shoud carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper & seeing who marks &c—too much practised. If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of

Your assured humble servant | W. Fownes

Proposall

1 That an hospital, called Bedlam, be built in the Citty of Dublin or Liberties for the reception of Lunaticks from any parts of the kingdom.

2 In order to promote so good a work subscriptions to be taken in Dublin. & in every Citty and Town in the Kingdom—and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription paper sent to him for that purpose.

3 That when public notice is given in Print that Ground is secured for building the Hospital of Bedlam the subscription money be collected, and sent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of (query) Mr Thorne, steward to the blew Coat Hospitall a very proper person.

¹ This land belonged to the Vicars Choral. It has been mentioned in connexion with the Earl of Abercorn.

² Two years later Miss Mercer gave her house for the reception of lunatics and persons suffering from lingering diseases and appointed Swift a governor.—Ball.

4 That upon Notice given by Mr Thorne that he has recd 2coll a meeting shall be held of all Subscribers who happen to be in Dublin, at proper time and place.

5 Such persons as subscribe 5ll or upwards to have a Vote at such a meeting.

6 That Mr Thorne giving Security be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year—& be allowed only 6^d per pound, for receiving and paying.

7 That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong Cells, for outrageous Lunaticks to be confined in and after the form of those made at the Infirmary of the Royal hospitall—

8 That the Colledg of Phisicians be desired to Contribute to this good worke by appointing 2 or 3 of their Body to be represented at the first meeting & to give their opinion as to the Conveniency of the Cells—and what boylers are proper to be set up in a Kitchin & what Food is proper to be provided for such Lunaticks.

9 That near the Cells be made a Kitchin small at first & in such a manner as capable to be enlarged—that over this Kitchin may be a middle Room & over it a Garret to lodge the Cook maid & one other maid—

10 That joyning the Kitchin may be made one Room of 18 Foot by 18—w^{ch} may serve for Mr Thorn to attend in & where the Doctors or any subscribers may meet on occasion and over this room another to serve for a Store Room and the Garret to Lodge a Porter or 2 that must attend the Lunaticks.

11 That these buildings be made plain & strong with as little Cost as can be.

12 That the Charge of these be computed separately and the Inside Necessarys so that the work may goe on as Fast as the subscription Fund can be got in.

13 That the Subscribers at First meeting doe elect 7 of their Number such as are Knowing in the carrying on of the work & willing to attend at needfull times—that any 3 or more at any meeting at the hospitall may give directions for proceeding on the building agreed upon to be made at the First meeting of the Subscribers—att which First meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon And so from time to time—

The walling in of the Peice of ground intended for this use may goe on as the Fund will bear without obstructing the first usefull buildings. And whereas there are Lunaticks of severall kinds as the

Sir William Fownes to Swift

9 September 1732

melancholly &c & some that are unruly by Fitts—A Building must be designed for those sorts, the Floors not lofty but made sufficiently airy 20 Foot wide whereof 10 for a gallery & 10 for Lodges—each Lodge 8 or 10 feet broad as there is a Fund so many goe on.

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mention'd to me I wish I could prevail on you to Patronize and lay down your own scheme—I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly you have Freinds & Interest Enough to sett it goeing althô there may be some Grandees had rather other hands had the Conduct of it Yet the work speaks so much for it selfe they must be ashamed not to contribute much more to obstruct it—In the paper called the proposal I have considered the privatest & least expensive way of goeing to work avoided publick Forms and Grandees interposing Tom Thorn¹ by Chance I thought upon for that Reason and preventing jobbs &c—Doe what you please with my Papers—I am just Ditto—

Address: For the Rev^d | The Dean of S^t Patricks | This

Endorsed by Swift: S^r W^m Fownes | Rx Sept^{br} 9th 1732 | Proposal for a mad-house

Nichols 1801

Swift to John Barber

Dublin, September 11. 1732.

My Lord Elect,

I anticipate your title, because perhaps it may be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And, besides, I have a mind to be the first person who gives it to you. And, first, I heartily acknowledge your goodness in favouring a young gentleman who has well answered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have some years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way since I knew him; and power with others, you know, or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modesty, as his learning and sense, or any good quality he has. And it would be hard, after your sending us over so many worthless bishops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not suffer us to lend you, at least for one year, one sample of modesty, virtue, and good

¹ One of the contractors.

11 September 1732

Swift to John Barber

sense; and I am glad it falls to your lordship to give the first precedent. I will write to Dr. Trap in Mr. Pilkington's favour, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although, perhaps you will think, I may pretend to some. It is by my advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over somewhat sooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till you please to command him, which I suppose will not be till you are settled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameness could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a spectator, and I should have forwarded, to the utmost, Mr. Pope's scheme, for I never approved the omission of those shows. And I think I saw, in my youth, a lord mayor's show with all that pomp, when sir Thomas Pilkington,¹ of your chaplain's name and family, made his procession.

I have advised your chaplain to send you this letter, and not present it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he shall wait on you the next morning, when he has taken a lodging for himself, till you come into your mayoralty.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the same court and the same cause, and exiles, after a sort, you a voluntary one and I a necessary; but you have outthrown me many a hundred bars lengths. I heartily wish the continuance of your good success, and am, with great truth, your most constant friend and most obedient humble servant, | Jonath. Swift.

Longleat xiii (Harleian transcript)

Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry

Dublin Oct. 3rd 1732.²

I usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better

¹ Sir Thomas Pilkington, a successful London merchant and staunch Whig, distinguished himself by opposition to the court party during the reign of Charles II. The Duke of York brought against him an action of *scandalum magnatum*; with the result that Pilkington was imprisoned for four years. After the arrival of the Prince of Orange in 1688 he enjoyed royal favour, and in 1689 he was knighted. He was three times, 1689, 1690, and 1691 Lord Mayor of London. It must have been on either the first or last occasion that Swift witnessed the pageant. *D.N.B.*

[For note 2 see overleaf.]

diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man who said to me that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings: for there is not one person out of this country who regards any events that pass here unless he hath an Estate or employment, except the Court & the chief Governors who delight & endeavour to enslave & ruin us.—I am wondering at this proceeding in the Southsea people, to pay off half the company's debt at one clap. I will send for the money when you are in town, for all my revenues that depend on tythes are sunk almost to nothing, & my whole personal fortune is in the utmost confusion. So that I believe in a short time I must be driven to live in Wales. God do so & more also to your special friends who have brought this upon us. I find, some other friends as well as you, are afraid of the Post rascals and would have me onely write by private hands, of which I cannot hope to get a conveniency twice a year.¹ I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, and much less to the Court, & yet I am ten times more out of favor than you. For my own part I do not see the politicks of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known. For a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the Post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: And besides I think the world is already so well inform'd by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it Should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, & think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree you will meet discouragements, & it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time onely employed & encouraged. For you must allow that the bad Painter was in the right, who having painted a Cock, drove away all the Cocks & hens, & even the chickens, for fear those who pass'd by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post officers, that since wit &

² In the Harleian transcript and the texts of 1740 and Dublin 1741 the year appears as 1732. In the Pope London texts of 1741, 1742 the year appears as 1731, an obvious mistake for this letter follows the earlier letters of 1732. The omission made by Pope in his texts of 1740–2 are here enclosed within half-brackets.

3 October 1732 *Swift to Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry*

learning began to be made use of in our Kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned & punished, till within your own memory, nor dullness & ignorance ever so openly encouraged & promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you; if I could do it to my ease. Perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire,¹ proposed by two of our friends: but besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, It would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease & independence. You will hear my reasons when you see those friends; and, I concluded them with 'one' saying: that I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present Station damps the pertness of inferior puppies & Squires, which without plenty & ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month. 'am ev—'

Madam,—See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which I am sure your Grace is not; no not so much as to be a maid of honor. For I am certainly informed that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains, that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier. That you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infalible mark of disaffection,² which is further confirmed by your ill tast for wit, in preferring two old fashioned Poets before Duck or Cibber; besides you spell in such a manner as no Court Lady can read, & write in such an old fashioned Style, as none of them can understand.—You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's stock of health, I promise you, he will spend it all upon lazyness, & run deep in debt by a winter in town. Therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chaps less & his legs more for the six cold months, else he will spend all his mony in Physick & coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration of the manner in

¹ Bolingbroke's suggestion to Swift, 18 July 1732, of a transfer to the living of Burghfield. Mentioned also by Swift to Gay, 12 Aug. 1732.

² The Duchess's disregard of the changes of fashion is celebrated by William Whitehead in the verses which he addressed to her. She had told him that the preposterous dress of their day was due to the supineness of the men who could only be caught by such vagaries, and he replies that she contradicted her own assertion; as despite her indifference to such arts she had charmed much and charmed long.—Ball.

which you dispose what you call your love & respect, which you say, are not paid to merit but to your own humor. Now Madam my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit, & there goes an ugly observation, that the humor of Ladyes is apt to change. Now Madam if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, & your Grace happen to be out of humor, & will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, & no body else will take them off my hands. Besides you have declared Mr Gay to hold the first part, & I but the second, which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years, & I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed. I should be ready to say in the common form that I was much obliged to the Lady who wished she could give me the best living—&c—if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same who spoke many things to me in the same style, & also with regard to the Gentleman at your elbow when you writ, '⁠&' whose Dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman, but they were both arrant knaves as I '⁠then' told him & a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord D—¹ & with my heartiest prayers for the prosperity of the whole family remain your Grace's most &c.

'⁠Sir I must say something to your few lines at the bottom of your letter, which cites a Paragraph from our friend relating to me, to which I gave two or three full answers.¹²

Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs

Swift to Mrs. Pilkington

[October 1732.]

Madam,

You must shake off the Leavings of your Sex. If you cannot keep a Secret, and take a Chiding, you will quickly be out of my Sphere. Corrigible People are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any Lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to

¹ Duke.

² This curious sentence Sherburn suggests 'evidently began a reply to Gay's ending of his letter of 28 Aug. 1732 in which he supported Pope as the proper person to publish Swift's things in London'.

October 1732

Swift to Mrs. Pilkington

indulge them in their Follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your Husband of what has passed, for a Reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this Evening, if you will. I am very sincerely, | Your Friend, | J. Swift.¹

Rothschild

Swift to Charles Ford

Dublin. Oct^b. 14th. 1732

I sent Mr Burton a Copy of Mr Piggots² opinion, with a letter offering to shew him the original, or to any body whom he would appoint. I had not an answer in less than three weeks, and then what he writ was that the Sollicitor-generall in England had given his opinion directly contrary, and he writ to me a Proposall, that you should settle the piece of Land you purchased from H. Lutterel upon Edward's younger Children binding Edward³ either to continue Burton's Lease or cover it with 300ll to secure it to him. I took

¹ Mrs. Pilkington in her *Memoirs*, i. 129–32, tells us that when her husband was crossing to England to take up his post as chaplain to Barber, on his inauguration as Lord Mayor of London, Swift furnished him with letters of recommendation to several eminent persons, 'and amongst the rest, one to Mr. Pope', who, thereupon, invited Pilkington 'to pass a fortnight with him at Twickenham, he not being yet entered on his Office of Chaplain'. She received from her husband 'a Letter filled with Mr. Pope's Praises'. As she thought this a proper letter to show the Dean she went with it to the Deanery. Swift read it with 'a fix'd Attention' and then, 'with somewhat of a stern Brow', put into her hand a letter he had himself just received from Pope. The substance of this letter was, so she explains, that Pope expressed surprise at finding the man recommended to him as 'a modest ingenious Man', on the contrary, 'a most forward, shallow, conceited Fellow'. When Swift asked her what she thought of the letter Mrs. Pilkington defended her husband, and an angry altercation followed, during which, not unnaturally, Mrs. Pilkington subsided into 'a violent Passion of Tears'. The next morning she wrote to the Dean to say that if she had been 'partial' to her husband 'it was the most pardonable error a Wife could be guilty of'. By return of messenger she received the above note. She waited upon Swift the same evening, when he received her kindly, and promised to write a letter of advice to her husband.

² Nathaniel Pigott, whose death on 5 July 1737 was announced in *The Historical Register* (Chronological Diary, p. 12), where he is described as 'one of the greatest Conveyancers in this Kingdom'. He was the author of *New Precedents in Conveyancing*. The Solicitor-General in England was Charles Talbot.

³ 'Edward' after 'them ei' struck out.

time to consider this Scheme, which I did by no means approve of, and therefore I took the opportunity about a fortnight ago to ride¹ to Dunboyn on a Vestry day, where Burton was to be; I talked the matter over to him, and said I would never advise you to leave your self so much at mercy of a young disobedient ill advised man as Edward, who deserved so little of you, but that the land being in your own power, you could cover it as you please, and keep the Staff in your own hand, and oblige the young fellow to better conduct. Burton said it was the same thing to him, and that he thought I judged right. So that if you please to advise with your friends, I conceive they will think with me, that by charging that land with 300¹¹ in case your heir will not agree to confirm Burton's lease, and assigning² the money to Burton and his Executors, you will be easy and he too.

I am uneasy about your health. The Winter is coming on, and you must double the care of your self. There is nothing I wish more than that you were rich enough to keep horses, and able to ride them. I ride three times a week at least, and about ten miles a day, which is not to lengthen life, but to preserve health, and yet I had rather loyter at home. At least you might keep a chaise and a man to ride before it. For you have a great deal of life behind, if you think it worth managing. This is not a place from whence to send you news. Mrs Ford is still in the Country and I suppose at Mr Ludlows, but I have heard nothing of her for some time, therefore I suppose she is at ease.

My friends dye in England without my hearing of it, and so I save some present uneasyness. For I am told Lord Cardigan³ hath been dead some time. There is a most bitter Satyr against S^r Tho. Smyth, L^{dy} Newburg, and Cap^t Prat.⁴ I take it to have been writ in Oxford,

¹ 'ride' over 'write' struck out.

² 'assigning' after 'paying' obliterated.

³ George Brudenell, third Earl of Cardigan, died 5 July 1732. He was the brother of Lady Newburgh.

⁴ It is doubtful whether at this time Swift and the author of the 'bitter Satyr', Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, were personally acquainted. In its first form *The Toast. An Epic Poem. In Four Books. Written in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, Done into English by Peregrine O Donald, Esq; VOL. I. . . DUBLIN: Printed in the Year, MDCCXXXII* was a shabby and ill-printed little work, containing only two books. In 1736 two more books were added and the whole was produced as an imposing quarto, printed in large type, heavily leaded. King had come to Dublin to rescue his uncle, Sir Thomas Smyth, from his creditors, especially the Countess of Newburgh, upon whom he had

14 October 1732

Swift to Charles Ford

by the means of one Dr King the Head of a Hall there who was Nephew and Heir to Sr Thomas and thought himself wrongd by L^{dy}¹ Newburg, and I presume employd some young Oxonians to write it. A printer brought it to me, and said a hundred of them were sent to him from England to give about; the Verses are rough, but it is very malicious, and worth reading. It is called *the Toast*. We expect Dr Delany² over every day with his wife worth fifty thousand pounds. ainsi va le monde. I am so well recovered of my Strain in nine months, that I can walk two or three miles, but I feel it weak and stiff, especially going down Stairs, and am forced to ride with a flat board fixed on my left Stirrup to rest my heel on. You will present my humble Service to what friends of mine you shall happen to see.

I am ever &c

I have not seen your Agent this long time. I hope you get your rents. I can hardly get a Shilling, not even of my little lands. Nor a peny of Tythes.

L^d Orrery³ stays here this winter. I meet him sometimes at dinners and he hath dined with me. He seems an honest man, and of good dispositions.

Address: To Charles Ford, E^{sqr} | at the Coco-tree in | Pell-mell | London
Postmarks: Dublin and 20 OC

Notes and Queries, I. iv. 219

Swift to Lady Worsley

[Dublin, 4 Nov. 1732]

Madam,⁴—I will never tell, but I will always remember how many years have run out since I had first the honor and happiness to be known to Your Ladyship, which however I have a thousand times been enticed to spend his substance. See *The Toast*, no. xciv of the opuscula of Ye Sette of Odd Volumes, by Harold Williams, 1932.

¹ 'L^{dy}' after 'his' struck out.

² According to *The Gentleman's Magazine* Mrs. Tenison, the widow whom Delany had recently married, enjoyed an income of £1,500.

³ This is the earliest mention in Swift's correspondence of his future biographer, John Boyle, fifth Earl of Orrery, at this time a young man of twenty-five.

⁴ This letter is an answer to that of Lady Worsley of 6 Aug.

wished to have never happened, since it was followed by the misfortune of being banished from You for ever. I believe you are the onely Lady in England that for a thousand years past hath so long remembered a useless friend in absence, which is too great a load of favor for me and all my gratitude to support.

I can faithfully assure your Ladyship that I never received from You more than one letter since I saw you last; and that I sent you a long answer. I often forget what I did yesterday, or what passed half an hour ago; and yet I can well remember a hundred particulars in Your Ladyship's company. This is the memory of those who grow old. I have no room left for new Ideas. I am offended with one passage in Your Ladyship's letter; but I will forgive You, because I do not believe the fact, and all my acquaintance here joyn with me in my unbelief. You make excuses for not sooner sending me the most agreeable present that ever was made, whereas it is agreed by all the curious and skillfull of both sexes among us, that such a piece of work could not be performed by the most dextrous pair of hands and finest eyes in Christendom, in less than a year and a half, at twelve hours a day. Yet Mrs. Barber,¹ corrupted by the obligations she hath to you, would pretend that I over reckon six months and six hours a day. Be that as it will, our best virtuosi are unanimous that the Invention exceeds, if possible, the work itself. But to all these praises I coldly answer, that although what they say be perfectly true, or indeed below the truth, yet if they had ever seen or conversed with Your Ladyship, as I have done, they would have thought this escritoire a very poor performance from such hands, such eyes, and such an imagination. To speak my own thoughts, the work itself does not delight me more than the little cares you were pleased to descend to in contriving ways to have it conveyed so far without damage, whereof it received not the least from without: what there was came from within; for one of the little rings that lifts a drawer for wax, hath touched a part of one of the Pictures, and made a mark as large as the head of a small pin; but it touches onely an end of a cloud; and yet I have been carefull to twist a small thread of silk round that wicked ring, who promiseth to do so no more.

Your Ladyship wrongs me in saying that I twitted you with being a great-grandmother. I was too prudent and carefull of my

¹ Mrs. Barber had returned from London to Dublin two months earlier. See Mrs. Delany, *Correspondence*, i. 330. Swift had evidently dismissed any suspicion of her responsibility for the counterfeit letter to the Queen.

own credit to offer the least hint upon that head, while I was conscious that I might have been great-grandfather to you.

I beg you, Madam, that there may be no quarrells of jealousy between Your Ladyship and My Lady Carteret: I set her at work by the authority I claymed over her as your daughter. The young woman showed her readynesse, and performed very well for a new beginner, and deserves encouragement. Besides, she filled the Chest with Tea, whereas you did not send me a single pen, a stick of wax, or a drop of Ink; for all which I must bear the charge out of my own pocket. And after all if Your Ladyship were not by I would say that My Lady Carteret's Box (as you disdainfully call it instead of a Tea-chest) is a most beautiful piece of work, and is oftener used than yours, because it is brought down for tea after dinner among Ladyes, whereas my escritoire never stirs out of my closet, but when it is brought for a sight. Therefore I again desire there may be no family quarrells upon my account.

As for Patty Blount you wrong her very much. She was a neighbor's child, a good Catholick, an honest Girl, and a tolerable Courtier at Richmond. I deny she was dirty, but a little careless, and sometimes wore a ragged gown, when she and I took long walks. She saved her money in summer onely to be able to keep a Chair at London in winter: this is the worst you can say; and she might have a whole coat to her back if her good nature did not make her a fool to her mother and sanctified sister Teresa. And she was the onely Girl I coquetted in the whole half year that I lived with Mr. Pope in Twitenham, whatever evil tongues might have informed your Ladyship, in hopes to set you against me. And after this usage, if I accept the Archbishoprick of Canterbury from your Ladyship's hands, I think you ought to acknowledge it as a favor.

Are you not weary, Madam? Have you patience to read all this? I am bringing back past times; I imagine myself talking with you as I used to do; but on a sudden I recollect where I am sitting, banished to a country of slaves and beggars; my blood soured, my spirits sunk, fighting with Beasts like St. Paul, not at Ephesus, but in Ireland.

I am not of your opinion, that the flocks (in either Kingdom) want better Shepherds; for, as the French say, 'à tels brebis tel pasteur:' and God be thanked that I have no flock at all, so that I neither can corrupt nor be corrupted.

I never saw any person so full of acknowledgment as Mrs. Barber

is for Your Ladyship's continued favors to her, nor have I known any person of a more humble and grateful spirit than her, or who knows better how to distinguish the Persons by whom she is favored. But I will not honor myself so far, or dishonor you so much, as to think I can add the least weight to your own naturall goodness and generosity.

You must, as occasion serves, Present my humble respects to My Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Dysert,¹ and to Sr Robert Worsley.

I am, and shall be ever, with the truest respect, esteem, and gratitude, | Madam, | Your Ladyship's most obedient | and most humble Servant, | Jonath. Swift.

Dublin, Nov. 4th, 1732.

I know not where my old friend Harry Worsley is, but I am his most humble servant.

Madam,² I writ this letter two months ago, and was to send it by Mrs. Barber;³ but she falling ill of the gout, and I deferring from day to day, expecting her to mend, I was at last out of patience. I have sent it among others by a private hand.

I wish Your Ladyship and all your family many happy new years.
Jan. 8th. 1732.

T. Cottrell-Dormer

Swift to Mrs. Caesar

[4 November 1732]

Madam.⁴

Among a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we Philosophers ought to despise; two or three Ladyes of my long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind to remember me, and I was always proud and pleased

¹ In 1729 Lord Carteret's eldest daughter was married to Lionel, third Earl of Dysart.

² This postscript was written on the back of the letter.

³ Mrs. Barber hoped to settle in Bath with the intention that her husband should there carry on his trade as a woollen-draper. Her return to Dublin was for the purpose of arranging the transfer. Mrs. Delany, *Correspondence*, i. 330, 383.

⁴ In answer to Mrs. Caesar's letter of 6 Aug.

4 November 1732

Swift to Mrs. Caesar

to a great degree that you happened to be one; since constancy is I think at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs Barber when I see her is always telling me wonders of the continuall favors you have conferred on her, and that without your interposition the success of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation without the least possibility of ever returning it otherwise than by my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family . . For in spite of all your good words I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country.

I have been tyed by the leg (without being marryed) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain; which prevented the honor and happiness I proposed to my self of waiting on you often during this last summer, and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose; yet I flatter my self, that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr Pope's compliment which I can not make you; for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, though I found a thousand words too few in your letter: therefore I accepted and understood it onely as a billet just writ while Mrs Barber stood by in her hood and scarf just ready to take her leave, and begin her journey, and what is worse I suspect she was forced to sollicite you long, because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I have been told that you are a great Courtier, at least of the Queen's, for which I envy you much because I am wholly out of her favour, and under her displeasure, which you may believe is a great mortification to me who expected so many great advantages from her.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf for she will allways continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will allways continue to give it her.

I hope Mr Cesar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family.

I am with true respect | Madam | Your most obedient and | most humble Serva^{nt} | Jonath Swift.

Address: To | Mrs. Cesar

Rothschild

*Swift to Benjamin Motte*Dublin. Nov^r 4th 1732S^r¹

If I did not answer yours of Sep^{tr} 4th as I thought I did, I will do it now, and Indeed I do not find it indorsed as answered . . 'Tother day I received two copyes of the last Miscellany,³ but I can not learn who brought them to the house. M^r Pope had been for some months before writing to me that he thought it would be proper to publish another miscellany, for which he then gave me reasons, that I did not well comprehend; nor do I remember that I was much convinced, because I did not know what fund he had for it, little imagining that some humorous or satyrical trifles that I had writ here occasionally (and sent some to the press, while others were from stollen copyes) would make almost six sevenths of the whole Verse part in the book; and the greatest part of the prose was written by other persons of this kingdom as well as my self.⁴ I believe I have told you, that no Printer or Bookseller hath any sort of property here . . I have writ some things that would make people angry. I always sent them by unknown hands, the Printer might guess, but he could not accuse me, he ran the whole risk, and well deserved the property, if he could carry it to London and print it there; but I am sure I could have no property at all. Some things; as that of the Soldier and Scholar, the Pastorall, and one or two more were written at a Man of Qualitys house in the North⁵ who had the

¹ Lord Rothschild's library, no. 2295. First printed *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S., xliii. 259.

² This letter is not forthcoming. Presumably it had reference to the publication of the Pope-Swift miscellany volume and the question of copyright as between English and Irish printers and booksellers.

³ *Miscellanies. The Third Volume . . . London: Printed by Benj. Motte at the Middle Temple Gate, and Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head . . . 1732*, which appeared in London at the beginning of October 1732. On the question of the publication of the Pope-Swift *Miscellanies*, 1727-32, see Appendix XXII.

⁴ The prose part of the 'Third' volume consists of 276 pages, of which 84 are covered by Swift. The verse portion extends to exactly 100 pages, of which 87 are by Swift. His statement that 'six sevenths' of the verses are his is, therefore, near the mark. See *The Text of 'Gulliver's Travels'*, pp. 66-67.

⁵ The poem was first published in London, 1732, under the title of *A Soldier and a Scholar*, and later in Dublin by Faulkner under the title *The Grand Question debated*. See *Poems*, p. 863. The original manuscript is in Lord

4 November 1732

Swift to Benjamin Motte

originals, while I had no Copy, but they were given to the L^d L^t,¹ and some others, so, Copyes ran, and Faulkner got them, and I had no property: but Falkner made them his in London . . I have sent a kind of certificate owning my consent to the publishing this last miscellany, against my will, and however it comes to pass there are not a few errata that quite alter the sense in those indifferent verses of mine. the best thing I writt as I think, is called a Libel on Dr D, and L^d Cart—² which I find is not printed, because it gave great offense here; and your Court was offended at one line relating to Mr Pope³ I care not to say any more of this Miscelany, and wish you may not be a loser by it . . I find my name is put at length in some notes,⁴ which I think was wrong; but I am at too great distance to help it . . and must bear what I cannot remedy.

Two days ago I had yours without date relating to Mr Ewen; I would fain know what sort of calling or credit he is off. He gave me the account of M^{rs} Davys's death;⁵ said he was well known at Cambridge that she left him all her fortune, onely her cloaths to her Sister one Roda Staunton, a poor beggar who hath six pence a week out of my Cathedral collections . . I desired the cloaths might be sold for which he sent 4¹¹—15^s to you with that mourning ring. I wonder on what consideration M^{rs} Davys left Mr Ewen her heir, while her own sister lay starving with a lame child and supported by charity . . This Ewen writ me another letter, I suppose when he was drunk; for in it he said severall things to M^{rs} Davy[s]'s disadvantage and it is written with ill manners: Among other things that she pretended to have many years ago writ a book or part of a book

Rothschild's library, no. 2271. 'A Pastoral Dialogue' (*Poems*, pp. 879–82). The two poems were written at Market Hill, near Armagh, the residence of Sir Arthur Acheson.

¹ Lord Carteret.

² *Poems*, pp. 479–86. One of the most vigorous of poems written by Swift, only upon second thoughts did the government decide to ignore it.

³ See Swift to Pope, 6 Feb. 1729–30.

⁴ pp. 79, 86.

⁵ Widow of the Rev. Peter Davys, a contemporary of Swift, and master of the school attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Although her name appears in a list of Swift's correspondents, Nov. 1708 to Nov. 1709, no letter to or from her has been preserved. Her death took place at Cambridge, where for some time she kept a coffee-house. She was the author of various plays and novels. See *D.N.B.*, which, however, calls for some correction. She was mentioned by Swift, 21 Feb. 1712–13, *Journal*, p. 625. W. H. Ewen, son of a grocer, later a brewer, of Cambridge, inherited a fortune and adopted, with questionable honesty, the practice of usury. See *D.N.B.*

which the world laid upon me.¹ Pray if ever you see him let him show you the letters I writ to her. It is above thirty years since her husband dyed; for S^r W Temple was then alive, who dyed in 1697² and I was then at his house, and when I went to Ire^{ld} with L^d Berkely she, had been some years a widow, and one or two years after she went for meer want to Engl^d where she stayed till she dyed. I saw her once or twice in London, but never after till about 5 years ago when my L^d Oxford and I calld at Cambridge³ to dine, and there I saw her an hour; nor do I believe I ever writ her a dozen letters and those chiefly to tell her I had sent her some money, which I did I believe nine or ten times or oftner.⁴ So that either Ewen lyes, or the Printers would be much disappointed, for she was a rambling woman with very little tast of wit or humor, as appears by her writings. I believe I have tired you as well as my self. You may please to send the ring by any opportunity, I believe I shall sell it, and give the money to her poor sister, and if Ewen be rich he ought in conscience to relieve her—I am &c—J.S.

I am Y^r most humble Serv^t J.S.

You see this letter is of old date, it was to go by M^{rs} Barber who falling ill of the Gout, I defer^d it in hopes of her mending. This goes by a private hand, with some others which I desire you will send as directed. I had your last with the abstracts about the Test. And by them I suppose it will be needless to publish the old Treatise on that Subject.⁵ I desire you will see M^r Pilkington My L^d Mayor's chaplain; and let him know you have power from me to pay him any sums of money as far as 20^{ll}, taking his promissory Note. | Jonathan Swift.

Jan^r 9th 1732—

¹ Perhaps *A Tale of a Tub*.

² Davys died on 4 Nov. 1698, and Temple on 27 Jan. 1699. Swift, as frequently, mistakes his date.

³ When he visited Lord Oxford at Wimpole.

⁴ Possibly Ewen had threatened to publish these letters. It is alleged that thirty-six letters to Mrs. Davys and her husband were, at one time, in the possession of Ewen's son (*D.N.B.*). No trace of them remains.

⁵ During Nov. and Dec. 1732 the Dissenters had under active consideration a project for promoting agitation for the repeal of the Test Act. Several tracts on the subject, written by Swift at this time, will be found in Temple Scott's edition of the *Prose Works*, iv. 21–101. The 'old Treatise' would be *A Letter Concerning the Sacramental Test*, 1709.

4 November 1732

Swift to Benjamin Motte

You will please to convey the inclosed to M^r Pope in the safest manner you can for there is another in it to a neighbor of his at Dawly

Address: To M^r Motte

Endorsed: By Swift | 9 Jan^{ry} 1732, | begun in Nov—

Endorsed in another hand: 3rd Old Letter of Swift's

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

London | 7 Nov. 1732

I shoud have answerd yours sooner but that I every day expected another from you with your orders to speak to the Duke of Dorset which I shoud with great pleasure [have] obeyed as t'was to serve a friend of yours, M^{rs} Floyd is now thank god in as good health as I have seen her this many years tho she has still her winter Cough hangs¹ upon her but that I fear I must never expect she shoud be quite free from at this time of day, and all my trouble with her now is to make her Drink wine enough according to the Doctors orders which is not above three or four Glasses such as is commonly filled at sober houses, and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces that there is no body that did not know her perfectly well but that woud extreamly suspect she drinks Drams in private, Im sorry to find our tastes so different in the same Person, and as every body has a Natural Partiality to their own opinion so tis surprising to me to find La: Suffolk dwindle in yours who rises infinitely higher in mine the more and the longer I know her, but you say you will say no more of *Courts for fear of growing angry* and indeed I think you are so already since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that no one that belongs to a Court can act right, Im sure this can't be really and truely your sense because tis unjust, and if it is I shall suspect there's something of your old Maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them because you dont forgive, I have been about a fortnight from Knole and shall next thursday go there again for about three weeks,

¹ hangs] hanging *Ball*.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

7 November 1732

where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands who am most faithfully | & sincerely yours—

Address: To | The Rev^d Dr Swift Dean of | St Patricks Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 7 NO

Endorsed by Swift: Rx Nov^r 13th 1732 | Lady Elis. Germain.

and: Ldy. Elis. Germain | Nov^r 7th 1732 | Answrd

4806

John Gay to Swift

Nov^r 16. 1732.

Dear Sir.

I am at last come to London before the family to follow my own inventions; in a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money as soon as you please; I have some of my own too that lyes dead and I protest I do not [know] which way at present to dispose of it; every thing is so very precarious. I paid M^{rs}¹ Launcelot twelve pounds, and pay myself the five Guineas you had of me, and have deducted your Loss by paying off one of the Southsea bonds; and I find I have now remaining of yours two hundred and eleven pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence. And I believe over and above that summ there will be more owing to yours upon account of interest on the Bonds about four or five pounds. M^r Hoare's hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lyes in M^r Hoare's hands you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen M^r Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him; though² I am in hopes of seeing him here to day or to morrow. If my present project succeeds you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing for I am determind that neither any body else or myself shall disappoint me. I wish the Arguments made use of to draw you here were every way of more consequence; I wou'd not have you change one comfort of life for another; I wish you to keep every one of those you have already with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to

¹ Mrs] Mr. *Hawkesworth, Ball.*

² 'though' written above 'but' which is not deleted.

16 November 1732

John Gay to Swift

consider on the choice of any subject to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against Vice, so that I dont expect much encouragement, though I really think in justice I ought to be paid for stifling my inclinations, But the Great are ungratefull. M^r Pulteney's young son hath had the small Pox, and is perfectly recover'd; he is not in to^rwn but¹ is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the Letter you wr^rit to th^e Dutchess & me when her Grace comes to town, for I know she intended to have ^ra share¹ in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new Year? The C^ompany¹ will be then all in town and the Spring advancing upon us every day. What I me^ran by the¹ Company is, those who call themselves your friends & I believe are so. Tis ^rbelieved¹ the Parliament will not meet till about the middle of January. I have not been ^ridle¹ while I was in the Country, and I know your wishes in general & in particular that industry may always find it's account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, Love & esteem I have for you.

Address: To | The Rev^d D^r Swift Dean | of S^t Patricks in | Dublin | Ireland.

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Gay. Nov 22 1732 and M^r Gay | Nov^r 22^d 1732 | He dyed soon after | His last Lett^r

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope and John Arbuthnot to Swift

Dec. 5, 1732.²

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears) It is not now indeed a time to think of one's self when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay.³ An inflammatory fever hurried

¹ Half-brackets in this latter part of the letter indicate words, or parts of words, which have been lost by a tear in the paper.

² The Faulkner edition of the *Letters*, p. 212, adds the following footnote: 'On my dear Friend Mr Gay's Death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulse foreboding some Misfortune. [This Note is indors'd on the original Letter in Dr. Swift's Hand.]' To this note Pope, in his 1741 London edition, added '*Dublin Edit.*' to suggest that the volume of letters emanated from Dublin. See Sherburn, iii. 334 n.

³ After lying in state Gay was interred in Westminster Abbey, where the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry erected a handsome monument to his memory.

him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine a clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will¹—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? in every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now I believe; one of your principal Calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.—

*Dear Sir,*²—I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. poor Mr. Gay dy'd of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides my self. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, Your, &c.

¹ Six thousand pounds was divided equally between his two sisters, Katherine Baller and Joanna Fortescue.

² Between Pope's part of the Letter and what follows Faulkner, 1741, p. 214, inserted the centred caption: 'P.S. By Dr. Arbuthnot'.

9 December 1732

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Decemb^{br}. 9th 1732

Sr.¹

I thank you for your packet, and I suppose shall hear of it as soon as it comes. I am not at all satisfied with the last miscellany;² I believe I told you so in a former Letter My part (which in the verses is seven 8^{ths}) is very incorrect. I can assure you I had no advantage by any one of the four volumes, as I once hinted to you, and desire it may be a secret always. Neither do I in the least understand the reasons for printing this. I believe I told you formerly that Booksellers here have no property; and I have cause to believe that some of our printers will collect all they think to be mine, and print them by subscription, which I will neither encourage nor oppose. But, as to the writings I have had long by me, I intend to leave them to certain friends, and that you shall be the publisher. I must tell you plainly I have now done with writing; verse grows troublesome; hints hard to be got; and not worth my time, since they will neither entertain my self nor be of publick use. If you think the letter you mention³ will do any Service against that destructive design now on foot, I shall leave the matter to your discretion; and if the same wicked project shall be attempted here; I shall so far suspend my lazyness as to oppose it to the utmost. I believe in both Kingdoms, those who by their function, their Conscience, their honor, their oaths, and the interest of their community, are most bound to obstruct such a ruin to the Church, will be the great advocates for it. For which if I should pray God to forgive them, his divine justice will not suffer him.

My health is tolerable, and although I feel my lameness, they tell me I do not limp. I hope your family is well I desire my Service to M^{rs} Launcelot. Tell her to refresh a certain Person's memory, whenever I write to a certain Lady.

¹ This letter was written on the assumption that Motte had received that of 4 Nov., which, as its postscript shows, did not reach him till Jan. 1733. It was first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S., xliv. 232.

² *Miscellanies. The Third Volume*, 1732.

³ The early *Letter . . . Concerning the Sacramental Test*, 1709. This was reprinted in *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1711; and in the first volume of the *Pope and Swift Miscellanies*, 1727. Had Swift forgotten this fact? See *Prose Works*, ed. Davis, ii. 109-25, 281-4.

Swift to Benjamin Motte

9 December 1732

I am with great Sincerity your assured friend | and most humble
Serv^t | J.S.

If you print that piece, I am content | you should say. *Written
many years ago | by &c and name the Author and | get some short
preface to show the | reasons for printing it now by it self.*

Address: To M^r Benjamin Motte | Bookseller, at the middle-Temple | gate in
Fleet-street | London.

Postmark: 20 DE

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Charles Ford

Dublin. Dec^b. 9th 1732

I have talked once or twice with M^r Burton, and told him that I was sure you could and would cover his lease with 300¹¹ on those lands in your power, which sum I declare he formerly mentioned to me; but he was in another key, and talked of 1000¹¹. It mads me that such fellows should have the character of fair honest men,¹ for from the first time I saw him, I thought him the greatest chicaner that ever came in my way. I happend about 3 weeks ago to meet with D^r Vesey,² of the Chancery, in the green,³ we talked of this matter, and he said, Burton told him, that young Ford would confirm his lease for 30 Guineas in ready money; we both agreed it would be a good bargain for your ease, and when he asked my opinion whether⁴ he should venture to lay down the money for you, I advised him to do it, upon which he said he would let me know the Success with the first opportunity, but I have not heard from him since, and therefore I should⁵ have delayd writing to you till I had found him and known the event; if I had not lately been made very uneasy at hearing how little care you take of your Health. A Person who came not

¹ 'men' after 'fell' obliterated.

² William Vesey, son of the Archbishop of Tuam. M.P. for Tuam from 1715, and Master in Chancery 1730-41. He was a Doctor of Laws (1718) of Trinity College, Dublin.

³ St. Stephen's Green.

⁴ 'whether' after 'he told' struck out.

⁵ 'should' after 'shall' struck out.

long since from London¹ told me you abated nothing in your plentiful way of eating, and that you drink as much wine as ever, upon which he said, all your friends were concerned. I do not think life is of much value,² but health is worth every thing, and Nature acts right in making that method which prolongs life absol[ut]ely necessary to preserve health, which makes a short life and a merry, a very foolish Proverb. For my own part I labor for daily health as often and almost as many hours as a workman does for daily bread, and like a common laborer can but just earn enough to keep life and Soul together. I had almost as lieve plow as ride, and thresh as walk, if by any expence within my power I could contrive, that lazyness would do me no hurt. You see I have the common folly of quoting my self. But I think it almost the onely thing I am right in; and God knows, it is with great force that I reason my self into the practice.

I believe M^{rs} Ford is well, for I have heard nothing to the contrary. I am glad she is with her friends; if she be discreet, it will make her easy in her fortune.

We are full of your intentions to repeal the Test;³ The spirituall Leaders will encourage that project to a man. We conclude the same thing will be attempted here next winter, and have the same advocates, but we hope, without success. Your friends here are as usuall. Dr D is very modest in his new prosperity;⁴ walks on foot in fair weather, lives well, (as I hear) entertains his old friends, and does⁵ many acts of generosity as well as charity. I have not been at his table, and onely made him two short visits. I often see L^d Orrery who seems every way a most deserving Person, a good Scholar, with much wit, manners and modesty. His business will keep him here at least till next winter, for his agent is the chiefest rogue of his calling.⁶ I have not heard a word of Crossthwaite, and I wish you had

¹ Perhaps Sir Arthur Acheson. Cf. Swift to Ford, 22 June 1736.

² 'of much value' over 'thought' obliterated. Cf. Swift's letter to Miss Anne Long of 18 Dec. 1711, 'health is worth preserving, though life is not'.

³ The Dissenters were moving for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and had held a great meeting in London on 29 Nov. where it was decided that the time was not favourable for making an application to Parliament. At a second meeting the same decision was reached. Thereupon 'the affair was dropt till a more convenient opportunity shall offer' (see *Political State* for 1733, xlv. 138-41). The fullest reports of the meetings were published in the *Whitehall Evening Post*.

⁴ His marriage to the rich widow Mrs. Tenison.

⁵ 'does' after 'gives' obliterated.

⁶ Orrery's father had been continuously defrauded by his agent. According to

Swift to Charles Ford

9 December 1732

given me directions what to do upon his so long delaying to remit you money, nor do I know who is your banquier here.—I beg you will force your nature as much as possible upon temperance and exercise, I mean temperance in a physicall sense, and not a moral, for many a moral and pious man's health is ruined by intemperance, and let me hear from you, and have your directions relating to your Agent and to Burton.

I am ever &c

Lady Acheson presents her service to you and chides you for neglecting your health, although her Ladyship be a greater criminal in that article (if possible) than your self. She is an absolute Dublin rake, sits up late, loses her money, and goes to bed sick, and resolves like you never to mend. It is said you will soon [see] S^r Arthur at London to lessen a pair of swelld legs.

Address: To Charles Ford Esq^r, to be | left at the Coco-tree in | Pell-mell | London.

Postmarks: Dublin and ? DE

Huntington Library HM 14382

Swift to John Barber

[14 December 1732]

My Lord.

After obtaining one favor from Your Lordship, I am under the necessity of requesting another; which however I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what Employments you may have in your disposal during your Mayoralty; But some I presume you will have; It is therefore my request, and will be so likewise of some others among your friends, that if any Employment should fall vacant during your Government, which M^r Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your Lordship would please that he might have the refusall, with as much favor as will consist with your own generous disposition, adding the Friendship you are pleased to profess to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of English birth; a very upright honest man, and

Eustace Budgell he had been receiving no more than half his yearly income. The son had come over to straighten out his affairs. See *Orrery Papers*, i. 113, and *Memoirs of the late Earl of Orrery*, 1732, p. 249.

14 December 1732

Swift to John Barber

his wife hath abundance of merit in all respects; they design to settle among you, having turned what fortune they had here, into money.

And, now My Lord I heartily give you joy of governing the noblest City in the world, where I know you are desirous and able to do so much good, and to set a worthy pattern for the imitation of those who shall come after you . . . If my health and the bad Scituation of my private affairs will permit, I shall hope to have the honor of being one among your guests next summer. Mr Pilkington is in his letters perpetually full of Your great favors to him, and says you will be his Voucher that he still continues his modest behavior, which I always pressed upon him as the best quality in a young man, although I never observed the least want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health; which in our City of Dublin is a difficult task for a Lord Mayor to perform. and if Your Lordship be under the necessity of drinking as many healths in proportion on publick days as are done here, you will be in great danger of ruining Your own | I am with entire friendship and | true respect, | My Lord, | Your Lordship's most | obedient and most | humble Serv^t

Dublin. Dec^{br}. 14th

Jonath. Swift

1732

I give Your Lordship all the good wishes for the approaching Season and the succeeding year.

I had a very friendly letter lately from Dr Trap to whom I present my most humble service, and shall in a short time acknowledge his Letter.¹

4806

Robert Arbuthnot to Swift

Rouen Janry 2^d 1733 [O.S. 22 Dec. 1732].

Dear Sir²

I have flattered my self these many years that vapours, or company would have brought you over seas to Spaw, or to some such place

¹ Although these two postscripts were printed by Nichols, 1801, xix. 129, they were omitted by Ball.

² Although Swift had been acquainted with Robert Arbuthnot, at least slightly, since 1726, this is the only surviving letter of any that may have passed between them.

& that you would have taken paris in your way, & so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let your self grow old, or dy without seeing some other country then your own, I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any reall illness to bring you to us, tho I should not be sorrie that you thought you had need of change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more & (whatever interest I have ag^t it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much hon^r & esteem. I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer Mr delamar,¹ his brother (now dead) has been with you in Ireland, and this Gentleman deserves from me that kindness my friends can shew him. adieu dear Sir if I can serve you in any thing command me always for I am with great esteem | Your most humble and most obed^t servant | *Rob: Arbuthnot*

Address: To | The Reverend Doctor | Swift Dean of St | Patricks | *Dublin*

Endorsed by Swift: Jan 2^d N.S. 1732/3 | M^r Rob^t Arbuthnot

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Ford to Swift

London, Dec. 23, 1732.²

Yesterday I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it.³

.

I am very glad to hear the character you give of Lord *Orrery*. He was extreamly applauded for a speech he made against the Army

¹ Members of the family had been settled in Ireland for a considerable time, and were connected by marriage with the Luttrells.—Ball.

² The original of this letter has not survived. It was first printed by Deane Swift in 1768.

³ The passage omitted by Deane Swift evidently dealt with Ford's quarrel with Burton about Woodpark. The dates show that the documents from which were made the transcripts published by Sir Walter Scott, *Works*, 1814, xix. 374-7, were sent with this letter.

23 December 1732

Charles Ford to Swift

Bill.¹ There is no danger of repealing the Test. The *Court* has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatic leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said, the bishop of *Salisbury*² is the chief encourager of them; that the Queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He had promised, and would not fail them. He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to *Durham*.³ That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that lady *Acheson* does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good nature. I fancy *Arsalla*⁴ has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor *Gay*'s play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.⁵

Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs

Swift to Mrs. Pilkington

Deanery-House, Jan. 1 · [1732-3]

Madam,

I send you your Bit of a News-paper with the Verses,⁶ than which I never saw better in their Kind; I have the same Opinion of those

¹ This was Orrery's maiden speech in the House of Lords, delivered on 7 Mar. 1732 in the debate in committee on the Mutiny Bill. He moved that 'it be an instruction to the Committee that the number of men specified by the Bill do not exceed twelve thousand'. The motion was lost by 27 votes to 88. The speech is printed in *The Orrery Papers*, i. 110-11.

² Benjamin Hoadly.

³ Edward Chandler was translated from Lichfield to Durham in 1730. He was accused of having given £9,000 for the latter see.

⁴ i.e. Ardsallagh.

⁵ Gay died 4 Dec. *Achilles* was produced 10 Feb. 1733.

⁶ In her *Memoirs*, i. 109-11, Mrs. Pilkington tells us that as a girl she composed some verses on a piece of paper, beginning 'O spotless Paper, fair and white!' These were later attributed to 'Lord Chancellor Talbot's Daughter, a young Lady of but twelve Years of Age'. The true authorship was, however,

Swift to Mrs. Pilkington

1 January [1732-3]

you were pleased to write upon me, as have also some particular Friends of Genius and Taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with Decency shew them except to a very few, I hope, for both our Sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your Present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a Pen,¹ which Office I will perform with my own Hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy New Years, and am with true Esteem, | *Madam*, | *Your most obliged* | *Friend and Servant*, | J. Swift.

Portland Papers
B.M. First Deposit²

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin, 3 January 1732-3]

My Lord

There is a usuall favor which we who live in this Kingdom pretend to claym, if we have English acquaintance, especially with Lords. The bearer of this, Mr Thomas Shaw, will venture to give you a printed paper, called a Case; a Thing Your Lord[ship] is well acquainted with: He is a gentleman of a good estate, for which he is at law with an Irish Lord, called Lord Dunsany,³ who was a forfeiting person by the rebellion of his ancestors in 1641. But, before I would venture my credit with Your Lordship, I consulted with the discovered. Meanwhile her husband, then in London, printed the lines in a newspaper and sent her a copy. She related this to the Dean, who asked to see the lines.

¹ Mrs. Pilkington (*Memoirs*, i. 111-14) on learning that on the Dean's last birthday, 30 Nov. 1732, he had received from Lord Orrery a finely bound paper-book, and from Delany a silver standish, each accompanied by a paper of verses (*Poems*, pp. 609-11), determined to emulate them by sending him on New Year's Day 'a fine Eagle's Quill' wrapped in verses of her own. Mrs. Pilkington assigns her letter mistakenly to '1733-4'. Deane Swift, reprinting her letter and verses (1768), gives the true date.

² Portland MSS., B.M. First Deposit, List I, Miscellaneous Papers 1725-40—714 A.

³ This litigation had begun in the year 1722 when Shaw was a minor (Irish Chancery Bills). Lord Dunsany was the eleventh peer of his line, and had benefited by the Treaty of Limerick, although as a Roman Catholic not eligible to occupy a seat in Parliament.—Ball.

3 January 1732-3

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

Attorney generall,¹ and another Lawyer here; both very eminent in their calling of fair reputation, and my long acquaintance, whether Mr Shaw had a just cause; who both assured me he had; and that it was decreed for him here, but renewed by vexatious appeals, and other litigious practices, that I know nothing of. It is now almost a year since I first writ to Your Lordship upon this affair, but the cause being by the arts of his adversary put off to the approaching Session, Mr Shaw returned me my letter, and desired a new one, which I would not refuse him.

Your Lordship now knows your *duty*, which is onely to attend the hearing of this cause as often as you conveniently can, and to make my Lords Foley² and Masham, and all the Lords with whom you have power to do the like. But, as for the decision, I have nothing to say.

I desire to present my most humble service to My Lady Oxford, and to Lady Marget | I am with very great respect | My Lord, | Your Lordship's most obedient, | and most humble Serv^t | Jonath: Swift.

Dublin. Jan^y. 3^d | 1732.

Address: To the Right Honorable | the Earl of Oxford | in Dover-street.

Endorsed (above the address): R munday, March · 5 · 1732/3 from Mr Shaw.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

[8] January, 1732-3.³

Madam,

Although I have just received the honour of your Ladyship's letter, yet as things stand I am determined, against my usual practice,

¹ At this time Robert Jocelyn, born in Hertfordshire in 1688. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1719; was appointed Attorney-General in 1730; and Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1739. See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 203-4.

² Thomas Foley, M.P. for Stafford 1694-1712, created Baron Foley of Kidderminster 1 Jan. 1711-12, one of the twelve peers created by Queen Anne to secure a Tory majority in the House of Lords. His sister, Elizabeth (d. 1691), was first wife of Robert Harley and mother of the second Earl of Oxford. Lord Foley died 22 Jan. 1732-3.

³ This letter is an answer to Lady Betty Germain's of 7 Nov. Although not sent till the date given above it was written on receipt of Lady Betty's, before the news of Gay's death, 4 Dec., had reached Swift

to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her present Majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time that I was informed she loved to see odd persons; and that, having sent for a wild Boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the use of her¹ younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But, some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and, although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the Princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of Princes and great Ministers, That, if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterwards said the same thing to the Princess, with the same intention, and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn: For he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of yours,² That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself: It seems for my conduct in

¹ i.e. the Queen's.

² Probably her brother, the third Earl of Berkeley, 1680-1736, an admiral, who after 1719 held no further command at sea, serving in civil administration posts as a supporter of Walpole.

8 January 1732-3

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

her late Majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and, particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often and professed herself his friend: But Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her Highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me. However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the Princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring, I came again to England, was received the same way; and as I had many hints given me that the Court at Leicester-Fields would endeavour to settle me in England, (which I did not much regard) [when] the late King died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's commands to kiss their new Majesties hands, and was particularly distinguished by the Q—n. In a few weeks, the Q—n said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's Fables) that she would take up the Hare; and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay: But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept, and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I, and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the King's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health,¹ having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of Courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promises made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly desired, that, since I had long done with Courts, I conjured her not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice; which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was by all means not to go: It would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and to my friends, [she] enlarged upon the good intentions of the Court towards me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith:² And,

¹ The resolution was formed before the King's death.

² Cf. Pope to Swift, 2 Oct. 1727.

continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the Q—n, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground except misinformation, to lie under her Majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her shew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one else hath a copy: And I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any Court: And I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing, and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge or inclined to encourage; Which, however, I do not take for so high a reach of politics as they usually suppose. For, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on it's side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: But nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your Ladyship says not one syllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or English.¹ I am ever, | with true respect and high esteem, | Madam, | Your Ladyship's, &c.

¹ No trace of the monument to her sister is now to be found. It consisted of 'a plate of black marble fixed in the wall over the altar-piece' with the inscrip-

8 January 1732-3

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate, but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's disposal.

4806

John Arbuthnot to Swift

London Jan. 13th 1732-3

My Dear Freind¹

I had the pleasure of receaving one from yow by 'Mr Pilkington'² I thank yow for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him amongst other things for his musick which yow give yourself an air of contemning. & I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowfull life for some time past having Lost my Dear child,³ whose life if it had so pleasd god I would have willingly redeemd with my own I thank god for a new Lesson of submission to his will & likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy & Dear freind Mr Gay . . it was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body; evn by those who knew him only by reputation. he was interr'd at Westminster Abby. as if he had been a peer of the Realm & the good Duke of Queensberry who lamented him as a brother will sett up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts putt upon Vice & injustice and is all that Remains in our power. I beleive the Beggars opera & what he has to come upon the stage⁴ will make the summ of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curle (who is one of the new terrors of Death) has been writing Letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some particularly an account of his

tion: 'Underneath lieth the body of the Lady Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Berkeley. She died September the 3rd, 1699.'—Ball.

¹ As appears from the latter part of this letter the bearer was Delamar, who also carried Robert Arbuthnot's letter of 22 Dec., O.S.

² Swift was now ashamed of his *protégé*, and in rereading letters in which the name Pilkington appeared he obliterated it.

³ Arbuthnot's son Charles who died 2 Dec. 1731.

⁴ The opera *Achilles*.

disgrace at court which I am sure might have been made entertaining by which I should have attained two ends at once publishd truth & gott a Rascal whipt for it. I was over rul'd in this. I wish yow had been here tho I think yow are in a better country. I fancy to my self that you have some virtue & honor left, some small regard for religion. perhaps christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. yow have no companys nor stockjobbing, are yet free of excises,¹ yow are not insulted in your poverty, & told with a sneer that you are a rich & a thriving nation. every man that takes neither place nor pension is not deemd with yow a Rogue and an enemy to his Country.

Your freinds of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health, Mr Pope has his usual complaints of head ach & indigestion I think more than formerly, he really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is lives with people of superiour health and strength. yow will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. he has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad* a royal Declaration against the *Haberdashers of points & particles* assuming the title of criticks & restorers, wherein he declares that he has revis'd carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so & so consisting of so many lines and declares this edition to be the true reading & it is signed by John Barber major civitat: Londinii²

I remember yow with your freinds, who are my neighbours. They all long to see yow;

As for newes, there is nothing here talkd of but the new scheme of excises. you may Remember that a Ministry in the Queens time possessed of her Majesty the pārliat, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c, putt all to the test by an experiment of a silly project of the tryal of a poor parson.³ the same Game, in my mind, is playing over again from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.*

I have considered the greivance of your wine. The freind⁴ that

¹ It had become known that Walpole proposed a comprehensive extension of the excise duties. These duties were first levied during the civil war and were regarded with abhorrence. The country was in a state of ferment. Dr. Johnson's definition of the word 'Excise' in the first edition of his dictionary, 1755, illustrates the evil fame associated with excise duties.

² For the text of this declaration, purporting to have been made before 'John Barber, Mayor', see *The Dunciad*, ed. James Sutherland, 1943, pp. 237-8.

³ i.e. Sacheverell.

⁴ i.e. his brother George.

13 January 1732-3

John Arbuthnot to Swift

designed you good wine was abused by an agent that he entrusted his affairs to. it was not this gentlemans brother¹ whose name is De La Mar, to whom show what freindship you can. My brother is getting money now in china less & more honestly than his predecessors supercargos but enough to make you satisfaction, which if he comes home alive he shall do. My neighbour the proseman² is wiser & more cowardly & despairing than ever. he talks me into a fitt of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain & Rowing in the Gallys. but thank god he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse even with the greatest persons to whom I have access, in defending the Cause of Liberty Virtue & religion. for the last I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lott from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes & a happy new year: & none can do it more heartily than my self who am, with the most sincere respect Your most faithfull humble servt

Faulkner 1741

Swift to Alexander Pope

Dublin, [January] 1732-3.³

I received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit whom I loved very well, have dyed in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort my self upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of mony; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support?

¹ The bearer of the letter.

² i.e. Erasmus Lewis, so called by Lord Bathurst.

³ Pope's epistle *Of the Use of Riches*, addressed to Lord Bathurst, was printed in London about 15 Jan., Griffith no. 280. In this letter Swift speaks of a Dublin edition 'just re-printed here', which might have been out by the end of the month. This gives a fair indication of the date on which he was writing. The present letter was first printed in the 1741 London quarto; and in Faulkner 1741, pp. 285-7.

but in the former Case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than my self, to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches hath been just re-printed here,¹ and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which make us lose abundance of the Satyr. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passeth out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon *Tast*.² We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscrib'd to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on—Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service, he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the Streets as usual, by daylight, doth many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And, particularly, he is often without mony, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. 'I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P—, which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast.'³ If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present

¹ just re-printed here] just printed here *London quarto*.

² *Of Taste*, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, Griffith, no. 260, 14 Dec. 1731.

³ This sentence about Pilkington was omitted by Faulkner. The omission can be directly attributed to Swift.

January 1732-3

Swift to Alexander Pope

her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend¹ than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit: I had often Postscripts from her in our friends letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living; and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[Dublin, 25 January 1732-3]

My Lord.²

It is some time since Mr^s Barber³ gave me inclosed and directed to me your Lordship's verses in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgment, and if I were to follow the course of my own nature the delay should still be longer: Because, although I believe, no man hath a greater⁴ sense of a real honor done him,⁵ than my self, yet no man is in greater⁶ confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me), yet I shall⁷ not be so affected to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may raise⁸

¹ i.e. Gay.

² The letter is headed in Orrery's hand: 'N^o 2. concerning the | Verses I sent to him on his | Birth day with a paper book'. For the verses see *Poems*, p. 609. See, further, note on Swift to Orrery, 22 Mar. 1732-3. Ball's text was taken from Deane Swift, 1768. The many variants are listed.

³ Barber] *D.S.* Ball.

⁴ greater] *D.S.* more grateful.

⁵ him] *D.S.* them.

⁶ greater] *D.S.* more.

⁷ shall] *D.S.* will.

⁸ raise] *D.S.* procure.

against your Lordship, by openly¹ favoring one so obnoxious to present Powers; and turning their hatred into Envy, which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge: And, of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving Your Lordship to shift for your self, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer

In the mean time, I beg you, My Lord² to accept my most humble thanks for the honor done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject, by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not; in spight of whom it will be said by³ future ages, that one of My Lord Orreryes first Essays in Poetry were these verses on D^r S—

That Your Lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and Patron of Virtue, Learning, and Wit in a most corrupt, ignorant, and stupid age and Nation, shall be the constant wish and prayer⁴ of | My Lord | Your Lordships most obedient, | humble and obliged servant | Jonath Swift.

Dublin | Jan^r 25th 1732.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Dublin. Feb. 1st. 1732/3

S^r.⁵

I received your last short Letter with an inclosed from Mr Ewen⁶ What that Ewen is, I know not, but he appears to be a very odd sort of Man. I have a Letter of his dated last July,⁷ which I believe I told you of in one of mine to you. He there says some very silly things, and reflects on M^{rs} Davys, who left him all she had. I wonder what calling or charac^r the man is of. You can tell him I acknowledged the 4¹¹-15^s-0, Since you received it I have advanced it all to the poor Sister who would needs have it. In his letter of July, He says he

¹ openly] *D.S.* publicly.

² My Lord] *D.S.* omits.

³ by] *D.S.* in.

⁴ wish and prayer] *D.S.* wish, hope, and prayer.

⁵ The original of this letter is in the Pierpont Morgan Library. It was first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S. xliv. 233.

⁶ For Ewen see Swift's letter to Motte, 4 Nov. 1732, and note.

⁷ This letter is not forthcoming.

1 February 1732-3

Swift to Benjamin Motte

has severall letters of mine to Mr Davys, and a few to his widow; that he hath been importuned to lend them, and has often rejected¹ it. Common sense and honesty would have directed him to burn them, or send them to me to do it. In the letter you sent me from him to you he desires to know what I would have him do with them. Mr Davys hath been dead above 35 years, the letters were common lett^{rs} of friendship among young people, and I believe I writ to her four or five after she was a widow, and at Cambridge, and generally some present was mentioned, This Ewen must be a rascall, and has a mind to print them because he thinks they will bring money. Pray desire him to restore them, to you to burn them; and if he will not, let him do what he pleases for they can be of no consequence being onely the common amus[m]ents of young people. I then lived in England; and he was a man I loved very well, but marryd very indiscreetly We have had the Poem upon the use of Riches which our people here for want of knowing London think a little obscure. I desire my love to M^{rs} Launcelot. I will answer her letter soon

I find the business of the Test is quite dropt, and am very glad of it, But Satan was the adviser to a generall Excise, or at least the greatest Enemy that he could stir up against the Crown . . I am your most humble Ser^t. JS.

My Service to Mr Pilkington when you see him; I hope he continues to please My L^d Mayor and the City.

I had y^r Packet of Papers from M^{rs} Hyde,² and kindly thank you for them.

I had a letter lately from one Grace Barmby who says she lives at the Kings arms and two Bishops; behind S^t Clements Church. I suppose she is the widow of one Barmby, who made my gowns in the late Queens time, when I lived in London. I am very confident I ow her not a farthing, and so I told her or somebody from her when I was last in London It is against my constant practice to leave a place without paying my debts Looking over her letter again, I find her demand is for the year 1726 which was the first time I went to Eng^d since the Queen's death which confirms me that I ow her nothing Her demands are 4-6-8^d. Pray call at y^r Leisure and tell her what I say. Perhaps she may be poor. But it is impossible I should be in her debt for I wanted not money, and the Bill is exorbitant, being

¹ rejected] resisted *Ball*.

² Widow of John Hyde the Dublin bookseller, whose will was proved in 1728.

near 10^l for one gown and Cassock, more by a third than ever I used to pay. However out of perfect charity please to let her have 2 Guineas with a full acquittance for all accounts. I am sorry to give you so much trouble.

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Kelly to Swift

Jarvis-street,¹ six o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.

Sir,²

I danced so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefits I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, | F. A. Kelly.

I am half asleep, so don't be angry at these blots.

Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of *St. Patrick's*, the sum of *ol. 1s. 1½d.*³ *per* value received, this 2d day of *Feb.* 1732-3.

Frances Arabella Kelly.

¹ A street in the northern part of Dublin near St. Mary's Church.

² Since Lady Betty Germain's mention of her, 11 Jan. 1731-2, Miss Kelly had become one of the Deanery circle. Mrs. Delany writes: 'Miss Kelly's beauty and good-humour have gained an entire conquest over him [Swift], and I come in only a little by the by' (*Correspondence*, i. 396). Apparently Miss Kelly had written verses, and Swift, on their submission to him, had pronounced adversely.

³ This promissory note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.—Deane Swift. The sum represents an English shilling, which, according to Ball, would be a hangman's wages.

6 February 1732-3

Lord Mayor Barber to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Lord Mayor Barber to Swift

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen *Anne*'s birth-day:

The bells all ringing.

Believe me, Sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. *Barber* in the way you mention;¹ but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretension to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city musick, and a porter to *Guildhall*.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters called *Cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and can't help myself.

Now, as Mrs. *Barber* and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *Cousin*, I hope it

¹ Cf. Swift to Barber, 14 Dec. 1732.

will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in *Queen's-square*, and another at *Sheen*¹ (which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. *Pilkington* gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to see her grace of *Bucks* in the *Park*.² Her grace seeing him, asked Who he was? I answered, he was a present from you in *Dublin*. She smilingly replied, He is no fool then, I am sure.

I shall conclude this long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, | J. Barber.

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Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

8 feb: 1732/3

I received yours of the 8th of Jan: but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date, 'twas brought me whilst at dinner, that very Lady setting close to me, whom you seem to think

¹ In his town and country houses.

² John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, created Duke of Buckingham in 1703, died in 1721 at Buckingham House, St. James's Park, on land (the site of the present Buckingham Palace) granted by the crown. His works were edited by Pope. His widow, the third wife, was Catharine, illegitimate daughter of James II. She prided herself on royal descent.

8 February 1732-3

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

such an absolute Courtier, she knew your hand & enquired much after you as she always does, but I finding her name frequently mentiond not with that kindness Im sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence & surprise, indeed were it in peoples power that live in a Court with the appearance of favour to do all they desire for their friends they might deserve their Anger & be blamed when it does not happen right to their minds, but that I believe never was the case with any one, And in this particular of Mr Gay, thus far I know, And so far I will answer for that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him, and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power that she showed him, did not look like a double dealer, As to that part concerning your self and her, I suppose tis my want of comprehension that I cant find out why she was to blame to give you advice when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity good Nature and right Judgment, and if after that the Court did not do what you wanted and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault; at least I cant find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her, and tho you say you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cant tell how to suppose that your good sense and Justice can impute any thing to her because it did not fall out just as she endeavourd and hoped it would, As to your creed in Politicks I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it, (that I detest Avarice in Courts, Corruption in Ministers Schisms in Religion Illiterate fawning betrayers of the Church in Mitres) but at the same time I prodigiously want an infallible Judge to determine when tis really so, for as I have lived long in the world and seen many changes I know those out of power and places always see the faults of those Inn with dreadfull large spectacles and I dare say you know many instances of it in Ld Oxfords time, but the strongest in my memory is Sr R: W: being first pulled to peices in the year 20 because the S Sea did not rise high enough, and since that he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high, so experience has taught me how wrong unjust and senseless party factions are, therefore Im determind never wholly to believe any side or party against each other, and to show that I wont, as my friends are in and out of all sides so my house receives them altogether and those people meet here that have and would fight in any other place, And those of them that have great & good qualities and virtues I love & admire in which number is Lady Suffolk, and I do like & love her, because I believe and as far as I am capable of

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

8 February 1732-3

judging know her to be a wise discret honest & sincere courtier who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise, so now you have my creed as to her—

I thought I had told you in my last at least I'm sure I designed it that I desire you woud do just as you like about the monument,¹ and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithfull | servant | E Germain

Endorsed by Swift: Feb. 8th 1732- | Ld E. Germain | Ansd. Mar. abt Mar | 23^d 1732|3.

Scott 1814

Charles Wogan to Swift

Feb. 27, [O.S. 16] 1732-3.

I have the honour of a very obliging letter² from a person whose penetration I flattered myself I could have escaped; although I might assure him with great sincerity, that I never had a more earnest desire for any man's acquaintance and friendship than for his. Upon the late occasion, it is true, my design was to have travelled and been received *incognito*. I had taken my measures for it in the best manner I could devise. But all my art and travestie was vain. His Mentor was superior to my Uranius, who could not avoid being discovered, as in the story of Telemachus, and striking sail to a more exalted divinity. I own I am somewhat concerned at my being seen in my undress, through all the magnificence of those disguises I had put on. But Mentor has so much the air of a benign and friendly spirit, that my confusion was soon over, and methinks I could be exposed in the midst of all my defects, without any concern, provided it were only to those whom he judges worthy of his intimacy. . . .³

I own I am a little mad; so Mentor must take nothing ill that I say to him. My patience is exhausted, and I have done all I could to tire his. He must blame his own good nature, that has given me room to vent my spleen. As I have no friend here of genius or freedom of

¹ The monument to her sister Penelope in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

² Swift's letter to Wogan of July—2 Aug. 1732.

³ This letter was first printed by Scott, 1814, xviii. 10. At this point there follows a disquisition, forty-six pages in length, of the nature of an essay, without relationship to the correspondence. It is, therefore, omitted.

thought enough to comprehend these notions, they had rotted in my breast, and thrown me, perhaps, into some dangerous indisposition, if I had not come out with them. I am now setting out upon an expedition against the Moors, since the modern Christians are too hard for me; and whatever may be my fate, it is an exceeding comfort to me to have thus discharged my conscience in regard of these, before I enter the lists against their brethren the Mahometans.

As for the blank verses which I recommended so earnestly to the care of Mentor, I now abandon them to his descretion. If he thinks them worth his correction, he will give them to the public as he proposes, without the name of an author, and with his own, after the epistle to recommend them. It will do me a great deal of honour, and I will take care it shall do him no manner of mischief. If he neglects publishing them, I shall have the mortification of believing the present I took the liberty to make him not worth his while, or that my present liberty of speech is offensive to him. This must not be. We are all brethren in fact; and no man should be angry at another, for using him with all the intimacy of a friend, and opening his whole heart to him without malice or disguise. I beg pardon of Mentor, and of all those great names he mentions, for my censures upon rhyme and raillery, which he may soften or expunge entirely, according to his better judgement. I should be very sorry to make enemies of those whom, of all mankind, I would choose to make my friends. Mr. Pope and I lived in perfect union and familiarity for two or three summers before he entered upon the stage of the world, where he has since gained so great and so just an applause.¹ The other geniuses have a right to all my regard, by the merit of sharing the affection and esteem of Mentor, who will do me a great deal of honour, if he allow me any place in so learned and polite a society. Without any compliment, they are fitter for the Augustan age than for this. They are at home, and endeavour to give the world a sense of its follies with great humour and gaiety. The cheerfulness of my temper, is, in a great measure sunk under a long and hopeless exile, which has given it a serious, or, if you will, a supercilious turn. I lash the world with indignation and grief, in the strain of Jeremy. But the world

¹ In the course of his essay Wogan refers to 'my friend Mr. Pope (whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's coffee-house)'. Whatever association there was between Wogan and Pope may have been due to both being Roman Catholics.

has grown so inveterate in iniquity, that I fear we shall all lose our labour. It will have just the same effect to flog, as to tickle them.— However, if there be any room for a grave, sullen fellow, that has been one of the merriest fellows in Europe, in Mentor's academy, I offer myself: and, to pay my entrance, as I did in Newgate, I send him a kilderkin of the best wine on this side of the country, to drink their healths, and mine, if he pleases. I accept, with a great deal of acknowledgments, the present of books offered me by Mentor, and desire he will send along with them Doctor Jonathan Swift's Miscellanies, which they tell me are worth them all. I can give him nothing in return, but some heads of the Saracens of Oran, which I shall be ordered to cut off, because they will not become Christians. I must be their executioner in my own defence; for, with all my spleen and vexation of spirit, I am the most inoffensive creature in the world in regard of religion. I would not shed one ounce of blood in anger or enmity, or wrong any man living of a cracked sixpence, to make all the world catholics: yet I am as staunch a one myself as any Pope in the universe. I am all for the primitive church, in which people made proof of their religion only at their own expense. But I laugh, with great contempt, at those who will force others to Heaven their way, in spite of charity.

Though I should be in the deserts of Lybia, I can still hear from Mentor. It is not necessary he should submit his criticism or correction to me, since I constitute him my judge, without appeal. The gentleman of my family mentioned by him, is the honestest, but the idlest fellow breathing. I cannot even get a letter from him. Thus my reliance for the revising and publishing of those pieces is entirely upon Mentor, whom I embrace with all my heart, this 27th of February 1732.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Feb. 16, 1732-3

¹It is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for

² Pope's revisions and Swift's for this letter have little significance . . . They change the meaning hardly at all.—Sherburn.

the inscription on his tomb,¹ which the Duke of Queensbury will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor spoke a word of them, or anything else, during his short and præcipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy² (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them, as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the publick (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses: That was the whole end of the last Vol. of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface,³ 'That these volumes contained all that we had ever

¹ On the three variant versions of Pope's epitaph on Gay see Ault, *Minor Poems*, pp. 349-52. A monument to the memory of their friend was erected in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. In its final form the epitaph begins:

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child.

Before it assumed its final form Swift, in his letter to Pope of 31 Mar., suggested alterations, most of which Pope adopted. Dr. Johnson, *Lives*, ed. Hill, iii. 268-9, tore the epitaph to shreds.

² *Achilles* was performed eleven times in the first month.

³ Prefixed to *Miscellanies. The First Volume*, 1727, is a Preface which states, on pp. 14, 15: 'We declare, that this Collection contains every Piece, which in the idlest Humour we have written; not only such as came under our Review or Correction; but many others, which however unfinished, are not now in our power to suppress.'

offended in that way', would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. Delany¹ and the best panegyrick on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book as you observe was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige a separation of what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a Parody² from Horace, writ in two mornings.³ I never took more care in my life of any poem than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forc'd me to print it, tho' in truth my own single motive was about a score of lines towards the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present Work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were publish'd in.⁴ I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last: or, (to give you a truer idea, tho' it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood when consider'd in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with pro-

¹ Pope, from 1740, 'D—'.

² 'Sat. I, Lib. 2.' Footnote in Pope's volumes 1740-2; Faulkner, 1741, p. 217.

³ Years later Pope told Spence that the poem was due to a suggestion from Bolingbroke, and that he 'translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to the press in a week or fortnight after' (*Anecdotes*, p. 297).

⁴ The four 'Moral Essays', when collected, were arranged in the order (1) To Cobham, (2) To a Lady, (3) To Bathurst, (4) To Burlington. See 'Twickenham Pope', *Moral Essays*, vol. iii, ii, ed. F. W. Bateson.

priety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and hospitality in entertaining) of being *adorn'd* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like a Lady I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives (which is an answer to that point) and (I thank God) tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, tho' scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it.—I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferr'd to see France first, to which country I think you would have a strong invitation.—Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you:¹ he has written you two letters which you never receiv'd, and by that has been discourag'd from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give 'em free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who I agree with you is a man every way esteemable: my Lord O—ry² is a most virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know better.³ Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction—Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character;⁴ which is thought by my chief Critick in your absence to be my *Chef*

¹ Peterborough, writing to Pope, 1732 (Sherburn, iii. 282), declares: 'I am under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand . . . for no letter of mine can come to his hands.'

² Lord Orrery. So far Pope's acquaintance with him was slight.

³ to know] 1740.

⁴ Constancy of temper is the compliment Pope pays to Martha Blount in *To a Lady. Of the Characters of Women* (Moral Essay II).

d'Oeuvre: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willingly to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight feaver (the complaint here) but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

Earl Stanhope

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[17 February 1732-3.]

My Lord,¹

I writ lately to Your Lordship upon the subject of an appeal by a private person; and had no thought of troubling you so soon with another. But this is of greater moment, and wherein I deeply concern my self as a friend to the priviledges of the City wherein I am likely to end my Days. There is one Mr Vernon,² who hath some Lands adjoyning to those of the City, and within its jurisdiction, which Jurisdiction he disclaims; This controversy is carryed by appeal to your House of Lords; and I must with much earnestness intreat Your Lordship to attend it; and under that request I include that you are to make your friends to do the same, and if any of them are my friends too you must command them in my name.

I hope your Lordship enjoys your Health, and my Lady Oxford, and Lady Marget to whom I desire to present my most humble service.

The Agent of this City
will present a printed
Case to your Lordship

I am with the truest respect | my Lord
Your Lordship's | most obedient and |
most humble Serv^t | Jonath Swift.

¹ This letter is written by Swift on the recto of the first of two quarto leaves. On the verso of the second leaf appears an endorsement (not in Swift's hand): 'Dean Swift Dublin Feb. 17. | 1732⁸ Rx by mr Jones March 22. 1732/3.' It was sold at the Croker sale of 1858. The text was copied by John Forster, whence it was printed by Ball. It was bought by the fifth Earl Stanhope, and now rests in an album at Chevening, near Sevenoaks, Kent, the seat of the late seventh Earl Stanhope.

² A branch of the family of Vernon owned the district known as Clontarf for several centuries.

17 February 1732-3

Swift to the Earl of Dartmouth

H.M.C. Dartmouth MSS. iii. 153.

Swift to the Earl of Dartmouth

Dublin, 17 February 1732-3.

I have a good title to the honour of your friendship,¹ although I have never corresponded with you since the great event that scattered us, and banished me for ever to this miserable country. The title I claim is the great favour you have formerly done me, from whence I may boldly challenge any other in your favour. I am now an interceder for the city of Dublin, which hath always used me well, and whose rights I have always contended for. There is an appeal in your House between one Mr. Vernon and the city on occasion of bounds, privileges, limits, and immunities. I shall not trouble you with the case, their agent will have the honour to deliver it you; and you are to grant the small favour of your attending this cause constantly and making your friends do the like. This is the utmost we ask, because we all know that every soul of you is consummate in wisdom and justice. I will order the agent to inquire whether your Lordship be as cheerful and healthy as ever. I know little of your domestic affairs, for I do not find your name in my friends' letters, upon which I might justly reproach you.

4806

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

[21 February 1732-3]

Soon after the Death of our freind Mr Gay I found myself more inclind to write to you then to allow myself any other intertainment, but considering that might draw you into a correspondence that most likely might be disagreeable I left off all thoughts of the kind, till Mr Pope shew'd me y^r letter to him,² which encourages me to

¹ William Legge, 1672-1750, who in 1710 succeeded his father in the barony of Dartmouth, was appointed Secretary of State for the Southern Department in place of the Earl of Sunderland. He was a friend of Harley, and of Swift, and finds frequent mention in the *Journal*. In *The Examiner*, no. 27 (26), Swift characterized Dartmouth as 'a man of letters, good nature and honour, of strict virtue and regularity in life'.

² The letter of Jan. 1732-3.

hope we may converse as usual, by which advantage I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities you say I *seem* to have; I am concious of only one—that is—being an appt Scholar & if I have any good in me I certainly learnt it incencibly of our poor freind—as Children do any strange language. it is not possible to imagine the loss he is to me, but as long as I have any memory the happiness of ever having had such a freind can never be lost to me. as to himself he knew the world too well to regret leaving it, & the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my Duty to my freind to do him the justice to assure you he had a most perfect & sincere regard for you. I have learnt a good deal of his way of thinking on y^r account, so that if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world you will do me a pleasure to imploy me as you would him, & I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing Esenciall, the Duke of Queensberry meant to write if I had not—concerning y^r monie affair, we both thought of it as soon as we could of any thing, & if you will only write word what you would have done with y^r monie great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extreamly that you are in any likelyhood of Dieing poor or freindless the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you that it is possible to comfort ones self for the loss of freinds as one does upon the loss of monie 'by turning to an account book'.¹ I think I could live on very little, not think my self poor, or be thought so, but a little freindship could never satisfie one & I can never expect to find such another support as my poor freind, in allmost every thing but freinds another of the same name may do as well—but freind is more than a name if it be any thing. y^r letter touchd me extreamly, it gave me a melancholly pleasure, I felt much more than you wrote & more than I hope you will continue to feel. as you can give M^r Pope good advise pray practice it you[r] self vis: as you cannot lengthen y^r freinds Days I must beg you in y^r own words not to shorten y^r own for I do full well know by experience that health & happiness depend on good spirits. M^r Pope is better in both this year than I have seen him a good while, this you'll beleive unless he has told you what he tells me that I am his greatest flatterer—I hope that news has not reach'd you for nothing is more pleasant than to beleive what one wishes. I wish to be your freind, I wish you to be mine, I wish you may not be tired with this, I wish to hear

¹ The words in half-brackets are underlined.

21 February 1732-3

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

from you soon & all this to be my own flatterer. | I will beleive—
| I never write my name | I hope you have no aversion | to Blots
Feb^{ry} y^e 21st | 1732/3

Since I writ this the Duke of Queensberry bids me tell you that if you have occasion for the monie you need only to draw upon him & he will pay the monie to y^r order, & he will take care to have the account of interest settled & made up to you, he will take this upon himself that you may have no trouble in this affair

Address: To | the Rev^d Doctor Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks | Dublin | in Ireland
Postmark: 3 MR

Endorsed by Swift: At head of the letter: Dss of Qu—ry

Above the postmark: Dutchess of Qu—ry | Rx Mar. 10th
1732 | Ansd Mar. 20th 1732

Deane Swift 1768

The Countess of Kerry to Swift

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

The kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. *Patrick's*, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could not avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, since at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope.¹ I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. *Fitzmaurice*, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the

¹ Anne, Lady Kerry, was the daughter of Sir William Petty and sister of Lord Shelburne. She married Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, in 1693. He was created Earl of Kerry in 1723. They lived in great state at Lixnaw and at their Dublin residence. Lady Kerry and Swift saw much of each other in his London days. In the *Journal*, 4 May 1711, he declares his resolve that she and Stella 'shall be acquainted'; and he adds, 'We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly'. Nevertheless this is the only surviving letter of any that may have passed between Lady Kerry and Swift. Her present distress of mind arose from an unfortunate alliance made by her eldest son.

sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return; and, as I think, to be a member of our senate house is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir *Ralph Gore*, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of *Clogher*, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for *Court* favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late.¹ Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgement that, in gratitude, is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he is likely to make hereafter. But if I don't succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *La farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect

¹ Sir Ralph Gore, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, represented the borough of Clogher. He had married the daughter of St. George Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher.

4 March 1732-3

The Countess of Kerry to Swift

la bagatelle; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest.¹ As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant, | A. Kerry.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

[22 March 1732-3]

My Lord²

I hope the majority of your subjects is either innocent or misled, and in that case you need onely pass a generall pardon with exceptions. Those who were seen upon the Scaffold, or sign^d the warrant must be banished for ever without mercy, and the second-rate Criminals shall build you a Palace in your Metropolis,³ ^ror compound for their land. And if the folks go on in England, to enlarge upon what they have already done, I have no doubt, that you will sometimes come over to enjoy a little Liberty at Charleville.⁴ For I had this minute a Letter from England telling me that Excise on Tobacco is passed, 265 against 204 which was a greater number of Sitters

¹ Lord Kerry's house at Lixnaw, which was of great extent, contained a chapel remarkable for frescoes after Raphael and representations of ancient and modern poets, including Pope. In the gardens and plantations the horticultural art of the time was conspicuous in canals and vistas.—Ball.

² The letter is endorsed at the head by Lord Orrery: 'N^o 1 In answer to a | Letter rec^d from me.' Swift's letter of 25 Jan. 1732-3 was endorsed 'N^o 2'. The originals of these and other Swift to Orrery letters, then in the possession of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, were sold on 23 Nov. 1905 by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, and, passing through the hands of Mr. Sabin, 172 New Bond Street, London, reached the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. Extracts from several of these letters were printed by Craik in his *Life of Swift*, 1882, and in his second edition, 1894, Appendix XII. See also for textual corrections of Ball, Maxwell Gold, *Swift's Marriage to Stella*, 1937, pp. 149-80.

³ Cork. From this point large sections of the letter, indicated by half-brackets, were omitted by Ball.

⁴ Orrery's seat in Ireland, formed into a borough by the first Earl of Orrery and named after Charles II.

than I can remember.¹ It is concluded they will go on in another Session to farther articles, and then you will have the honor to be a slave in two Kingdoms. Here is a Pamphlet just come out in defence of the Excise, it was reprinted here by a Rascal from England, in a great office and at his own Charge to pave the way for the same proceeding here: but I hope our Members will think they are slaves enough already: and perhaps some body or other may be tempted to open folks eyes.²

I sent the Epitaph on Mr Gay³ to Mr^s B— to be copyd for Your Lordship, and I think there are some lines that might and should be corrected. I am going to write to the Author, and shall tell him my opinion. I agree with your Lordship that his imitation of Horace is one of the best things he hath lately writ; and he tells me himself, that he never took more pains than in his Poem to Lord Bathurst upon the use of riches; nor less than in this, which however his friends call his chef d'oeuvre, although he writ it in two mornings, and this may happen when a Poet lights upon a fruitfull hint, and becomes fond of it. . I have often thought that hints were owing as much to good Fortune as to Invention. And I have sometimes chid poor Mr Gay for dwelling too long upon a hint (as he did in the sequell of the Beggars opera, and this unlucky posthumous production)⁴ He hath likewise left a second part of fables, of which I prophesy no good. . I have been told that few Painters can copy their own originals to perfection, And I believe the first thoughts on a Subject, that occurs to a Poets imagination are usually the most natural

‘I hope your Lordship will have the pleasure of hanging but especially of *quartering* that arch-traytor Cromwell-Badham, and not be content with fixing his head upon a pole, like that of his Predecessor after he is dead.

I wish Your Lordship good Success in all your attempts; because I consult the generall good of Mankind, and because I know no Person so well qualifed to be a publick blessing | I am with the

¹ Walpole had recently submitted his excise scheme to the House of Commons. He explained that in the first instance his proposals for alterations of duty would be confined to tobacco.

² The reference is probably to *A Letter from a Member of Parliament to his Friends in the Country concerning the Duties on Wine and Tobacco*, which is dated 19 Feb. 1732-3. It was reprinted in Dublin by George Faulkner.

³ Pope's epitaph. The lady to whom it was sent was Mrs. Barber.

⁴ The opera *Achilles*, produced at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden on 10 Feb. 1733.

22 March 1732-3

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

truest respect, and highest esteem | My Lord | Your Lordship's
most obedient and | most obliged Servant | Jonath: Swift¹

Dublin | Mar 22^d 1732.

A stupid beast in London, one Alexn^{dr} Burnet¹ (I suppose the Bishop's son) has Parodyed M^r Popes satyrical imitation in a manner that makes me envy M^r Pope for having such an adversary, than whose performance nothing can be more low and scurrilous

「My Lord

After having talked with My Lord Mayor about Your servants boy, I proposed at the blue-coat hospital bo[a]rd, that I might be per-mittd to put in a boy (it being my turn) recommended by a Person of Quality to me. In answer My Lord Mayor said, that he knew the Person it was the Earl of Orrery; that no Governor should lose his turn upon Your Lordship's account, then he told the Board of your favors to the City in the appeal the[y] have before the H. of Lord[s] and the board unanimously joyned in their Votes that the boy should be admitted, in return for Services to the City, done by Your Lordship, and so it was entrd in the Books. I am this minute come from the board, and thought it proper that Your Lordship should be informed of the respect [it] hath for you¹

Hawkesworth 1766

Swift to the Duchess of Queensberry

[23 March 1732-3²]

Madam,

I had lately the honour of a letter from your grace,³ which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subjected to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest

¹ Burnet's *Achilles Dissected* appeared in 1733 before the publication of *Achilles*.

² Hawkesworth, 1766, dates this letter 'March 20'. He is followed by Nichols, 1801, xiii. 38, and by Scott, 1814, xviii. 155. Ball dates the letter 'March 23'. The Duchess of Queensberry's letter could not on 20 Mar. be described as dated just a month before'. See p. 141.

³ 21 Feb.

unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect illwill of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your

23 March 1732-3

Swift to the Duchess of Queensberry

loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you, with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken: for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind, and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have a few fellow-sufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of —. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

4806

Lord Carteret to Swift

Jermyn street. March. 24th. 1732/3.

S^r

I had the favor of yr letter of the 19th Feb:¹ a gentleman left it at my door, I have not heard from him since, tho he said he wou'd call again, & who he is I dont know. I shew'd it to my wife & Lady

¹ Evidently a letter of similar import to those addressed to Oxford and Dartmouth on 17 Feb.

Worsley who will not fail to obey yr commands, & teaze me, if I could be forgetfull of yr orders, to attend the Cause of the City of Dublin when it comes into the House. I know by experience how much that City thinks itselfe under yr protection, & how strictly they usd to obey all orders Fulminated from the sovereignty of St Patricks, I never doubted their compliance wth you in so trivial a point as a Recorder,¹ You can give any one Law & capacity in half an hour & if by chance a Rake should get those facultys any other way, You can make the worthy Citizens believe he has them not, & you can sustain any machine in a Furred Gown. I thank you for a letter by Mr 'Pilkington',² I have seen him since at a great entertainment at My Ld Mayors, where you was the first Toast, I like the Young man very well & he has great obligations to You, of w^{ch} he seems sensible. I hope Dr Delany is well & that You see one another often, & then the Dr wont have leisure to pursue his Dissertations, or to answer the reverend Prelate on yr side who I hear has answer'd him;³ As I have not read the Dissertations, so I shall not read the answer, w^{ch} I hope without offence I may suppose to be Yr Case. If so I hope you will endeavour to keep me well wth the Dr, who took it a little unkindly of me that I wou'd shut my eyes to such Revelation, so demonstrated; I have a great esteem for him, to w^{ch}, nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition, & therefore I wou'd run no risks as to altering my opinion of him, by reading his books.

That Health & prosperity may attend You is my sincere wish & I entreat You to believe that I am wth great truth | Sr | Yr most humble & | most obed^t serv^{nt} | Carteret.

The whole family of My Ladys send their | compliments.

¹ Eaton Stannard had been elected Recorder of Dublin on the day Swift was writing to Carteret. Stannard appears, strangely enough, to have won favour with the citizens of Dublin by his opposition in the House of Commons to a bill for the prevention of smuggling. He was among those suggested to succeed Sir Ralph Gore in the Speaker's chair (B.M. Add. MSS. 21122, vol. ii. 18, 20). He became a member of Swift's Lunacy Commission.

² The name is scrawled out.

³ In the Royal Irish Academy will be found a tract entitled *The Question about Eating of Blood stated and examined in Answer to two Dissertations in a Book entitled Revelation Examined with Candour*. This tract is ascribed to Robert Clayton, Bishop of Killala. Delany's future wife, then staying with Bishop Clayton, expressed a hope that it was not a point 'necessary to salvation' (*Mrs. Delany's Correspondence*, i. 395).

27 March 1733

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Dodsley Miscellanies x. 1745

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Dublin March 27, 1733.

¹I received your Letter with some Pleasure, and a good deal of Concern. The Condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your School did not;² and when you arrive, I will force Dr. *Helsham* to see and direct you; your Scheme of Riding and Country-Air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the Assistance of a friendly, skilful Doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the Publick, and all your Family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the Place you are in, from your Account, since you say People are dying there so fast.³ You cannot afford to lose daily Blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole Life. I like the Article very much, which you will propose in your Will; and if that takes place forty Years hence, and God for the Sins of Men should continue that Life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much Reason to complain of some Friends, who next to yourself have done you most hurt,⁴ whom still I esteem, and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the Case was not merely personal Malice to you, (although it had the same Effect) but a kind of I know not what Job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your Collection of *Bons mots*; and *Contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly Sanguine about the Profits of Publishing: However it shall have all the Pushing I can give.⁵ I have been much out of order with a Spice of my Giddiness, which began before you

¹ This is one of thirty letters from Swift to Sheridan printed in *Miscellanies. The Tenth Volume*. . . . London, 1745, published by R. Dodsley.

² The younger Sheridan in his *Life*, p. 374, pays tribute to Swift's helpfulness in promoting the well-being of his father's school. The Dean, he says, 'frequently attended at school to hear a class; when the Doctor was ill, or absent in the country'. Sheridan was evidently away from Dublin when this letter was written.

³ There was widespread illness, including a smallpox epidemic, in Ireland at this time.

⁴ Swift, writing to Archdeacon Walls, 9 July 1725, alludes to a rival school established in Dublin by professing friends of Sheridan.

⁵ The scheme never developed to any purpose.

left us: I am better of late Days, but not right yet, though I take daily Drops and Bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never be more a Night-Walker. You hear they have in England pass'd the Excise on Tobacco, and by their Votes it appears they intend it on more Articles. And care is taken for some special Friends here to have it the same Way here. We are Slaves already, and from my Youth upwards. They, great wise Men, whom I used to be among, taught me that a general Excise (which they now by Degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible Way to Slavery. Pray G— send it them in his Justice, for they well deserve it. All your Friends and the Town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on Horseback, or dining and sitting the Evening at Home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of Indolence, and Want of Spirits. No Soul has broke his Neck, or is Hang'd or Married; only *Cancerina*¹ is dead, and I let her go to her Grave without a Coffin, and without Fees.—So I am going to take my Evening Walk after Five, having not been out of Doors yet. I wish you well and safe home; pray call on me on *Sunday Night*. | I am, Yours, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a Hundred Literal Blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them—So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANCK² a Writer as you.

4806

Lord Bathurst to Swift

[29 March 1733]³

My Most Dear Dean

I am indebted to you for severall scraps of paper w^{ch} yu have sent me, but I waited to receive a letter from yu, & then I wou'd

¹ One of the ancient and decrepit 'seraglio' of Swift's charity, 'very numerous; insomuch that there was scarce one street, or alley, or lane, in Dublin, its suburbs, and its environs, that had not, at least, one, or more of them' (Delany, *Observations*, pp. 131-4).

² A pun on the word denoting a signature on a letter to ensure free postage.

³ The original of this letter is in the British Museum. A draft, or copy, is in the Pierpont Morgan Library. There are few variants, and these, with the exception of a note about Pope, insignificant. Hawkesworth, who first printed the letter, 1766, used the copy, which is numbered, and he borrowed the note about Pope, which does not appear on the posted letter.

29 March 1733

Lord Bathurst to Swift

have return'd an answer as well as I cou'd. I obey'd yr co^mands signified in yr penultieme;¹ I attended yr cause, yr Client happen'd to be in the right, & we were² not a little in the wrong, that we gave no Costs; I shou'd have mov'd them, but I had distinguish'd my self in pressing L^{ds} to attend, & told so many that I had yr co^mands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, & no body else wou'd do it, therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100^l, he wou'd certainly have had that su^m if yu had not interpos'd in that peremptory manner. As to yr last orders in relation to the Dublin case³ I take it for granted yu are in the wrong. all corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals, I will attend it but am as much prejudic'd agst them as it is possible, tho' I know nothing of the Man nor the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises I know not) that tho'⁴ the Majority of a Society are honest men, & wou'd act separately with some Humanity, & according to the rules of Morality, yet conjunctively they are Hard-hearted determin'd Villains. I know Phisicians who if you take them out of their Practice are very good sort of men, but was there ever in the world a Consultation of them that tended to any thing else than Robbery & murder? Doe the Body of Lawyers think of any thing else but to plunder & destroy the rest of mankind? in short there is no corporation to be excepted out of this generall rule, but the two Houses of Parl^t and all Assemblys of Divines wheresoever disperst over⁵ the Christian world. so much for your Dublin cause.

Now I must tell yu I want exceedingly to see yu here, & I wou'd have yu come just ab^t midsu^mer, if y^u come a moment before that time, y^u will find the Parl^t sitting, all in a flame ab^t Excises, & go into w^t Company yu will, yu can hear of nothing, else; I reckon by that time we shall separate, & then I come down to this place en famille (where I am now only a sojourner for 3 days) & yu shall be better accomodated then yu were last time yu was here; I can assure yu I have made great alterations, & to speak modestly I think I may say it is by much the finest place in Eng^d what Ireland may produce I cant tell. Pope has promis'd to come down, & it is time for him

¹ Swift had evidently approached Bathurst, as well as Oxford in his letter of 3 Jan., p. 96.

² were] are *copy*.

³ The litigation between the Dublin corporation and Vernon; see pp. 118-19.

⁴ tho'] *om. copy*.

⁵ over] through *copy*.

to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.¹ Poor John Gay, we shall see him no more, but he will always be remember'd by those who knew him with a tender concern. I want to know how yu doe, & what yu are doing; I suspect yu are grown very idle, for I have not heard of any production from that fertile Brain of y^{rs} a great while, and besides the greatest mark of Idleness that I know is the minding of other peoples business. You that us'd to be imployd in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming Kingdoms, or pacifying contending Parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish Sollicitour. I expect to see yu in a dirty brown coat with a little Green² bag under y^r Arm, However lett me see yu, If I can't laugh with yu as I us'd to do, I will laugh at yu, for I am resolv'd to laugh as long as I live, so my Dear little Pettyfogger | Adieu

Cirencester 29th March 1733

Endorsed by Swift at the head of the letter: Lord Bathurst

Longleat xiii Portland Papers (Harleian transcript)

Swift to Alexander Pope

[March 30, 1733.]³

I have been out of order for some weeks past with that giddiness which you have often heard me talk of, & once saw me in.⁴ It was not very violent, but lasted longer, and now I am pretty near as I was before; an ill walker when it is dusky; this hindred me from answering your long kind letter, that began with your Epitaph upon our

¹ To this observation a note appears in the copy: 'Probably by the publication of the first satire of the 2^d Book of Horace imitated, in a Dialogue between Alex^{dr} Pope Esq^r on the one part & his learned Council on the other Publish'd in Feb. 1732-3.'

² Green] om. *copy*.

³ A superscription to this letter, 'Dean Swift to Mr. Pope', is written in a blue ink in a modern hand. The date is to be found in the middle of the letter. The date of the postmark and the address are subscribed by Oxford. Sherburn notes: 'This transcript furnishes good evidence that Oxford read proof on the transcripts against the original letter—a fact that augments confidence in the authenticity of the text.'

⁴ In an account-book (Forster, no. 511) Swift records 'giddy from the 4th, very ill on the 14th'.

30 March 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

deceased friend.¹ I have not seen in so few lines more good sence, or more proper to the Subject. Yet I will tell you my remarks and submit them. The whole is intended for an Apostrophe to the dead person, which however doth not appear till the eighth line, Therefore as I checkt a little at the article *the* twice used in the second line, I imagined it might be changed into *thy* and then the Apostrophe will appear at first, and be clearer to common readers. My Lord Orrery your great admirer saith the word *mixed* suits not so properly the Heroes busts, as the dust of Kings. Perhaps My Lord may be too exact, yet you may please to consider it. The beginning of the last Line, *striking their aking bosoms*. Those two participles come so near, and sounding so like, I could wish altered, if it might be easily done. The Scripture expression upon our Saviour's death is that the People *smote their breasts*. You will pardon me, for since I have left off writing, I am sunk into a Critick. Some Gentlemen here, object against the expression in the second line, *A Child's Simplicity*. Not against the propriety but in compliance with the vulgar, who cannot distinguish *Simplicity* & Folly. And it is argued that your Epitaph quite contrary to your other writings, will have a hundred vulgar Readers, for one who is otherwise, I confess, I lay little weight upon this, although some friends of very good understanding, and who have a great honor for you, mentioned it to me. As to our poor friend, I think the D. of Qu. hath acted a very noble & generous part. But before he did it, I wish there had been so much cunning used as to have let the Sisters know, that he expected they would let him dispose of Mr Gay's Writings as himself, and other friends should advise, and I heartily wish His Grace had entirely Stifled that Comedy² if it were possible, than do an injury to our friend's reputation only to get a hundred or two pounds to a couple of (perhaps) insignificant women. It hath been printed here, and I am grieved to say, it is a very poor performance. I have often Chid Mr Gay for not varying his Schemes, but still adhering to those that he had exhausted; and I much doubt whether the posthumous Fables will prove equal to the first. I think it is incumbent upon you to see that nothing more be publish'd of his that will lessen his reputation, for the sake of adding a few pence to his Sisters, who have already got so much by his death. If the case were mine, my ashes would rise in judgment against you. I had very lately the great honor and happiness of a long letter

¹ For the versions of Pope's epitaph on Gay and Johnson's caustic criticism see Pope to Swift, 16 Feb., n. 2.

² *Achilles*.

from the Dutchess, which I have already answered; She is so very good as to promise the Continuance of her favour, and to desire a correspondence with me, which would be so useless to her otherwise than upon the accidental occasion it began that I cannot have the assurance to think of it.—As to Mortality, it hath never been out of my head eighteen minutes these eighteen years, neither do I value it a rush further than as it parts a man from his friends for ever, and that Share of it, I have Suffered already, and am likely to suffer as long as I live. I only apprehend some difficultyes in Settling my affairs, which without my fault, have been long embroyled, and the trouble of prudent settling my little fortune to a publick use. For the rest, I rely on God's mercy, and will do as little hurt, and as much good as I can in the scrap of life that may be left me. I am so much of your mind concerning the morality of Poets; that I know not whither virtue can possibly find a corner to retire, except in the Hearts of men of Genius and Learning, and what you call their Levities have not the least tinture of impiety, but directly otherwise, tend to drive vice out of the world. The Libel on Dr D— gave great offence here, or at least Lord Allen did all he could that might anger the Parliament; but some people of the House of Commons, thinking the Kingdom owed the Author some ,¹ and knowing that Lord Cart— liked the thing, made them drop it. However you will make it live and on your account it shall not be suffered to be forgotten. March. 31.² This day I received the two Poems to my self,³ and one for Dr D— we are not obliged to you; for all your things came⁴ over quickly, and are immediately printed, in tolerable wealdable volumes, not your monstrous twelvepenny folio. By comparing Kingdoms I find England just out weighs 24 Irild, for we get a shillings worth here for a half-penny, only yours yeilds a penny. Your imitation of Horace the work of two mornings, is reconed here by the best Judges (and with submission we are not without them) to be worth 2 years of any Poets life except yours. Nor is there any objections against that to Lord Bathurst, but that some parts of it

¹ The scribe, unable to decipher a word, left a vacant space. Oxford failed to insert the word [gratitude], although he got 'owed', four words earlier, and 'wealdable' a few lines below.—Sherburn.

² This dates the latter part of the letter at least. Ball dates the earlier part 'March 30', which is probably correct.

³ The *Epistle to Bathurst* and the *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*.

⁴ Presumably a slip for 'come'.

30 March 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

are not so obvious to midling Readers. That beast call'd Aler Burnet¹ I have read, and may you ever have such adversaries. But the other supposed to be writ by my Lady Mary &c. I have not yet seen, they say here it is certainly hers. Faulkener would not print it, nor do I know whether any body here will but there are some copies come from your side.—How can I judge of your Schemes at this distance. I heard you intended four or five Poems addressed to as many friends; and can easily believe they would together make a System with connexion, and a good moral for the conduct of life. But I want to be deep among all yours and your Dawly neighbors papers for a few months. And my present thought is to come over towards August, and pass the Winter there, and return (with you) hither in Spring, if my health, and embroyments will any way permit me. But, there must be some stipulations for my riding, with other necessary postulations, and ultimatums. I drink less than usual, but to drink so little as you or my Lord Bol— is not to be expected; and yet I do not love wine, but take it purely as a medecine and I love Mault liquor, but dare not touch a drop. All victuals are equal to my affections, yet I dare not meddle with strong meats, so that you and I are valetudinarians of a direct contrary kind. I am almost every second day on horseback for about a dozen Miles. For the rest, easy enough; only a most severe Critick, and only to my Lord Bol— and you. I know not whether my spirits with the addition of Six years weight, will support me to see France. Lady Suffolk stopt that journey, I thank her for it among the rest of her favors. There hath been a strong controversy betwixt me and Lady E. Germ.² on the Subject of Lady Suff:—sincerity with Regard to our deceased friend and my self; for you are out of the case, who ask nothing, and despise every thing that a Court hath to give. But I lately cut that dispute short, & by that means shall probably lose Lady E—'s favor.—I was always proud and pleas'd with Lord Peter—s³ letters, and should ne'er have let any of them gone unanswered; and I humbly acknowledge his favor in saying he had writ twice, for which I shall soon return him my thanks, as I now do my most humble service, I would inclose this to his Lordship if I knew where to direct to him, for though every body knows he *is*, yet is it hard to know where, because I think he had no house in town when I saw you last. Dr D— entertains his friends once a week in form; and as often as they please on other days.

¹ *Achilles Dissected*. See p. 125.

² Lady Elizabeth Germain.

³ Peterborough's.

He sticks to his old set, without Parade, but great hospitality and bears a great addition of fortune as well as any man I have known. I never mention to him the singularities of Opinions in his Books; and he is as easy a man in conversation as I have known. If Mr Pilkington continues to preserve that modesty and humility in his behaviour, which I have so often recommended to him, he will be happy to deserve your countenance and protection. I hope your Dawly neighbor continues his health, and Spirits, He laughs at my precepts of thrift, which I am sure you do not, nor ever will to a Virtue that brings ease & liberty. He is befathered worse than poor Wycherley,¹ and in that is a very expensive unthinking young man. I did not scruple sending Lord Orrery a copy of the Epitaph; he is absolutely the most hopeful young Gentleman I ever saw, and seems to excell in every Virtue, as if he only intended to cultivate any particular one. He is now in the Country battleing the most villanous agent (next to Waters)² that ever mined Lord or Commoner. Are the Verses to Patty a thing to see light?³ Lord Peter, Masham, Bathurst, Oxford, Boling—Mr Poulteny, the Dr Mr Lewis and Patty are to be presented as usual with my most Humble service as occasion offers. I have answered the D—s of Qu— letter.

Address: For Alexander Pope Esqr, at | Twitenham, in | Middlesex | By way of | London.

Postmark: April 16. 1733.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Charles Ford

Dublin Apr. 5th. 1733

I mislayd your former letter in some place so very secure that I was never able to recover it. Your last I have now before me. I have been for a month past so disordered with my old giddyness that I have put my self into the hands of Deally⁴ and taking daily medicines. It was not violent, and I am somewhat better, but never expect a good

¹ Bolingbroke's father was then eighty-one and lived to be ninety; and Wycherley's father died when his son was nearly sixty years of age.—Ball.

² Peter Walter. 'Waters' is Pope's spelling in his *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book*.

³ Pope's *Epistle to a Lady* [Martha Blount] appeared in Feb. 1735.

⁴ The spelling is not certain. The name comes at the end of a line, and the writing is cramped. He has not been identified. Professor Nichol Smith suggests

5 April 1733

Swift to Charles Ford

head, for I always totter in the dark, and have within this twelve-month spent more money in chair-hire than in any ten years before. Yet I struggle, and ride at least three times a week to the quan[tity] of above 30 miles. But I have another cruel misfortune come on me about ten Days past. For my strained leg hath either got a new strain, or a Rhumatick disorder, with which I walk in pain, and yet I still walk three or 4 miles, which I am determined to do as long as I am able not to fence against death but pain. I will go on no further on my own infirmities than to add that I have lost half my memory, and all my Invention. I have ordered your lease to Burton to be copyd on the other side of this Paper. I was glad when Crosswait told me some time ago that Burton had payd his Rent. Crosswait was here yesterday, and told me he had remitted you 200 and odd pounds. He gives no good account of your friend Roberts.¹ I should advise that any Tenant who hath a hard bargain, or rather, who hath not an easy one, should either be² lightned, or another put in his room. It is a jest for a Landlord who lives in another kingdom to expect good payment when his lands are let to a full value, especially under that daily decline of all things in this miserable Country. The young nephew (you must pardon me) is the most worthless whifling trifling knavish lad that ever I knew. He would not for the world disoblige his Uncle, but he will not joyn to make Burton easy. He talks with the greatest folly, inconsistency, and equivocation that I have known. He lately sent a message to me that I would sollicite you to joyn with him to make a joynture for a wife, but the woman is not known, and in that case he says he will make you easy as to Burton, but that even on your compliance he will never joyn to secure the Lease. I am wearyed with his nonsense, and have ordered my servants not to admit him any more. He converses with some hedge attornyes that put him upon this ridiculous management, to which he is already too much addicted by nature and a wrong education.

I can say nothing of my coming over. My private affairs are embroyled to the utmost, my new additionall lameness, and the return of my old disorder have sunk my spirits below any thoughts of such a Journy. My intentions were if I could any way settle my affairs,

that he may be the Charles Daly, described as 'Chirurgus', father of John Daly, who matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, 13 May 1717 (*Alum. Dub.*, p. 207).

¹ Hugh Roberts, tenant of part of the Woodpark estate. Ford had appointed him 'his Lawfull Attorney to give Livery of Seisin of the above-mentioned premisses unto the said Walter Burton'.

² MS. 'by'.

and recover my health, to sett out in August, and pass the Winter between L^d Bolingb— and M^r Pope. All his late things, and those of others are constantly printed here. I agree with you, that L^{dy} Mary did not write that Libel,¹ though I never read ten lines of it. Yet I think her Devil enough. You say nothing of your health. If it be not better I have cause to complain that you do not complain to me. I envy M^r Pope for his being railed at. I think all men of wit should employ it in Satyr, if it will onely serve to vex Rogues, though it will not amend them. If my Talent that way were equal to the sourness of my temper I would write nothing else. My humble Service to D^r Arbuth— and my true old friend M^r Lewis. We have a damnable letter of your friend Henly, to his Burrow.² It is printed here. I give you joy of your first large Stride to Slavery the Excise.³ Adieu.

I would not suffer that Libel against Pope to be printed here.⁴
J. S.

Address: To Charles Ford, Esq^r, to be | left at the Coco-tree in | Pellmell |
London Postmarks: Dublin and 11 AP

¹ *Verses Address'd to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. By a Lady* (London: A. Dodd). Advertised in *The London Evening Post*, 6–8 Mar. The part played by Hervey in assisting Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is uncertain. See John Butt in *The Twickenham Pope*, vol. iv, pp. xix–xx, and R. Halsband, *The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, 1956, pp. 142–4.

² Anthony Henley (d. 1748), eldest son of Anthony, M.P. for Weymouth till his death in 1711, who receives frequent mention in the *Journal*. The son, a jester like his father, was M.P. for Southampton 1727–34. A younger brother, Robert, became Earl of Northington. His letter was printed in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, xii. 107 (10 Aug. 1861). *The Weekly Register*, 31 Mar. 1733, prints a slightly differing version: ‘Gentlemen, Yours I received, and am very much surprized at your Insolence in troubling me about the Excise. You know what I know very well, that I bought you. I know what perhaps you think I don’t know, that you are about selling yourselves to somebody else; and I know what perhaps you don’t know, that I am about buying another Borough.—And now may the Curse of God light upon you all; and may your Houses be as common to the Excise-Man, as your Wives and Daughters were to me when I stood Candidate to your Corporation.’ Ford’s next reply shows that this was only a heavy joke, accompanying the ‘real’ reply which was ‘extremely proper’. The Mayor of Southampton was Henley’s friend. In the General Election of 1734 he was alleged to have ‘behaved with great partiality in Henley’s favour’ (*Journals of the House of Commons*, 3 Apr. 1735, p. 447).

³ Walpole introduced his Excise scheme on 14 Mar. The bill was read a first time on 4 Apr., and ordered to be read a second time on 11 Apr.

⁴ Writing to Pope on 30 Mar. all that Swift said was: ‘Faulkner would not print it, nor do I know whether anybody here will.’

7 April 1733
4806

Lord and Lady Masham to Swift

Lord and Lady Masham to Swift

London April y^e 7th 1733

S^r

I hope you will excuse me that I have not answer'd your letter sooner, but I shall not be backward in obeying your Commands, by attending the Cause you mention when it comes into the House, and shall not fail speaking to those few Lords I can be so free with, to attend also, and shall rejoyce if it should be determin'd to your Satisfaction,¹ and I have good reason to beleive it will, being so fully convinced that you can interest your self in nothing but where Justice is uppermost. We have long flatter'd our selves with the hopes of having your good Company here, I am sure there is no Family in this Kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the Masham's who will always have you in remembrance for your health and Wellfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the State of our Affairs in relating to the excising Tobacco and Wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that Subject, and shall only desire your farther Commands wherein I am capable to serve you assuring you that I am with great esteem and truth | S^r | Your most | faithfull and | humble Ser^t | Masham

P S

S^r

There are few things in life wou'd give me more joy then to see you again in this part of the world, lett yr friends have that pleasure, for in doing it you'l oblige a vast number of people, but no body more My Dear Mr Dean, then your affectionate hum^{ble} servant | A Masham

Scott 1814

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

Dublin, April 7, 1733.

Sir,²

I heartily thank you for your kind remembrance of me in relation to a purchase. But there is one Mr. Swift,³ a relation of mine, whose

¹ Masham was evidently another friend to whom Swift had written about the appeal of the Corporation of Dublin to the House of Lords.

{For notes 2, 3 see overleaf.

estate is engaged to me for 2000l, and with whom I am at last come to a bargain to purchase 150l. per annum, for which I must, I fear, borrow some money; and indeed, as to your proposal, I should never agree to it, from a maxim that is not much thought of. I intend to leave my whole fortune to a public use: in which case, I take perpetuities to be the most pernicious, because you are bound for ever to a certain denomination of money, which is of so uncertain a value in all times; occasioned by the increase of silver and gold, and consequently the decrease of both in value. By not observing this caution, most corporations have extremely suffered by granting perpetuities. And so the value of money must decrease in Ireland, let us grow ever so poor; for we must value money by the standard of Europe, and not by our own scarcity. I have formerly considered this matter, and printed my thoughts of it; yet I am much obliged to you for your good intentions. I am, | With great truth, Sir, | Your most obedient servant, | J. Swift.

I go down on Monday to Castlerickard, within four miles of Trim, to see the land surveyed, and shall return on Thursday following. The land belongs to one Deane Swift, Esq. a relation of mine. I pay 7s. 6d. an acre, which I believe is too dear, but I am content to pay somewhat too much out of pity to the difficulties he is under. I had what advice I could get from Mr. Lightburn of Trim, and my proctor at Laracor, who said it might be worth 7s. per acre round; in that case I pay but 10l. per annum too much. But I wish I may not pay too much by a shilling, which, in 400 acres will make a difference of 400l. at 20 years purchase.

I wish you had been my adviser.

Address: To Mr. Samuel Gerrard, at Gibstown, near Navan, County of Meath.

² This and three other letters, 6, 11, and 20 Feb. 1734-5, addressed by Swift to Samuel Gerrard, and then in the possession of the Gerrard family, were transcribed for Scott by Matthew Weld Hartstonge. We are dependent upon Scott's text for these letters, xix. 231-6. According to Scott the ink on the first line of the postscript has 'so disappeared' that only the first part of the place name, 'Castle', could be deciphered. The full name, 'Castlerickard', is correctly supplied by Ball. In an account book (Forster, no. 511) Swift records that he was at Castlerickard 8 to 11 Apr.

³ As the postscript shows this was Deane Swift, his cousin, then a young man of twenty-six.

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

[12 April 1733]

Dear Sir

I received y^{rs} the 23^d of March, perpetuall pains in my head have hinderd me from writing till this moment, so you see you are not the only person that way tormented, I dare beleive there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland. I am sure none worse than my own that seems made for pain & pain for it, for of late they have been inseperable it is a most dispiriting distemper & bring[s] on pain of mind—whether real or imaginary tis all one) whilst I had that very sincere good freind, I could somtimes lay open all my rambling thoughts & he & I would often view & dissect 'em but now they come & go & I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing i[n] them. poor man he was most truly every thing you say of him, I have lost in him the usefulest limb of my mind—this is an odd expression but I cannot explain my notion otherways—I denie that I am touchy, yet am going to seem so again by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind, they are often I believe imperfect ones of an imperfect mind, (which however to do it justice often directs me better than I act) tho I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same yett whatever I write is at that instant true, I would rather tell a lie than write it down for words are wind (tis said) but the making a memorandum of ones own false heart would stare one in the face immediatly, & should put one out of countenance—now as a proffe of my unsettled way of thinking, & of my sincerity, I shall tell you that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last; for my regard to you is lessened extreamly since I have observed you are just like most other people vis: disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings for what else are bare words, therefore pray never beleive I wish to serve you till you have try'd me, till then protestations are bribes by which I may only mean to gain the freindship of a valuable man & therefore ought to be suspected. I seldome make any for that reason, so that if I have the peculiar hapiness to have any wise & good people my flatter[er]s, god knows how I came by it. but sure nothing can equall such glory except that of having the silly & bad people my Enimies.—here I think we agree, you declare no such can depress yr Spirits and if our constitutions

are alike I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me—if any body has done me an injury they have hurt themselves more than me. if they give me an ill name, (without they have my help) I shall not deserve it. if fools shun my company tis because I am not like them, if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits & if they wish me ill I will be well, & happy, & wise, & hansom & every thing—except a day younger than I am, & thats a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman so cannot excite envie—here I have betrayd to you the divelishness of my temper but I declare to you nothing ever inlivne'd me half so much as unjust ill usage either derected to my self or to my freinds, the very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of for I am sorry to find I dont deserve it all this humbleth me as much to[o] much as the other exalts—so I hope you will not be too civill since I have declared the consequence I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer for tho I have a sencible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the persons face I am speaking to, by that one soon learns to stop when tis wish'd, or to mend what is said a mis.

y^r stewards will take great care of y^r monie but you must first direct us to y^r freind Mr Launcelott ill spelt to be sure, and order him to give up Mr Gays note on his sister's paing the monie to his grace who will give him his note for the monie or send it to you as you order as to what interest is due to you, I supose you have kept some account.

by this time you must be too much tired to bare reading one word more therefore I will make no excuses, pray imploy *me* for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or no for something or other often tells me that I should be very hapie to be of any use to you, whether this be true or false neither you or I can be positive of till an opertunity shews, but I do really think that I am Dear S^{ir} most sincerlly yrs

Aprill y^e 12th

Address: To | the Rev^d Doctor Swift Dean | of S^t Patrick's | in Dublin | Ireland
Postmark: 12 AP

Endorsed by Swift above the address: Ap^r 17th 1733. D—s Qu—

and: Apr. 17th. 1733. | D—s of Qu—y. | Answrd May 15th 1733

14 April 1733

Charles Ford to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Ford to Swift

London, April 14, 1733.

I am extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my Lord Mayor¹ talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might show you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his publick capacity, that, whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the Excises were depending, you were expected every day, for it was said, why should not he shew as much regard for the Liberty of *England*, as he did for the Money of *Ireland*? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended.² Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard *Sir Robert Walpole* and one or two more coming out of the house were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a *Norfolk* man, no enemy to Excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person.³ Though

¹ John Barber.

² The ferment against Walpole's proposals had reached so great a height that on 11 Apr. he postponed the second reading of the bill to 12 June, by which time the House was expected to have risen.

³ 'Wednesday Night 11 April a Gentleman was seiz'd in the Court of Requests by several Justices of the Peace, who were there with a great number of Constables to prevent Riots, being accused of hissing at Sir Robert Walpole, and raising a Riot, &c. He was carried first to the Gatehouse, and afterwards to the Petty Sessions, where, after an Examination, he was admitted to Bail in a Recognizance of 500*l*. He is a Gentleman of Fortune and Character at Woodbridge in Suffolk: Being ask'd if he was not hired to come down to Westminster,

the rejoicings were as great and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shown an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold *Henley* what his joking would come to; but the mayor of *Southampton*¹ immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to show himself in the corporation; and *Henley*, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds.*****

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, &c.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[16 April 1733]

My Lord²

I was so disordered last night with an old giddyness which now and then pursues me, that I had not spirits to return my humble thanks for the most agreeable present you were pleased to send me of Your Ladyes Picture, which³ I shall place in that part of the Deanry that I most frequent. I knew her when Your Lordship was a boy, and distinguished her particularly from the other Sisters. May your Lordship always remember her virtues with delight, and her loss with resignation to the Divine will.

I must now be so bold to tell Your Lordship that you have treated this Kingdom with great inhumanity, You will not stay long enough said he came down to solícite against the Excise'—the *Universal Spectator*, 14 Apr. 1733. Cf. the *Weekly Register*, 14 Apr., *Political State*, May 1733, xlv. 440, and Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham*, 1829, i. 9, 10.

¹ Southampton was a borough largely under government influence (Robert Walcott, *English Politics in the Early Eighteenth Century*, p. 22, n. 1). Anthony Henley lost his seat. There was a double return at the 1734 election, and John Conduitt, who had received 212 votes to Henley's 213, was declared by the House of Commons on 3 April 1735 to have been duly elected.

² This letter is endorsed by Orrery: N^o 3. Thanks for the | Print I sent him of my | Wife · Henrietta.' The letter is listed by Ball, but unprinted.

³ Orrery married in 1728 Lady Harriette Hamilton, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Orkney, Swift's friend of earlier years. Lady Orrery died in Aug. 1732. Her loss caused Orrery heart-breaking sorrow.

16 April 1733

Swift to Lord Orrery

among us to spread your example, and you stay too long for all good men here to be able to endure your absence. When I consider my self in a carnal view, I could heartily wish you wanted every quality that adorns you, and were onely a meer Lord of either or of both Kingdoms. For, a Star of the first magnitude, wholly out of sight, or at too great a distance, is a very useless part of Gods works to those who grovel upon the Earth.

In your future absence I shall inquire with the utmost care and malice whether you contract the least tincture of the smallest vice or imperfection, and try for my own ease to believe the worst that the envious part of the world can say of you. Why should you convince the world that Religion, Learning, Wit, good Sense, publick Spirit, and true Liberality may possibly consist with Nobleness of Birth, with an ample Fortune, and all other accomplishments that become a Gentleman? On account of all which I hope to find you plentifully libelled in your native Country. Yet, if Your Lordship will promise to keep the Secret, I am forced to confess although with great reluctance, yet with great truth that I am with high respect esteem, and Gratitude, My Lord | Your Lordships most | obedient and most | obliged Servant | Jonath: Swift.

Deanry-house | Apr. 16th. 1733

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[17 April 1733]

My Lord

I must disobey you, because I can do it without hurting me, being somewhat better than I was, though still with a swimming in my head which hinders me from going abroad as I intended on Horseback: For your Coach I utterly renounce, being not used to that vehicle for many years. When I am better I will wait on Your Lordship with my humble thanks. I wonder what you have to do with so much good nature. I fear it will disconcert all your friends, and put them to a loss to acquit themselves . . . I am sure it does Your Lordships most obed^t &c. | &c. | J: Swift

Deanry-house. | Apr. 17th. 1733

Endorsed by Orrery: Dean of St. Patricks, April 17. 1733—Complaint of a swimming in his head.

Swift to Lord Orrery

[20 April 1733]

My Lord¹

My Conscience smote me when you first sent me that fatal box, and more when I was sending it back, and your servant refused to take it . . . I return it you with great Joy, and desire that henceforth so poor a Gentleman as you will not from henceforth be so profuse in making presents, and doing acts of generosity beyond your Power. I am employing every proper emissary I can find, ¹to discover one fault¹² in your Lordship, and shall be uneasy till it is brought to Light. This is a great day when the Chaptr is entertained at the Deanry, and y^r health was drunk in a Company where almost half abhorred your Principles, yet for shame durst not refuse it, with giving you (God be thanked onely upon hear-say) as good a Charactr as they have any Idea of. I have just stole from them to scribble this paper, and remain ever Your Lordships most obedient | & obliged &c J. Swift.

Deanry-house | Apr. 20th. 1733

I was not bound to return you the Snuff, nor would for two such boxes

Endorsed by Orrery: N^o 5.—Returns a snuff-box belonging to my wife which I had offered him.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

2[o] April 1733³

You say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the

¹ The letter is listed by Ball, iv. 424, together with a few lines.

² The words within half-brackets were heavily obliterated; but visually and conjecturally may be accepted as restored.

³ Pope assigned to this letter the date 2 Apr., a date followed by Faulkner, but, as it answers Swift's letter of 30 Mar. the date is impossible. Ball was the first to notice this, and his emendation to 20 Apr. is probably correct.

20 April 1733

Alexander Pope to Swift

loss of poor Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wish'd vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish, you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well:) Upon the whole I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbours and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an Author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important or interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satyrist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: They will consist more of morality than wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my Antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady M—y's or Lord H—y's¹ performance? they are certainly the Top wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-commended and post-disapprov'd, so far as to be disown'd by themselves, after each had highly cry'd it up

¹ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey. See above, Swift to Pope, 30 Mar. 1733.

for the others. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasion'd by my satires: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think I deserve that praise better than I do any other.—When does your Collection¹ come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week² (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, house-keeping, &c. But these things shall lye by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you use to love what I hate, a hurry of politicks, &c. Courts I see not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady³ for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call Happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mix'd with short sighs) ever yours.

¹ No 'Collection' has before been mentioned in the extant correspondence between Pope and Swift. The first mention to Ford of Faulkner's project of printing the Works in four volumes occurs in Swift's letter to him of 9 Oct. 1733.

² Pope is casual and unreliable in statements concerning time. In a letter to Caryll, 20 Mar., he has already done this satire, the Second of the Second Book. In its printed form Bethell becomes the Ofellus, but Swift speaks in ll. 161-4.—Sherburn.

³ The Countess of Suffolk.

23 April 1733

Swift to Lord Carteret

Portland Papers: Transcript

Swift to Lord Carteret

[23 April 1733]

—¹ You Lordship hath probably heard of a poem lately printed in London & dedicated to M^r Pope, called *the Life and genuine Character of &c. written by himself*:² It is an imposture of a singular kind. It is true, that above a year ago I fell into the thought of writing some Verses on a maxim of Rochefoucault, wherein I conjectured what friends and enemyes would say on me after my Death. I drew the poem to the length of near 500 lines, and it hath been printed some Months. I have suffered all my acquaintance to read it in my presence, but never gave a copy, or sent it out of my sight. all this town had heard of it and some had so good memorys that they could repeat many lines. therefore I have of late been more reserved. I confess my chief aim was to provoke peoples curiosity and a longing they had to see it in print. This I suppose gave an occasion to some very low writer who had heard the thing, to give himself the trouble to compose 200 lines on the subject and dedicating it to M^r Pope, to give it sale, and perhaps to make me uneasy, and provoke me to print the real poem, which no consideration shall ever prevail upon me to do, what I wonder at is how it should come to pass that the Author should not put one original line, or peice of a line, or one single thought of the true poem in this spurious peice since it plainly appears, that he had often heard of the genuine one and probably some lines of it repeated. I must therefore intreat your Lordship to set your friends right in this matter, because I am sure there are at least fourty of both sexes, who will be my Witnesses, and have seen both. at the same time, I will not deny that I take a malicious pleasure in being any way Instrumental in making some thousands of fools at last for a season, but should be very sorry that any

¹ This extract is a hasty copy on a folded folio sheet, two pages. Below, on p. 2, is written: 'extract from a letter to the Lord Carteret from D^r Jonath. Swift, dated Dublin April 23. 1733'. An endorsement on the verso of the second leaf reads: 'Extract from Dean | Swift's Letter to my | Lord Carteret. April 23 | 1733. Dublin.' Someone, in a modern hand, has written in pencil below the endorsement: 'The original is | in this collection | RC'.

² Further to the intricate question of Swift's repudiation of this poem, despite its evident authorship by him, see notes in *Poems*, pp. 541–3. As will be seen by a subsequent letter, 1 Sept. 1733, Pope was not wholly convinced by Swift's rejection of the poem.

friend of mine or man of Worth should not be undeceived in a proper time of which I shall take particular care.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

1 May 1733

I shoud have answerd yours of the 22 March long ago but that I have had some troubles and frights and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect what at another time woud have been agreable to my self, M^{rs} Chamber's younger sister haveing had the small pox but is got off ont perfectly well, tho she has hitherto been a very puny sickly Girl,¹ M^{rs} Floyd too has been excessively bad with her Winters Cough and dispiritedness but Country Air I think has a little revived her, His Grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and sais the Rectory of Churchtown is at M^r Stafford Lightburn's Service,² As to the Countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute I cant possibly according to your own just rule, be angry because I am in the right, tis you ought to be angry & never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong as to condemn her without the show of Justice, and I wish with all my heart as a judgment upon you, that you had but seen her as I did when the News of your friends Death came, for tho you are a proud parson (yet give you, Devil, your due) your a sincere, good natured, honest one, I am extreamly M^{rs} Kellys humble servant but I will never believe she is more valued for her Beauty and good qualities in Ireland than she was in England, the Excise you mention has caused great changes here, some that I am sorry for, tho I wont enter into the Merits of the cause, because of my aversion to politicks, but if you did deslike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it as to burn its Bones on a sumptuous Pile like a Roman Emperor,³

¹ The reference is to her nieces, the daughters of her eldest sister, who married Thomas Chambers of Hanworth. The eldest married Lord Vere Beauclerk.—Ball.

² The living of Churchtown is in co. Westmeath, near the town of Mullingar.

³ In *Pue's Occurrences*, 17–21 Apr., an account is given of a bonfire on the steeple of St. Patrick's Cathedral, another before the Dean's House, and general festivities 'on the News of the Excise Bill being laid aside in England'.

1 May 1733

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

Adieu my ever honourd old friend, and dont let me see any more respects or Ladyships from you—

Endorsed by Swift: Lady Betty Germain | May · 1 · 1733 | Answrd—

Portland Papers: transcript

Swift to Alexander Pope

Dublin, May 1st 1733.

Dear S^r!

I answer your letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago there came over a Poem called, *the life and genuin character of, &c. written by himself*.² It was reprinted here, is after a short advertisement dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault & the dedication after a formal story says that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near 500 lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, & was a long time about it, as that impōstor says in his dedication, with many circumstances all pure invention, I desire you to believe, & to tell my friends, that in this Spurious piece, there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuin Copy any more than it does

¹ This letter was not included by Pope in his 1740 volume, first appearing in print in his 1741 volumes, and in the Supplement to Faulkner's seventh volume, 1741, pp. 288–92. Pope's version, followed by Faulkner, was drastically edited. Among the Duke of Portland's papers, now deposited in the British Museum, is a neat clerical transcript of the letter. Passages omitted by Pope could have been written by nobody except Swift, nor does it seem probable from the subject-matter that the longer version was a draft later abbreviated by Swift himself, whereas the substantial omissions might well have been Pope's work. Passages within half-brackets mark the excisions.

² *The Life and Genuine Character of Doctor Swift. Written by Himself* was published in folio by J. Roberts, London, in April. It was for long regarded as a spurious piece concocted from memory by someone who had access to the manuscript or had listened to readings of the *Verses on the Death of Doctor Swift*. In this letter Swift disclaims authorship of *The Life and Genuine Character*; but Pope either knew better or was not convinced. See his letter to Swift of 1 Sept. 1733. Mrs. Pilkington, Orrery, and Faulkner firmly believed the piece to be by Swift himself. Internal and external evidence combine to confirm the belief that both the earlier and later forms of the poem came from Swift's hand. See Ball's note, *Corresp.* iv. 428–9; Prof. Herbert Davis, *The Book-Collector's Quarterly*, Mar.–May, 1931, pp. 57 et seq.; *Poems*, pp. 541–3.

Virgil's *Æneis*, for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight, and although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently: & some of them, especially one or two females had got many lines by heart, here & there and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this impostor,¹ although it appears that the knave² who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one. which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmitted to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done your self, If you have read any part of it, which is mean, & trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a Vicar in Norfolk³ rather than be charged with such a performance.—Now I come to your letter. 'Onely let me add one Vexatious circumstance, that this counterfeit Poem cost me 6 shill. for Postage this day, in a folio edition, after I had been teased with it this fortnight by the Hawkers for a peny . . .⁴ When I was of your age, I thought every day of Death, but now, every minute, and a continual giddy disorder more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend,⁴ but, I pity his friends. 'I chiefly pity the Dutchess,⁵ I pity you, & would at least equally pity my self, if I lived amongst you, because I should see⁶ him oftener than you did, who are a kind of Hermit. How great a noise soever you make, by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy them selves in this world, which is their only happiness, & terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your enemys and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers, Therefore, *facit indignatio versum*,⁷ is only to be applyed when the indignation is against general vilany, and never operates when a vilian writes to defend himself.⁸ I love to hear them reproach you

¹ i.e. Imposture.

² the knave] they 1741.

³ i.e. to be nominated by Walpole.

⁴ friend] friend Gay 1741.

⁵ Of Queensberry.

⁶ see] have seen 1741.

⁷ *versum sic*.

⁸ when a vilian writes to defend himself] some sort of people write to defend themselves 1741.

1 May 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

for dullness; Onely I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will answer you, that posterity shall never know, you had one single enemy, always excepting those whose memory you have preserved. 'All things in verse good or bad that London produces, are printed here, among the rest, the Essay on Man, which is understood to come from Doct^r Young. No body names you for it here (we are better judges, and I do not railly) It is too Philosophical for me, It is not equall, but that author our friend, never wants some lines of Excelent good sense. *What is, is best.* is the thought of Socrates in Plato, because it is permitted or done by God . . I have retained it after reading Plato many years ago. The Doctor is not merry enough nor angry enough for the present age to relish as he deserves . . ¹ I am sorry for the Scituation of M^r Gay's papers. You do not exert your self as much as I could wish in this affair; I had rather the two Sisters were hanged than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory: I would be glad to see his valuable works¹ printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediatly, and the others that have gone abroad printed separately like Opuscula or rather be stifled & forgotten . . I thought your Epitaph was immediatly to be ingraved, & therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to L^d Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to no body else; and he tells me, he gave onely two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I could correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours but the last line, *Striking their akeing*,² the two participles seem³ as they are so near, to sound too like. I shall write to the Dutchess who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers . . I want health; my affairs⁴ are embroyled: but I will break through the latter if the other mends. I am in a⁵ course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design next to seeing you is to be a severe Critick on you and your neighbor,⁶ but first kill his father that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, & particularly my horses,

¹ his valuable works] the most valuable 1741.

² For *aching* Pope substituted *pensive*. Swift had made the same criticism in his earlier letter of [30 Mar.].

³ seem] *om.* 1741.

⁵ am in a] can use a 1741.

⁴ my] and my 1741.

⁶ Bolingbroke.

it cost me near 600*l.* for a wall¹ to keep mine, & I neer ride without two Serv^{ts} for fear of accidents; *hic Vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate*;² 'I drink a pint and half of wine every day, the pint at noon, & the half at night.'³ you are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, & wine, & servants; but with him not.—'The homage you paid, &c. was more your goodness &c. I will pay none.'⁴ The Collection you speak of is this. A Printer³ came to me to desire he might print my works (as he call'd them) in 4 volumes by Subscription. I said I would give him no leave, & should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London, I answerd, they could if the partners agreed. He said he would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, & having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his persuing his own Interest, &c. without giving me any just offence: much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent, and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown perfectly⁴ indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the very⁵ truth of the story . . . 'There is no property among Printers here, neither will it be one farthing in my pocket; For among us, mony for Copys is a thing unheard of.'⁷ My Vanity turns wholly at present in⁶ being personated in your, *Quae virtus* &c.⁷ 'But in order to that, I desire to be represented as a man of thrift onely as it produceth liberty and Independence, without any thoughts of hoarding; and as one who bestows every year at least one third of his income; though sunk⁸ a third by the misery of the Country. I had letters lately from L^d Carteret, Lord Masham & L^d Bathurst. I will answer to the two latter, & have already done the first, so you may spare my service. I will write to L^d Peteb. to be left at y^r house. Service to Dawly⁹ & M^r Poulteney, the D^r¹⁰ M^r Lewis &c. when you meet them.'⁷ You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head, & a low spirit. but a heart wholly turned

¹ The wall round Naboth's vineyard.

² Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 182.

³ George Faulkner.

⁴ perfectly] pretty 1741.

⁵ very] *om.* 1741.

⁶ wholly at present in] at present on 1741.

⁷ The first words of the Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

⁸ In the transcript the word *sunk* is written above the line, in another hand, above a word scored out and illegible.

⁹ The name of Bolingbroke's estate.

¹⁰ Arbuthnot.

1 May 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

to love you with the greatest earnestness & truth. 'My humble service to Mrs Pope, & Patty, I love her good nature in being so afflicted for our friend. I cannot but send you Lord Orrery's verses on you. Dr D—¹ presents particularly his most humble service.

Entomb'd with Kings though Gay's cold ashes lye
A Nobler Monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless Muse still faithfull to thy friend
Unaw'd by Courts, his Virtues dare commend.
Lamented Gay, forget your treatment past;
Look down and see your merit crown'd at last:
A destiny more glorious, who could hope?
Belov'd in life, in Death bemoan'd by Pope.

My Lord altered almost every line from the first Copy, and all for the better, and more than we desired; but his modesty equals his other virtues. Dr Sheridan desires, that if a little staring boy of eleaven years old² should happen to appear in your sight, when you come to town, & you let him look round you, and hear you speak, that you will treat him with your usual humanity, & let him boast that he hath seen you, & it happens, that few boys can better deserve such a favour.⁷

Address: 'To Alexander Pope Esq' at | Twitenham in Middlesex | By | London.¹

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Kelly to Swift

Jarvis-street, May 4, 1733.

Sir,³

I am sure if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, sir, my

¹ Delany.

² Thomas, the third son of Swift's friend, who was entered at Westminster School in the spring of 1733, where he became a king's scholar. His father's lack of means necessitated the boy's return to Ireland.

³ Miss Kelly had before then developed the disease from which she died that year. Writing two months before, the future Mrs. Delany says (*Correspondence*, i. 402): 'I have given up the trial with Kelly; her beauty and assiduity have distanced me, and I will not attempt a second heat. At present she is disabled, poor thing, for she is confined to her bed with a pleuritic disorder, but the Dean attends her bedside: his heart must be old and cold indeed, if that did not

uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and, for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but, as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will in some measure lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and, methinks, it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to *Bristol*, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books

conquer.' As appears from this letter she had offended Swift, and was anxious to be reconciled to him before setting out for Bristol, whither she was going for her health.—Ball.

4 May 1733

Miss Kelly to Swift

that you think most proper for me: and, if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant, | F.A. Kelly.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[28 May 1733]

My Lord¹

The appointment made last week at Grange² over a pot of ale, to go to Leslip, to day hath not been concerted since that I know of, by any subsequent negotiations. I hear My Lady Acheson and her Mother came, to Toun last night, and that Lady Betty Brownlow³ cannot go. What the rest will do I know not but I was determined to set out with my equipage at all hazards to the place of Treaty, and if your Lordship will attend me an-hour hence on Horseback we will proceed on our Journy, and expect the Ministers of the severall Courts. The Deanry is directly in your way. The Messenger Bannieres will deliver you this, and receive your answer. I am with great Respect y^r Lordships most obed^t | Sv J. Swift.

Deanry house. May 28th | 1733

¹ Ball, who had no access to the manuscripts, prints as far as the word 'Treaty' only. *Endorsed by Lord Orrery*: N^o 6.

² The Grange, which is situated near a village called Baldoyle, between Dublin and Howth, was then the residence of Lady Acheson's mother. It had derived its name from having been originally a possession of the Priory of All Saints, the site of whose house in Dublin Trinity College occupies, and had become the country residence of a member of Sir Arthur Acheson's family, George Acheson, who had married Lady Acheson's mother as her second husband, and had died a few years before the date of this letter. The friend whom it was proposed to visit was no doubt the son of the Non-juror. He would have been well known to Swift as he was married to a niece of Peter Ludlow, and had probably a house in the vicinity of Dublin.—Ball.

³ Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, eldest daughter of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn, married in 1712 to William Brownlow.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

May 28, 1733.

I have begun two or three letters to you by snatches,¹ and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: All other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the criticks, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me: and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland; I was surprized to receive from the Printer that spurious piece call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. Swift*, with a letter telling me the person who 'published it had assured him the Dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it.' I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; tho' had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think of me as you do of Dr. Young that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, 'be ye angry and sin not.'

My Neighbour's² writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only, that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become

¹ In answer to Swift's letter of 1 May.² Bolingbroke's.

28 May 1733

Alexander Pope to Swift

such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them when ever he can, for the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caus'd so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

London, May 29, 1733.

Sir,¹

You will find to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into Lord *Bathurst's* hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should.² We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him in that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for

¹ Mary, daughter of Bernard Granville, younger brother of Lord Lansdown, was married, 17 Feb. 1717-18, when less than eighteen years old, to Alexander Pendarves, a Cornish gentleman of good estate, who was near sixty. Seven years later he died. In Sept. 1731 she visited Ireland, where she stayed with Bishop Clayton and his wife. She must have long known Swift by reputation, but her first mention of meeting him occurs only four months before the date of this letter. She had returned to England in April 1733; and during the next three years she continued to correspond with him. In June 1743 she married, as his second wife, Dr. Patrick Delany, Swift's friend. Twenty years after her husband she died in 1788. Her fame now rests on the six volumes of her *Autobiography and Correspondence*, edited by Lady Llanover, 1861-2.

² One of Bishop Clayton's clergy, Robert Faussett, Precentor of Achonry, appears to have approached Mrs. Pendarves with an offer of marriage, much to her embarrassment.

I have not an acquaintance of any worth, that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved myself* right:¹ I think I can hardly do wrong, as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant, | M. Pendarves.

Mrs. *Donellan* is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

Portland MSS. B.M. First Deposit

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin may.31.1733.²]

My Lord.

I writ to your Lordship some time ago, upon an occasion, wherein we who live in Ireland, and happen to have friends in England, are often employd; I mean the case of an Appeal, wherein this City is a Party,³ and I being one of its Protectors for a long time, as a neighbor and confederate Prince⁴ could not forbear my Intercession, when at the same time I get and [*sic*] opportunity to pay you my respects and acknowledgments for all the obligations I have received from You and My Lady Oxford.

This letter will be delivered to You by Mr Jebb,⁵ who I find hath been long known to you, and of whom I have a good Opinion. He intends to fix here, and hath lately got a Church preferment of some value from a beast of a Bishop⁶ You sent us, but I think it was without the interest of the Ar. Bp of Dublin,⁷ who hath taken Mr Jebb under his Protection. Mr Jebb hath a very good reputation among us,

¹ Deane Swift, who first printed this letter, appends a footnote: 'Dr. Swift never could endure to hear any one say, Such a one *behaved* well, &c. *Behaved? Behaved what?* he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, how he rebuked my Lord *Carteret* for this, and that my Lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future.'

² Entered in Lord Oxford's hand.

³ See Swift to Oxford, 17 Feb. 1732-3.

⁴ In the Liberties of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

⁵ See Swift to Dean Brandreth, 30 June 1732.

⁶ Tennison, Bishop of Ossory.

⁷ John Hoadly.

31 May 1733

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

which I believe he well deserves; and hath naturally good principles; but his friends being on the side of power, he is forced to tack the prudence of the Serpent, to the innocence of the Dove. I do not know a more modest, decent, well-behaved person. I see him often, like him very well, and can give allowances, for the Party he is attached to; because I hope and believe he will never go any lengths unbecoming a Man of honor and conscience, and my hope is much founded upon the favor Your Lordship hath shewn him. If he ever deceives me, your Lordship will be one of my Deceivers. I have often panted for a Letter from You, and I excuse you of any want of good will, but impute your Silence wholly to your Lazyness . . I have felt of late the effects of time by the return of an old disorder, of Giddyness, which more or less dayly pursues me, but I oppose it by constant riding and walking, wherein I wish you would follow my example. This aylment hath hindred me from seeing my friends in England, for fear of being sick too far from home; where I can be easy and do what I please without troubling others.

I heartily wish Your Lordship health and happyness, and the same to My Lady Oxford, and Lady Marget, to whom I desire to present my most humble Service. | I am with great Truth and respect | My Lord | Your Lordships most | obedient, and most obliged | humble Serv^t | Jonath Swift.

Your Lordship may have seen or heard of a foolish poem, impudently printed in London as mine, upon what People will say of me after I am dead.¹ I confess I writ a poem upon that subject, which I have often shown, and is above twice as large as this spurious one: but I never gave it out of my power; and in that which is printed there is not one single Line or thought which resembles the original, nor is the sham Copy so long by three hundred lines. Therefore I beg Your Lordship will please to justify me.

4806

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

Ambresbury May y^e Last | 1733

Dear Sir

I am now again your Tunbrige correspondent,² his Grace & I have been here this fortnight with no other Company than Brick

¹ Cf. Swift to Pope, 1 May 1733.

[For note 2 see overleaf.]

layers & Labourers, we are throwing down a parcel of walls that block'd us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house, this will make the place as chearfull again & we find great intertainment by inspecting the worke, since I came here even I have often gott up by six in the morning, design'd it allways—& the whole house are fast asleep before twelve, this I call good houres, I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more, we sometimes ride tho not often for the evenings & mornings are very Cold & the middle of the day violantly hot. North East winds continually; & such want of rain that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew, yet with all my care I cannot be well—but I beleive if I am never guilty of a greater fault I shall meet with very little resentment either publick or private, they are the faults in the world the soonest forgott, & the seldomest truely resented. let that be as it will since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it, this makes me consent to the thing in the world I am the most averse to—tis going to the spaw about a month or six weeks hence—I wish it was good for y^r complaints that we might be there together, realy if you think it will be of any use to you & that you can order y^r affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study (& a very agreable one too) to make you as easy & happy as tis in the power of people (not of a very troublesom disposition) to contrive, your complaint & mine are not very different as I imagine, mine is a sort of Disiness which generally goes of by the head ake, some learned people give it a name I dont know how to spell—a vertico or virtigo—pray understand that I realy & truly do not only say but mean that I wish you could either meet us at the spaw—or at London to go on with us, & in this I am sure I shall never change my mind, if it can do you any good I feel my self enough your freind to resent it extreamly if you mis this opertunity; this you would beleive if you knew what obligations I have to you, I am generally poor in Spiritt or quarelling with my self for being good for nothing, when a letter comes from you it does not only intertain & revive me; but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of my self; which is of very great use to have, provided tis kept within just bounds—I shall puntually obey y^r comands concerning that

² An acquaintance only to be acknowledged in Tunbridge or in the country. Swift refers to Tunbridge with the same meaning, writing to Gay and the Duchess, 10 July 1732.

31 May 1733

The Duchess of Queensberry

Poem¹ but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account for I saw it, before I left London, & heard severall people talk about it & the generall opinion was that you had no hand in it, but that the thing happend just as you say. I think you need not have been much disturbd at it, the other troubles you mention, I can allow of, philosophy cannot make such things not be, the most it can pretend to is to help people to patience I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any is y^r Law sute still in being; perhaps I may be impertinant) but I remember you once mentiond something of that kind, I am pritty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full, therefore I advise you to unbend y^r thoughts & aske my advice, if it should prove good take it if not leave it, I should be mighty glad to be of any servis to you, in makeing me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of y^r very sincere freind—& be kind to me you may depend upon me, both for his sake & y^r own—I will in-deavour to convey y^r messages to Lady Cath: and Charlot,² as soon as possible the first I have not convers'd with this year & half I beleive she is no bodys freind, but I more then beleive that no body is hers. I have a Brother that I dare answere Youd like if you knew him perfectly, not else, I love & honour him & he deserves it—when his grace goes to London which will be very soon y^r monie shall be as you order'd. he is mightily shockd at so many speaches. he is not by just now, or undoubtedly he'd think you deserved to have them returnd. tis lucky for me that I am come to the end of my¹³ paper Note without an excuse

Address: To | the Reverend D^r Swift | Dean of St Patricks | Dublin | Ireland
Postmark: 5 IV

Endorsed by Swift above address: D—s Quen—y | Rx Jun. 10th 1733. *and*
Dutch^s of Queensberry | Rx June 10th 1733 | Answd Jun, 16. 1733

¹ i.e. *The Life and Genuine Character of Dr. Swift*.

² The allusions will be to Lady Catherine Hyde, an unmarried daughter of Laurence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester, not to be confused with her niece, afterwards the Duchess of Queensberry, and Lady Charlotte Hyde, younger sister of the Duchess.

³ A tear in the paper.

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Kelly to Swift

Bristol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

Sir,

I hear my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you;¹ but I cannot be surprized at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wished myself again in *Ireland* to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dulllest place that ever was known: there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or *Irish* impertinents: the former despises one because their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and, I thank God, I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor *Lane* (who by character, is a second *Æsculapius*, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment; and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor does either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you

¹ Probably Miss Kelly crossed to England with Mrs. Pendarves and Miss Donnellan. The latter was so great a friend of Miss Kelly that Mrs. Pendarves feared to lose her (*Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, i. 403).

2 June 1733

Miss Kelly to Swift

sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, |
F. A. Kelly.

Your expedition to *Tallow* makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if *Dublin* be in danger, the deanry house cannot be a safe retreat for you.¹ I wish any thing would send *Barber* here; for I was at the *Bath* to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is *Rooke*, admiral *Rooke's*² son's lady.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

5 June 1733

has Mr Stafford Lightburns friend got the Gout in his fingers, or is he so busy in measuring the water and casting a figure to know the exact time when to sett his friends a swimming³ that he cant find one Moment to let me know that he received my letter writ a month ago to inform you that his Grace woud chearfully & readily obey your Commands however I am again orderd by him to tell you that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post so pray let Mr Lightburn be ready to make his personal appearance least they shoud not else know how to find him twas well you needed no intercessor to his Grace and that the no promise from him & the one word from you is of much more weight than my Rhetorick for I have been so horridly used by a Nasty Griping Brother black coat in a small three & six pence affair of my own that I dont know whether

¹ A fantastic account appeared in Irish and English papers of a visit to Tallaght Hill by Lord Orrery, Swift, and Sheridan, where they observed a stream of water flowing from a rock and disappearing into a natural cavity. With the use of a two-gallon pail as a measure Swift estimated that in the course of a year over a million gallons would enter the bowels of the hill and in three years burst the body of the mountain to the danger of the city of Dublin.

² Admiral Sir George Rooke who in 1704 drove the French fleet off Gibraltar. He died in 1709.

³ See the previous letter and note.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

5 June 1733

I should not have done like you of the faction Revenge my self of the innocent for the sake of one Bishop & Minister, that I say, has cheated fleeced and fleed me just as if they had been S Sea or E. India Directors, you are angry if I dont mention M^{rs} Floyd to you so I must tell you she is gone for a little while into the country to try if that will cure her Cough, I am heartily sorry for your new friend M^{rs} Kelly who writes in a desponding way to M^{rs} Chamber¹ about her health and talks of going to Spaa, this is a melancholy subject and I hate to be vext so I will say no more of it, but Adieu My Dear Dean and let me hear from you soon.

Address: To | The Rev^d D^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks at | Dublin | Ireland
Frank: Free WCary

Postmark: 5 IV

Endorsed by Swift above address: Lady El. Ger— | Jun 10^o 1733 | And Jun 11th | 1733 *and again:* Lady Elz— Germain | Rx Jun 10th 1733. | Answd. Jun. 11th 1733

Faulkner 1762

Swift to George Faulkner

[29 June 1733]

Mr. Faulkner,²

I desire Mrs. *Pilkington* will deliver you the Papers relating to *Gulliver*, which I left with her Husband. For, since you intend to print a new edition of that Book, I must tell you, that the *English* Printer made several Alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those Papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. *Pilkington* hath an Edition of *Gulliver*,

¹ Lady Betty Germain's niece.

² Towards the end of 1732 Faulkner projected an edition of Swift's works in four volumes. Although at first the proposal gave Swift no pleasure he soon seized upon it as an opportunity for correcting the text of *Gulliver's Travels*. He had been led to suppose that the interleaved copy of *Gulliver* containing Ford's corrections (now in the Forster Collection, South Kensington) was in the hands of Matthew Pilkington. Laetitia, his wife, disclaimed any knowledge of it. Others said it was in Mr. Corbet's hands. On examination Corbet's paper was found to contain little more than some 'literall corrections' (Swift to Ford, 9 Oct. 1733). At this stage, therefore, Swift had made but slight progress. See further H. Williams, *The Text of 'Gulliver's Travels'*, 1952, pp. 21–30.

29 June 1733

Swift to George Faulkner

where the true original Copy is interleaved in Manuscript; I desire
I may also see that Book. | I am, | Your humble Servant, | J. Swift.

June 29, 1733.

1820 Spence, p. 350

Swift to Alexander Pope

[Summer of 1733?]

[*Excerpt?*]¹

Dear Pope, Though the little fellow that brings this be a justice of
peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons; yet he may
not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to the Earl of Peterborough

[1733]

My Lord,²

I never knew or heard of any Person so volatile and so fixed as
your Lordship: You, while your Imagination is carrying you through
every Corner of the World where you have, or have not been, can
at the same Time remember to do Offices of Favour and Kindness to

¹ Spence, *Anecdotes*, 1820, p. 350, introduces this excerpt with the words:
'Doctor Swift gave Mr. Coote, a gentleman of very good character and fortune,
a letter of recommendation to Mr. Pope, couched in the following terms.'
Swift was in the habit of sending over friends to England with letters addressed
to his English acquaintances. The Duchess of Queensberry writing to Swift,
post, 10 Nov. 1733, thanks him for bringing her into touch with 'my Irish friend
. . . Mr. Coote'. We may therefore conclude that at this time Coote was in Eng-
land, and Spence's excerpt may be dated with a doubt in the summer of 1733.
Charles Coote, born in 1695, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1710. He was
son of Thomas, Justitiarius de Banca Reginae, and was born in Dublin. He
was M.P. for Granard in 1723; co. Cavan, 1737. The letter of Swift to Pope
was communicated to Spence by 'Mr. Jones, of Welwyn'. The Rev. J. Jones
of Welwyn was a friend of Edward Young of the *Night Thoughts*.

² This may be the letter which Swift professed his intention of sending when
writing to Pope (see p. 135).

the meanest of your Friends; and, in all the Scenes you have passed have not been able to obtain that one Quality peculiar to a great Man, of forgetting every Thing but Injuries. Of this I am a living Witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble Servants, you were so cruel as never to give me Time to ask a Favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my Credit or Advantage.

I have often admired at the Capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest and most constant Maxims; to make you a General, because you had Courage and Conduct; an Ambassador, because you had Wisdom and Knowledge in the Interests of *Europe*; and an Admiral,¹ on Account of your Skill in maritime Affairs; whereas, according to the usual Method of Court Proceedings, I should have been at the Head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather, a Curate under the Dean of St. *Patrick's*.

The Archbishop of *Dublin* laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the Point of leaving the *Bath*;² I pray God you may have found Success in that Journey, else I shall continue to think there is a Fatality in all your Lordship's Undertakings, which only terminate in your own Honour, and the Good of the Publick, without the least Advantage to your Health or Fortune.

I remember Lord *Oxford's* Ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me; for you are in one Thing an Evangelical Man, that you know not where to lay your Head, and I think you have no House. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the Pleasure, in this enslaved Country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a Letter from the Earl of *Peterborough*. I am, &c.

¹ In 1705 Peterborough was granted a commission as Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Fleet (jointly with Sir Cloudisley Shovell) of the expeditionary force to Spain.

² Archbishop John Hoadly with his family, left Dublin for Bath in Nov. 1732.

8 July 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

Portland MSS., B.M. Deposit

Swift to Alexander Pope

Dublin July 8th 1733

Dear Sr¹

‘I have been often prevented from answering your last kind letter,² by my old disorder of giddyness and abundance of very impertinent busyness. And all my few hours of health and leisure I employ in riding or walking; we are all here so fond of My L^d Orrery’s³ good qualities, that we think if he had leisure and inclination for verse, he would not fayl as to the want of a Genius, and in all other points, I have not known for his age a more valuable Person. I therefore hope there will be a friendship cultivated between you. As to the printing of my things going on here, it is an evil I cannot prevent. I shall not be a peny the richer, some friends correct the errors, and now and then I look on them for a minute or two, But all things except friendship and conversation are become perfectly indifferent to me and yet I wish this collection could have been made on your side, and if I were younger, it would be some Mortification to have it as it is. Before I go further¹ I must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope⁴ of whose Death the Papers have been full. But I could rather rejoyce with you because if any circumstances can make the Death of a dear parent, and friend, a subject for joy, you have them all, she dyed in an extream old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutifull son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a Million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*;⁵ that it would be followed by making me and this Kingdom happy with your Presence; But I am told to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening of a Coach with one Gentleman and his Sister coming to Ireland

¹ The greater part of this letter was printed by Pope in his editions of letters (1740–2). His omissions, however, indicated by half-brackets, were substantial. Ball first printed the letter in full, in modernized form, from a transcript among the Portland Papers, now deposited in the British Museum. The text here printed follows the Welbeck transcript.

² Of 28 May.

³ Lord Orrery, apparently still in Dublin, soon returned to England.

⁴ Pope’s mother died on 7 June.

⁵ Ovid, *Met.* II, 332. ‘praebebant, aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.’

from their elder Brother¹ your friend and Neighbor,¹ you waved the Invitation pressed on you alledging the fear you had of being killed with eating and drinking; By which I find that you have given some credit to a Notion of our great plenty and Hospitality. It is true our meat and wine are cheaper here as it is always in the poorest countrys, because there is no money to pay for them; I believe there are not in this whole City three Gentlemen out of employmt, who do, or are able to give entertainmts once a Month. Those who are in employments of church or State are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a Dozen. Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only Gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at Dinner and to pass the Evening, where there is nothing of excess either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern² (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a Judge, a Bishop, or a Commissioner of the revenue, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is so easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. ¹If you had ventured to come over you should have had a very convenient warm apartment more open than usuall in great Cities with a Garden as large as your green plot that fronts the Thames and another about 200 yards further, larger than your great garden and with more air; but without any beauty.³ You should have small dinners of what you liked, and good wine, and you eat and drink so little that I could well afford it, considering how often you would be invited either with me or without me.⁷ The conveniences of taking the Air, Winter or Summer, do so far exceed those in London, For the two large Strands just at two edges of the town are as firm & dry in Winter, as in Summer.⁴ There are at least six or eight gentleman of sence, Learning good humour & tast, able &

¹ See Swift's letter to Mrs. Caesar, 30 July 1733, on p. 185. 'Mr. Pope who had often promised to pass a Summer Season with me here, if he "outlived his Mother"', soon after her death, waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise.' The gentleman with whom Pope might have travelled was Dean Cotterell. His elder brother was Sir Clement Cotterell, Pope's friend.

² Thomas Southerne, the dramatist, for whom Orrery entertained a fond friendship. See *Orrery Papers*, i. 120.

³ Naboth's Vineyard.

⁴ Since Swift's time the margin of the Bay of Dublin has been greatly altered.

8 July 1733

Swift to Alexander Pope

desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to intice you hither, & there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to my self, I declare my health is so uncertain, that I dare not venture amongst you at present, I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting: which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the Country for three Horses and two servants, & many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the Governors of all the Hackney Coaches, Carts, & carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or Coachmen, but give me the way. nor is there here one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their Coaches & six. Thus I make some advantage of the publick poverty, & give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace, without being justled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the Vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest Cathedral in the Kingdom: am at peace with the neighboring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the City, and the A. Bp. of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France sometimes attempts encroachments on my Dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain.¹ In the midst of this railery, I can tell you with Seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, & therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter, relating to Lord Bol[ingbroke] & your self, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those Inclinations in my Lord & your self, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious, and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leapt over the moon.

‘I am very much pleased & honoured with three lines from Mr. Pulteney, at the end of yours, for which I desire to present him with my most Humble service & acknowledgements. He never can be too much valued for saving England from Beggary and slavery. Hath my

¹ The Liberty of St. Patrick’s, which covered about five and a half acres, was originally a portion of the manor of the Archbishop of Dublin . . . but was absolutely independent of the Archbishop, . . . and acknowledged no governor except the Dean.—Ball. See Archbishop Bernard’s *St. Patrick’s Cathedral*, p. 26.

Lord Bol[ingbroke] yet learnt the art of minding the main chance? He hath often promised me his picture; but I never had the heart to mind him of it because I fear he could never afford the expence. Our friend Patty, only affects shame, but lazyness is at the bottom. She ought to come into this Catholick Country, rather than be plundered by her Mother and Sister, and visit none but Hereticks, and hardly keep a whole gown out of four thousand pounds fortune. If you happen to see my L^d & Lady Masham, I desire with my humble service and thanks for their letter,¹ that they may know I am yet ashamed to trouble them with an empty letter, but shall write to them by a private hand.

My most humble service to my L^d Peterborough, Bathurst, Oxford, the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis when you see them.⁷

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Kelly to Swift

Bristol, July 8, 1733.

Dear Sir,

I cannot express how much pleasure your letter² gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of *Cato*; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their Society.³ For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblest but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and, except when health calls me on horseback I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs.

¹ See p. 139.

² An answer doubtless to her letter of 2 June.

³ Delany's town house stood near where Miss Kelly resided. The reference is, presumably, to friends who used to meet there.

Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacency for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happiness! I had a letter from Mrs. *Cleland*¹ to enquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to *England*: surely if you were you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extreamly good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increases my esteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a Colonel *Chartres*, must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape?² Such a *Dulcinea del Toboso* is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which spight of a good constitution, much spirits and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness), I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilst I saw how lavish *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half-starved abroad.³ She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take

¹ The wife of the William Cleland associated with Pope's *Epistle to Lord Burlington* and the *Dunciad*.

² Charteris had been condemned to death for a similar offence.

³ Her mother was a daughter of Walter, second Lord Bellew of Duleek.

two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance, rather than bear any longer: and, as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in *France*.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till *September*.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel god that flies me.¹

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for *Lane* only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow *Holling's*² advice, and remove to *Kensington* or *Hampstead* with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to inclose your letters for me to *William Cleland Esq*; commissioner of taxes, in *St. Stephen's Court, Westminster*. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, | F. A. Kelly.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. *Pendarves* is gone down with Lady *Weymouth*,³ whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

¹ The God of Health poetically expressed.—Deane Swift.

² The physician who attended Gay in consultation with Arbuthnot. He was introduced by Pope, under the name of *Celsus* the chief Roman writer on medicine, into his imitation of Horace's *First Satire of the Second Book*, ll. 19–20.

'But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your Eyes.'

³ Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth, had just been married to a daughter of Lord Carteret. As he was a stepson of her uncle, Lord Lansdown, Mrs. Pendarves had known him all her life, and she accompanied the young couple to Longleat on their honeymoon.

July 1733

Swift to John Barber

Huntington Library HM 14383

Swift to John Barber

[July 1733]

My Lord.

Although I never read news, I often hear of Your Lordship's actions, and Speeches, particularly yours and the City address to the H. of Commons for throwing out that execrable bill of Excise, and your defence of the City, in the answer you gave to the Recorder on the subject of Ryots.¹ I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest Ministry, and in what hath been since call'd, the worst of Times, which I pray God we might live to see again.—Our friend Mr^s Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My Lord Orrery, although almost a Stranger to her, and very much embroyled in his affairs by a most villanous agent; hath been extremely generous to her, in easing her of one part of her load. And I hope by the Success of her poems, she will be made tolerably easy, and independing, as she well deserves for her Virtue and good Sense. My Lord Orrery is the delight of us all, But we wish him hanged for coming among us, since he cannot stay with us. Your Chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives; I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money; which I find he hath received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office . . . I hope he continues to behave himself well; and indeed I think him a very valuable young man. As to my self, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddyness, that I can not yet venture to take those Journeys that I used to make nothing of; and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with Your Lordship in your Mayoralty.² Doctor Delany lives very happily and hospitably,

¹ According to the life of *John Barber, Esq; Late Lord Mayor of London*, published by T. Cooper, 1741, pp. 52–53, he left 'no Means in his Power un-essayed to defeat a Project big with Slavery'. The withdrawal of the Excise Bill, the biographer avers, 'was perhaps more owing to himself, than to any one Gentleman in the Kingdom'.

² So far as his account-book shows, the longest journeys Swift took that year were to Castlerickard and Trim, where he stayed for the Bishop of Meath's visitation from 15 to 19 May. During the summer he did not go farther than the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. On 19 July he was at Howth, on 25th of

entertains his old friends and hath nothing to fight with but Envy, which he despises, and doth not in the least deserve, but by those from whom it is a Blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble your self to acquire more.

Your Lordship hath now got over more than half your difficultyes, I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equall reputation; so that the year of Your Mayoralty will be long remembered with honor.

I must desire leave to tell your Lordship, that I have not known a more bashfull, modest person than M^{rs} Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, Patrons, or Protectors for any favor; or is more thankfull for the smallest, Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lyes in your way, without trouble to Your self; And among other things, I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carryes her liberality as much too high, as our friend S^r Gilbert did his avarice.¹ I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten Copyes of her Poems; and she contrivd to send me presents that in my conscience are worth more than the money I subscribd.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it: | I am with true Respect | My Lord | Your Lordships most obedient humble Serv^t | J. Swift.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

Knole | 9 July 1733

Now sais Parson Swift what the Devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink,² I cant read a word ont without more

that month at Belcamp, where he stayed three days, and in August at the Grange with Lady Acheson's mother.—Ball.

¹ Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a predecessor of Barber as Lord Mayor of London (1710–11), reputed to be worth £700,000, was noted for his avarice. He was said to have complained of a small charge for the burial of his brother.

‘Sore sighs Sir G[ilbert], starting at the bray
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.’

Dunciad, ii. 241–2.

He died in January of this year.

[For note 2 see opposite.

9 July 1733

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

trouble than her silly scribble is worth, why sais I again; Ay tis the Wemen are always accused of having bad writing implements but to my comfort be it spoke this is his Grace My Lord Lieutenants Ink, My Bureau at London is so well furnished that his Grace & his Secretary makes¹ so much use ont that they are often obliged to give me half a crown that I maynt run out my Estate in Paper, tis very happy when a go between pleases both sides and I am very well pleased with my office for his grace is delighted that twas in his power to oblige you, so treve de Compliment, since I have declared my passion against a Bishop and a Parson tis but fare I shoud tell the Story, whether you care to hear it or Not, but if you dont I give you leave not to mind it, for now tis over Im calm again As to the Bishop I know neither his principals nor his parts but his Diocese is Peterborough² & therefore having a small Park in Northamptonshire which I had a mind to encrease by a small dab of addition to maké my house stand in the middle of it, three shillings and six-penny worth of the land p^r annum at the largest Computation belongs to the Church, for which my old Parson who flatters me black and Blue when he comes for a Sunday dinner & sais he loves me better than any body in the World has made me give him up in lieu of that land a House, and ground that lets for forty shillings a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour, and the Bishop has put me to ten times more charge than its worth, by sending Commissioners to view it, and makeing me give petitions and danceing me thro his Court besides a great dinner for his nasty People, well now ant I in the right to be angry, but perhaps you'l say if I will have my fancys I must pay for them, so Ill say no more about it, I hear poor M^{rs} Kelly is not near so well as she sais, and A Gentleman that came from Bristol sais she looks dreadfully and fears tis almost over with her and that no Mortal coud know her, so ends youth and Beauty, that's such a moral reflexion that least it shoud make you melancholy I will tell you something to please you, your old friend M^{rs} Floyd is perfectly recoverd and I think I have not seen her so well this great while, but winter is always her Bane

¹ Thus in the manuscript.

² Robert Clavering, 1671–1747, was promoted Bishop of Peterborough in 1729, a post which he succeeded in holding together with a Professorship of Hebrew at Oxford, a prebendal stall, and a rectory.

² This letter is written in exceptionally pale ink, a marked characteristic in general of Lady Betty's letters.

so I shall live in dread of that, In your next I shall desire to know what I'm in your debt for my sisters Monument, Adieu my Dear Good old and well beloved friend

Endorsed by Swift: Lady Elis. Germain | Rx Jul. 16th 1733 | Answd

Trinity College, Dublin, 1050 [1. 4. 7.]

Swift to Mrs. Swanton

[Deanery House, 12 July 1733]

Madam.¹

I have been considering the account you gave me of your eldest daughter's privately carrying her self out of your house and taking all her cloaths with her, determining to put her self out of your Protection . . . I have been assured that there is a man in the case, and that she hath been enticed by some Servant of yours to run into the arms of some beggarly rascal, who would pass for a Gentleman of fortune. Although such an action in a daughter whom you have used so well can deserve no pardon, yet I would have you leave her without excuse.² Send to her to come home. If she refuse send to her a second and third time, and if she still refuseth; Let her know, in plain terms, that you will never have the least correspondence with her, and when she is ruined, as will certainly be the case, that you will never see her, nor give or leave her or her children (if she shall have any) a morsel of bread. Let her know, You have given her fair warning, and if she will run into destruction with her eyes open, against common sense, and the opinion of all rational people, she hath none to blame but her self; And that she must not expect to move your compassion some years hence with the cries of half a dozen children at your door for want of bread. Let this and whatever you think proper, be writ to her in your own hand and let your letter be given her before witnesses, and keep a copy of it to produce when there is occasion; And show the Copy you keep, to any Acquaintance who may be willing to see it. And let whoever pleaseth,

¹ Mrs. Swanton, whose Christian name was Honoria, the elder daughter of Willoughby Swift (Swift's cousin), married Ferdinand Swanton. Cf. *Journal to Stella*, p. 563 and note.

² The word 'excuse' is written above the line.

12 July 1733

Swift to Mrs. Swanton

see this Letter of mine as the best advice I can give you. For¹ you are to suppose that you never had such a daughter, and that her children will have no more title to your charity, than the bratts and bastards of any other common beggar.² This is all I think necessary to say upon so disagreeable a Subject. So I conclude, | Madam Your most obedient serv^t | Jonath. Swift.

Deanry-house | Jul. 12th 1733.

Address: To M^{rs} Swanton | in S^t Peters street

Endorsed: July 12th 1733. | Letter of | Dean Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Glocester, 'July 21, 1733.

Sir,

May I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction.³ It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me; but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your

¹ After 'For' the words 'I think that' are scrawled out.

² In spite of Swift and her mother the girl married in the following year her admirer, one John Dalton, of whom when making her will twenty years later Mrs. Swanton showed much distrust.—Ball.

³ Swift's answer to Mrs. Pendarves's previous letter, 29 May 1733, together with other letters from him, was destroyed before her death. The destruction was due to Madame D'Arblay, who helped the old lady in arranging her correspondence and claimed to have destroyed 'all that could not be saved every way to Swift's honour'. Mrs. Delany herself did not object to the destruction (*Correspondence*, iv. 77) for she regretted the publication of her own letters to Swift by Deane Swift in 1768, over twenty years before her own death.

rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad *English*; you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, don't give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of *St. Patrick's*. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one. You must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left *London*. I attended Lord and Lady *Weymouth* down to *Long-Leat*, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give;¹ they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady *Carteret* are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord *Weymouth*; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady Dr. *Delany* can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from *Long-Leat* last *Saturday*, and am now at *Gloucester* with my mother and sister. My Lord *Bathurst* was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at *Oakley Wood*,² which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress, I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to *England*, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The

¹ See p. 174, n. 3.

² His seat near Cirencester where Swift had visited him with Pope and Gay in 1726.

21 July 1733

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Syren¹ has lately been at *Oxford*; we parted very unwillingly: she is extreemly obliged to you for remembring her so favourably. I am glad Mr. *Donnellan* pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man.² My Lord *Lansdown* is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady *Carteret*, and my Lady *Worsley*, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, | M. Pendarves.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. *Granville's, Gloucester*.³

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Bishop Stearne

July, 1733

My Lord,⁴

I have been often told by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder, that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disoblighed me.⁵ As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think anything of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends

¹ Her friend Miss Donnellan who had a fine voice and was an accomplished musician.

² Miss Donnellan's brother, the Rev. Christopher Donnellan, who was then a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. In his day he enjoyed reputation as an able preacher.

³ i.e. at her mother's house where she was staying.

⁴ Swift represents himself as writing in a friendly spirit, whereas he revives his old grievance at Stearne's failure to present him to one of the Dublin parishes in his gift. See Landa, *Swift and the Church of Ireland*, p. 179. At the same time Stearne is attacked for voting in favour of the Bills of Residence and Division. See *Poems*, pp. 801-5.

⁵ Friendly relations between Stearne and Swift had existed. See Swift's letter to Stearne of 28 Feb. 1723-4.

here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood:¹ You were afterwards Chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen Dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the Government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge Chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: But you thought fit, by concert with the Archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion;² because as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with Courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: Because upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, That I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your Lordship: And it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as

¹ Stearne as rector of Trim, Swift as vicar of Laracor.

² Stearne's appointment as Bishop of Dromore.

July 1733

Swift to Bishop Stearne

would have ill become me to a person of your station. For, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the Day of Judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your Lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tythes to the two incumbents, (the Fanatic's lease being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents 150*l.* which was what the Fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore,¹ one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same Fanatic for 300*l.* fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: The first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your

¹ Late Speaker of the Irish Parliament.

brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your Lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

Cottrell-Dormer Papers, Rousham

Swift to Mrs. Caesar

[Dublin, 30 July 1733]

Madam.

I could not let Mrs Barber leave us for good and all, without honoring her with the carriage of a Letter from Your old humble Servant and constant Lover. She hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakned, and Spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackned in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volume; for health and good humor are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade. But I hope your countenance and Protection will recover her Spirits, and her Hopes, and her Genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief Patroness; because, although she be abundantly gratefull to all her Protectors; yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same Journy; But neither my health, nor the bad State of my private affairs will give me Power or Leave . . . I cannot make Shifts, nor bear fatigues as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me; I must have two Servants, and three horses; and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged Church rents would never be payd in my absence. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope press me with many kind Invitations. But, the former is too much a Philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning till after noon; and when he hath dined; to his Study again . . . Mr Pope can neither eat nor drink; loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical Scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr Pope who had often promised to pass a Summer Season with me

30 July 1733

Swift to Mrs. Caesar

here, if he 'outlived his Mother', soon after her death, waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of Dean Cottrell¹ and his Sister . . . He said we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the Deanry-house. He would have all the civilities of this Town, and Mrs Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable Persons, and of both Sexes, with whom to converse. I chid him soundly in my last letter for his want of friendship or Resolution. You see Madam, I am full of talk; But you are to blame; for I imagine my self in your company; which indeed is no great compliment; and upon second thoughts it is not true; for I should be much better pleased to be your Hearer. However I should certainly ask You a thousand questions concerning Your self, and Mr Cesar, and Your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many Civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my Obligations; which are much increased by Mrs Barber's feeding my vanity with telling me, that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; Yet I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms.² Pray God bless you and your whole family with health and prosperity. I desire you will present my most humble Service to Mr Cesar.

I am with the truest respect | Madam, Your most obedient and | most obliged Servant | Jonath: Swift

Dublin. Jul. 30th 1733.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Sir Andrew Fountaine

Dublin. Jul. 30th 1733.

Sr³

This letter is sent by the hands of Mr^s Mary Barber, and I was glad of the opportunity to remember our old Acquaintance and

¹ Cf. Swift to Carteret, 3 July 1725. William Cotterell, one of Carteret's chaplains, was made Dean of Raphoe and afterwards Bishop of Ferns.

² In her *Poems on Several Occasions*, quarto edition, 1734, pp. 156, 236, Mrs. Barber addressed adulatory verses to Mrs. Caesar.

³ At the head of this letter is written in another hand: 'To Sir Andrew Fountaine | 10'. The original, with other Narford manuscripts, was sold at Sotheby's, 14 June 1902, and is now in the Morgan library. There is a copy in the Forster Collection.

friendship, and to try the force of the latter, by my recommending that Gentlewoman to your favor and Protection. She is the best Poetess of both Kingdoms, If there be any others they are behind her, longo intervallo. She came hither onely to settle some affairs, intending to return very soon; but was caught by a long fit of the Gout, and frequent returns; but is now well enough to depart in a few days. She had so many friends of great quality who encouraged her to print her poetical works by subscription, and went on with great Success, But having been confined here much longer than she expected, hath a little stopped her progress. I believe few persons have met with more considerable friends and Patrons than She; and very well deserves their favor, by her Virtue, her humility, Gratitude and Poetical Genius; She will have it, that my Recommendations have been of some service to her, and therefore I expect and desire that they may have equal power with you, and with all those friends over whom you have any influence. The Subscription is one Guinea, and if you do not get her a hundred Subscribers at least, I shall think my self disappointed, and at least two thirds of your old friendship for me dropt by time and absence.¹ I shall write to My new Lord Pembroke² on the same Subject, but in a more threatening style. Is he as good an Earl as he was a Lord Herbert? Is he spoylt by being a Courtier? can he still walk faster twenty miles than a Coach and six horses? Pray write to me on receipt of this; and convince me by your words and actions, that you will obey my commands; and believe me to be ever, Dear Knight Your most obedient and | most humble Servant | Jonath: Swift

Dublin. Jul. 30th 1733

¹ Swift and Fountaine appear to have drifted apart since the death of Queen Anne. This may have been due to positions which Fountaine held in the Court of George II, as Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline and tutor to the Duke of Cumberland. Further, on 14 July 1727, he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Warden of the Mint. The only reason for this letter was Swift's anxiety, in every possible way, to promote the interest of Mrs. Barber. Fountaine appears as a subscriber to her *Poems*, 1734, but for one copy only.

² Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Swift's friend of earlier days, had died on 22 Jan. of this year. He was succeeded by Henry, eldest son of his first wife, whose interest in building led to his being known as 'the architect Earl'.

2 August, 1733

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

Portland MSS. B.M. First Deposit

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin, 2 August 1733]

My Lord.

This Letter will be delivered you by Mrs Mary Barber, who coming over hither last Year on her private affairs was snapt by the Gout, who made her such frequent visits that it prevented her return to London for severall months. She is now well enough to undertake her voyage, and very easily prevayled with me to write in her favor to Your Lordship. She is by far the best Poet of her Sex in England, and is a virtuous modest Gentlewoman, with a great deal of good sense, and a true poetical Genius. Your Lordship must have often heard of her: for I believe you or My Lady Oxford or Lady Margaret, have subscribed for her poetical works, which would have been published before this time, if she had not been so long confined by her Illness here.

My request is that all your Family, Friends and Relations (who have not done it already) should by your commands immediatly become her Subscribers, and that My Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret shall be her particular Protectors.¹

I have some Correspondents in England who are so good at my request sometimes to send me an Account of Your Lordships Health, and the two Ladyes, without being obliged to any of you. Neither will I be ignorant in what concerns you, while I am alive, and any body left to write to me. Mr Pope promised to make me a Summer visit when his Mother should happen to dye; but he fayled me although soon after her Death he had the fairest opportunity, and the fairest weather to make the Journy in the most easy convenient manner, and in company with two of his friends. As to my self, neither my health, nor the very bad posture of my private affairs in this oppressed and starving pennyless Country, will hitherto allow me the power of seeing my friends in England, and neither of those Impediments are likely to be removed, but rather increase.

I have so many obligations to Your Lordships Father, and your

¹ In the list of subscribers to Mrs. Barber's *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1734, Lord Oxford appears as a contributor for four copies, Lady Oxford for one. Their daughter does not appear. The most generous single subscribers were the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Swift, and Delany, who each subscribed for ten copies.

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

2 August 1733

self and my Lady Oxford, that they hourly pester my Head in spight of my teeth, but God be thanked these Incumbrances will be all cleared at my Death, And I am glad you will have no claim of thanks on My Wife and Children, who will never get one farthing from any of your generation.

Pray God long continue Your Lordship and the Ladyes in Prosperity and health. and I desire you will be so just to believe me ever with the utmost gratitude and greatest Respect | My Lord, | Your Lordship's most obedient, | and most obliged humble | servant. |
Jonath Swift.

Dublin. Aug. 2^d | 1733

Since I writ this letter upon talking with M^{rs} Barber, she told me with the greatest marks of gratitude, what Honor and favor she received from Your Lordship and my Lady Oxford.¹

Address: To the Right Honorable | the Earl of Oxford

Endorsed below the address: sent here by M^{rs} Barbar | Janu. 24. 1733/4.

Deane Swift 1768

John Barber to Swift

Goldsmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

Sir,

I thank you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter,² and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country; and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

¹ It seems unlikely that Mrs. Barber can have communicated to Swift the nature of her letter of 9 June 1731 addressed to Lord Oxford.

² July 1733.

6 August 1733

John Barber to Swift

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us, and when he comes over, your loss will be our gain, as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. *Pilkington's* affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent; generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. *Barber*, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard,¹ the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords *Bolingbroke*, *Carteret*, *Winchelsea*,² *Gower*,³ and Mr. *Pulteney*; and among other things your name was mentioned, and Lord *Carteret* instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I should offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord *Carteret* pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a —.

¹ 'You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard'. *All's Well*, II. v. 35. Cf. Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, i. 1. Custard was a famous dish at the Lord Mayor's banquet. See *A Tale of a Tub*, section xi *ad fin.*

² The son of Swift's old enemy Dismal.

³ Related to the Duchess of Queensberry and a friend of Gay.

I dined yesterday with Lord *Bolingbroke* only; he complains you don't write to him; he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of *Dublin* to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.¹

What you tell Mr. *Pilkington* of my speaking disrespectfully of the *Irish* is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the *Irish*.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant, | John Barber.

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Kelly to Swift

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I am truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with *Barber's* account of your not being as well as I wish you.² For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your | F. A. Kelly.

¹ Barber, who contested the city of London in the following year, refers to the efforts which Swift was then making to secure the return as a member for the city of Dublin of 'the good Lord Mayor', Humphrey French, whom he greatly admired. See *Prose Works*, Temple Scott, vii. 309-16, and *Poems*, 1132-3.

² Evidently Swift had not answered Miss Kelly's letter of 8 July. She may have heard from Mrs. Barber by letter, or seen her in London.

20 August 1733

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

Mrs. Barber's Poems 1734

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

[Dublin, 20 August 1733]

My Lord,¹

I lately receiv'd a Letter from Mrs. *Barber*; wherein she desires my Opinion about dedicating her Poems to your Lordship; and seems in Pain to know how far she may be allow'd to draw your Character, which is a Right claim'd by all Dedicators, And she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprizing Instances of your Generosity and Favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your Lordship's Advantage, will be interpreted as the mere Effect of Flattery, under the Style and Title of Gratitude.

I sent her Word, that I could be of no Service to her upon this Article: Yet I confess, my Lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her Encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing Spirit of Thankfulness, as well as to the humble Opinion she hath of herself. Altho' the World in general may possibly continue in its usual Sentiments, and list her in the common Herd of Dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature Deliberation, I concluded that the Office of setting out your Lordship's Character, will not come properly from her Pen, for her own Reasons: I mean the great Favours you have already conferr'd on her. And God forbid, that your Character should not have a much stronger Support. You are hourly gaining the Love, Esteem, and Respect of wise and good Men: And in due Time, if Mrs. *Barber* can but have a little Patience, you will bring them all over, in both Kingdoms, to a Man: I confess the Number is not great; but that is not your Lordship's Fault, and therefore, in Reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the Topicks she intends to insist on; Your learning, your Genius, your Affability, Generosity, the Love you bear to your native Country, and your Compassion for this; the Goodness of your Nature, your Humility, Modesty, and Condescension, your most agreeable Conversation, suited to all Tempers, Conditions, and Understandings: Perhaps she may be so weak to add the

¹ This letter is printed in Mrs. Barber's volume before the dedication, which is to Lord Orrery.

Regularity of your Life, that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the Doctrine of the Church establish'd in both Kingdoms.

These, and other Topicks, I imagine Mrs. *Barber* designs to insist on, in the Dedication of her Poems to your Lordship; but I think she will better show her Prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my Lord, I cannot disapprove of her Ambition, so justly plac'd in the Choice of a Patron; and at the same Time declare my Opinion, that she deserveth your Protection on account of her Wit and good Sense, as well as of her Humility, her Gratitude, and many other Virtues. I have read most of her Poems; and believe your Lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the Reproof of some Vice or Folly, or recommending some Virtue. She never writes on a Subject with general unconnected Topicks, but always with a Scheme and Method driving to some particular End; wherein many Writers in Verse, and of some Distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical Genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her Sex, or the Scene she hath acted in, as the Wife of a Citizen. Yet I am assured, that no Woman was ever more useful to her Husband in the Way of his Business. Poetry hath only been her favourite Amusement; for which she hath one Qualification, that I wish all good Poets possess'd a Share of, I mean, that she is ready to take Advice, and submit to have her Verses corrected, by those who are generally allow'd to be the best Judges.¹

I have, at her Entreaty, suffer'd her to take a Copy of this Letter, and given her the Liberty to make it public. For which I ought to desire your Lordship's Pardon: but she was of Opinion it might do her some Service; and therefore I comply'd. I am, my Lord, with the truest Esteem and Respect, | Your Lordship's | Most Obedient Servant, | Jonathan Swift.

Dublin, August | 20. 1733.

¹ Swift's enthusiasm for Mrs. Barber led him into an unjustified estimate of her gifts. Several pieces in her *Poems on Several Occasions*, further, are not hers. 'Apollo's Edict', *Poems*, 1734, 105, doubtfully by Swift, was printed here with variations. 'Stella and Flavia', p. 126, is claimed for Jabez Earle, and is almost certainly not by Mrs. Barber. Mrs. Pilkington, *Memoirs*, iii (1745), 69, says that Mrs. Barber's poems, 'dull as they were, they certainly would have been much worse', had they not been corrected by Swift, Delany, Mrs. Grierson, herself, and her husband. Mrs. Barber's volume, dated 1734, was advertised as early as 20 Oct. 1733 as 'In the Press' (*Daily Journal*).

29 August 1733

Swift to Miss Rebecca Dingley

Williams Collection, University Library, Cambridge

Swift to Miss Rebecca Dingley

[Wednesday, 29 August 1733]

If you are disposed to be easy and chearfull, I will send something for dinner to your Lodgings, and eat it with you, and Mrs Ridgeway, with a Bottle of wine, and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But M^{rs} Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do not like this proposall, send me word. I would dine a little after two.¹

Wednesday Augst 29. 1733.

11 a clock.

Address: To M^{rs} Dingley

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Sept. 1, 1733.

I have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things;² and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of my self, and (what is worse) sick of my

¹ The original of this letter is in the possession of the editor. It was also transcribed by John Lyon in his copy of Hawkesworth, *Life of Swift*, on an inserted leaf, Forster 579. On the original letter, on the leaf bearing the address, a brief money addition has been made:

1 - 1

0 - 10

0 - 11

0 - 5

3 - 4

It will be noted that the addition is incorrect. It may have been related to the cost of the dinner. Lyon has a note: 'M^{rs} Dingley's Lodgings were at the House of a Cabinet Maker in Grafton Street, Dublin.' According to Lyon Ridgeway was an idle spendthrift, who compelled his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Brent, to think of selling the annuity which is mentioned in the codicil of Swift's will (*Prose Works*, xi. 417). Swift stepped in to save the situation, and Mrs. Ridgeway enjoyed the annuity for nearly thirty years after Swift's death. Lyon was a witness of the codicil.

² In reply to Swift's letter of 8 July.

friends too. The world is become too busy for me, everybody so concern'd for the publick, that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between! In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness, (considering the oppression of cholical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way: Let your hungry Poets and your rhyming Peers¹ digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness: Nature is so much a better thing than artifice. I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I, as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when

¹ Pope, 1742, prints 'Poets'. For this anticipation of *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 16, see Twickenham ed., iv. 97 and n.

1 September 1733

Alexander Pope to Swift

*every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in Politicks and in Religion.*¹

Adieu. All you love, are yours, but all are busy, except dear Sir, your sincere friend.

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Anne Donnellan to Swift

London, Sept. 22, 1733.

Sir,²

Knowing your great esteem and tenderness for Miss *Kelly*, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health, I think, in a much worse way than when she came to *London*: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I can't but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not Miss *Kelly*'s case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I can't find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being

¹ Ball suggests this is an allusion to his metaphysical studies with Bolingbroke. Sherburn regards it as 'An inexplicable remark!'.
² Allusion has already been made to Miss Donnellan, a friend of Mrs. Pendarves and of Miss Kelly.

supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at *Bristol* were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and above all to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high; you know, Sir, how best to apply to these. She is at *Hampstead* quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone: even Mrs. *Rooke*¹ and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have anything to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, to Mrs. *Anne Shuttleworth*, at Mr. *Fourdain's*, in *Conduit-street*. I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to Miss *Kelly* will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and that I am sure must give you uneasiness; but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant, | Anne Donnellan.

¹ Admiral Rooke's daughter-in-law. Cf. Miss Kelly to Swift, 2 June 1733, *ad fin.*

9 October 1733

Swift to Charles Ford

Harvard University Library

Swift to Charles Ford

Dublin Oct^{br} 9th 1733

It¹ is very long since I writ to you, or heard from you; and indeed it is long since I writ to any body else, For I have been some months in² a bad dispirited way with Deafness, and giddyness, and Fluxes. I am now and have been a month confined to the house, by the two former aylment[s], though the last hath left me at present. I let no Company see me except³ Mr Worrall and his wife, who is a chearfull woman with a clear voice, She sends me vittels and they both generally dine with me, and sit the evenings. I have been twice severely vomited, to the utmost I could possibly bear, but without amendment. I believe my disorder is particular, and out of the Experience of our Physicians here: Doc^{tr} Helsham the best of them is very kind and visits me constantly. My Spirits are quite broke.

Mr Crosswaight called here last week, and desired I would let him have the Lease from you to one Joseph Troy,⁴ whom he is to eject, and could not proceed without that Lease. I took his Receipt, with promise to return it, and sent it to him, for, see him I could not. Being your Agent, I thought he might be trusted. If I had been well I should have writ to you a good while ago, upon an occasion that perhaps you may have heard of in Advertisements. A Printer of this Town⁵ applyed himself to me by letters and friends for leave to print in four volumes the Works of J S D D, &c. I answered that as I could not hinder him, so I would not encourage him, but that he should take care not to charge me with what I never writ. There is no Propriety of Copyes here; they print what they please. The man behaved himself with all respect, and since it was an evil I could not avoyd, I had rather they should be printed correctly than otherwise. Now, you may please to remember how much I complained of Motts

¹ Ball, iv. 444, printing only part of this letter, took his text from Birkbeck Hill, *Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift*, p. 205. The original letter, formerly in the possession of Harold Murdock, is now in the library of Harvard University. The letter was printed from the original by Professor Nichol Smith, *Letters to Ford*, pp. 152–5. Ball's date, 29 June 1733, is wrong. Cf. also *Review of English Studies*, iii (1927), 470.

² 'in' over 'and' struck out.

³ Manuscript 'expect'.

⁴ A tenant of Ford's, otherwise unknown.

⁵ George Faulkner.

Swift to Charles Ford

9 October 1733

suffering some friend of his (I suppose it was Mr Took a Clergy-man now dead¹) not onely to² blot out some things that he thought might give offence, but to insert a good deal of trash contrary to the Author's manner and Style, and Intention. I think you had a Gulliver interleaved and set right in those mangled and murdered Pages. I inquired afterwards of severall Person[s] where that Copy was; some said Mr Pilkington had it, but his Wife sent me word she could not find it. Other[s] said it was in Mr Corbet's³ hands. On my writing to him,⁴ he sent a loose Paper⁵ with very little except literall corrections in your hand. I wish you would please to let me know, whether You have such an interleaved Gulliver; and where and how I could get [it]; For to say the truth, I cannot with patience endure that mingld and mangled manner, as it came from Mottes hands; and it will be extreme difficult for me to correct it by any⁶ other means, with so ill a memory, and in so bad a State of health. Pray God restore⁷ and continue yours. I can hold down my head no longer. My Service to all my friends, I am ever &c.

J:S.

Address: To Charles Ford Esq^r | To be left at the Coco-tree | in Pell-Mell |
London

Postmarks: Dublin and 17 OC

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Glocester, Oct. 24, 1733.

Sir,

I can't imagine how my lord *Orrery* came by my last letter to you;⁸ I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it

¹ The Rev. Andrew Tooke, son of Benjamin Tooke, Swift's 'bookseller'. He was appointed Master of the Charterhouse in 1728, and was an usher of the school when he was employed to revise *Gulliver*. In 1720 he had revised William Walker's *Treatise of English Particles*. He died 20 Jan. 1732, but survived to the time of Keats, and even later, in 'Tooke's *Pantheon*'.—Nichol Smith.

² 'not onely to' after 'to' struck out.

³ Afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's.

⁴ 'him' over 'me' struck out.

⁵ 'Paper' over 'Sheet' struck out.

⁶ 'any' over 'no' struck out.

⁷ 'restore' after 'cont' struck out.

⁸ 21 July 1733.

24 October 1733

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

of more consequence to you; if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter, but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopt my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I can't guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I don't know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. *Delany's* sett:¹ the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure, as that I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my Lord and Lady *Bathurst* at *Cirencester*. *Oakley* wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and, when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in *England*. My Lord *Bathurst* talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My Lord *Bathurst* has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an *Irish cabbin*. It is now a venerable castle, and has been

¹ Because he would have returned to Dublin from Delville.

taken by an antiquarian for one of King *Arthur's*, 'with thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild.' I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My Lord *Bathurst* was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next Parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of *Naboth's* vineyard and *Delville*. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the *Beau monde* flock to *London*, to see her Royal Highness disposed of;¹ whilst I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the *Court*. Is this virtue, or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after *Christmas*. I shall spend one month in my way to *London* at *Long-Leat*: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but tis a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, | M. Pendarves.

4806

*The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift*Ambresbury No: y^e 3^d | 1733

Dear Sir

I was mightily pleas'd to receive a letter from you last post,² yet I am so ungratefull that I will not thank you for it, & may be you do not deserve it; the cruellest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting ones self) is that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one in order to shock them into better behaviour, as I have tryd this trick my self & that strong appearances are against me, I must defend my self & then you'll own I do not quite deserve Chastisement. the post before I left this place I received a letter from you which I design'd to have answerd before I left London & England, but was hindred in both for some time by an Express which hurried us down to Winchester school to take care of our little Boy there,

¹ The eldest daughter of George II. Her marriage to William Prince of Orange was, however, postponed owing to the Prince having been taken seriously ill on the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony.

² The last letter from Swift to the Duchess which has been preserved was dispatched seven months previously, 23 Mar. 1732-3.

3 November 1733

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

who was violantly ill of a feavour, from that time till I came to Spa we were never at home & as soon as I began the watters writing could not be done with my bad head, since I left that place & grew well I have been still upon the ramble—after all these are not very substantiall good reasons—but upon my word I did design it in order to which two days ago I washed out the mould out of my ink-horn put fresh ink into it & promised my self to write to you this very post pleasing my self with the fancy that this would reach you & convince you that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put Me in mind of you, I could not fail to gain Credit if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction y^r letters give me I have seldome met with any half so conversable I do not only pitty but grieve at those complaints you mention, they are a Cruell incumbrance to you, why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate Creatures who have nothing in their heads. I was & am realy sorry that you could not goe with us to the Spa I am confidant it must have done you good, I cannot discribe the vast difference I felt after drinking the watters a week & am still much better than I ever expected to be, tho not quite free of the complaints in my head, they are greatly lessen'd. I have three or four letters to write this very night so have not time to think of answering your letter. this is only a volounteer affter which I may with greater assurance desire you to believe that I am with constancy regard & respect y^{rs}——

Address: To | the Rev^d Doctor Swift | Dean of S^t Patrick's in | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 6 NO

Endorsed by Swift: D—ss. Qu—ry. | Rx Nov^r 17th 1733. | Answd. Dec^b 22^d | 1733¹

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Ford to Swift

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I² had the favour of your letter in *Derbyshire*,³ from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your

¹ The answering letter is not forthcoming.

² This letter was first printed by Deane Swift. The original is not known.

³ That of 9 Oct.

health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the *Bath* waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with *Pope*, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them.¹ I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the Queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. *Corbet* that paper to correct his *Gulliver* by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first,² and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to *Ireland*. All books are printed here now by subscription; if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. *Crosthwaite* will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised that the Test Act should be repealed this session in Ireland. I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been or is to be made towards it, and how it is like to succeed.³

¹ *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1727–8.

² Motte adopted in his 'second edition' of *Gulliver*, 1727, all save two or three of the corrections to the text sent to him by Ford in January of that year.

³ As early as 30 Dec. 1730 Walpole wrote to Dorset urging him to promote a bill for the relief of dissenters by a repeal of the Test (H.M.C., *Stopford-Sackville MSS.* i. 147). At the opening of the Irish Parliament in Oct. 1733 Dorset urged 'a firm Union amongst all Protestants, who have one common Interest'. Swift entered the campaign with *The Advantages propos'd by Repealing the Sacramental Test impartially considered*, which was published in Dublin, Feb. 1731–2, and

We have lost miss *Kelly*,¹ who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one *Gorman*.² Doctor *Beaufort* was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election.³ He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. *Worral*, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than chearfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged,
 &c.

A Catalogue⁴ of Pamphlets and Papers, which I have bound, and those marked * single. I believe I can have any of the others from Ald. B.⁵

* Conduct of the Allies.

* Remarks on the Barrier Treaty.

* Advice to the October Club.

later reprinted in London. This was followed by *Queries*, 1732, and *The Presbyterian's Plea of Merit* which came out in 1733 in time for the opening of Parliament. In the end it was determined that the bill was impracticable and that no prospect of success attended it (Boulter to the Duke of Newcastle, *Letters*, ii. 85). Cf. *Prose Works*, vol. xii, ed. Davis, pp. xl-xlvi.

¹ 'Yesterday at Six in the Morning dy'd, in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty, of a consumptive Illness, the celebrated Miss Frances Arabella Kelley, Daughter of Dennis Kelley, Esq; of the Kingdom of Ireland, Grandaughter to Walter late Lord Bellew in the said Kingdom, and Niece to the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Strafford.' *The London Evening-Post*, 1-3 Nov. 1733.

² Dr. John Gorman was a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. Dr. John Beaufort was a doctor of medicine of Cambridge. See Munk, *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, ii. 37, 110.

³ Barber failed to be chosen in the general election of 1734.

⁴ This catalogue was omitted by Deane Swift and was first printed by Scott in his *Memoirs of Swift*, 1814, i. 415-16. Scott says that the list was 'subjoined to the letter in the original MS.' Ball first restored it to its proper place among the Letters.

⁵ Barber.

A new Journey to Paris.

Remarks on the Letter to the Seven Lords appointed to examine Gregg.

- * Some Reasons to prove that no Whig is obliged to oppose her Majesty.

Importance of the Guardian.

- * Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction.

Mr. Collins's Discourse of Free-thinking abstracted, for the Use of the Poor.

Public Spirit of the Whigs.

- * Horace *Strenuus et Fortis*.¹

- * Examiners, from Number 13 to Number 45.

- * Toland's Invitation to Dismal.

- * Ballad upon Not in Game.²

- * Peace and Dunkirk, a Song.

- * Windsor Prophecy.

- * Hugh and Cry after Dismal.

- * Pretender's Letter to a Whig Lord.

Some Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs, never printed.

4806

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

Ambresbury Nov^{br} ye 10th | 1733

Dear Sir,

I have only stay'd to give time for my letter getting to you,³ there's some satisfaction in setting down to write Now that I am something less in your debt, I mean by way of letter. To spake seriously I must love contradiction more than ever woman did if I did not obey yr comands for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you, if you have heard of my figure abroad; tis no more than I have done on both sides of my Ears (as the saying is) for I did not Cut & curl my hair like a sheeps head or weare one of their trolloping⁴ sacks, & by so not doing I did give some offence. we have seen many

¹ Part of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated, 1713. *Poems*, p. 169.

² An Excellent New Song, Being the Intended Speech of a famous Orator against Peace, 1711. *Poems*, p. 141.

³ Her letter of 3 Nov.

⁴ 'trolloping' written over a previous word.

10 November 1733

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

very fine Towns & travelled through good roads & pleasant Countreyes particularly flanders, I liked because tis the likest to England. the Inns were very unlike those at home being much cleaner & better served, so here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice; as to the civilizing any of that Nation it would imploy more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare, they are the only people I ever saw that was quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so—will you eat; will you play at cards; are literally the tip top well bred phrases in use, the french People we mett with are quite of n’other turn polite & easy, one is the natural consequence of the other tho a secrett that few have discovered. I can bring you an irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wishd for you many many times during this journey perticularly at Spa where I imagin’d you might have been mending every day as fast as I did, & you are a base man to say that any such impedimentt as you mentiond thwarted y^r jorney, for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. it were unnecessary to say this now if we had no thoughts of ever going again, but tis what I am strongly advised to, tho I should not much want it. & I am not averse; travelling agrees with me & makes me good humour’d, at home I am generally more nice than wise but on the road nothing comes amis. at Calais we were wind bound four or five days, & I was very well contented, when the wind changed I was delighted to go, as impatience is generally my reigning distemper you may imagine how I must be allarm’d at this sudden alteration till I happily recole[c]ted two instances where I was my self the one at Breddaw¹ where an innkeeper let drop—if you mean to go—an houer & half after we had told him fifty times that we positively would go on, the other at Amsterdame where we met with a very incurious gentleman who affirmed there was nothing worth seeing, tho besides the town which far surpass’d my imagination there happend to be a most famous fair. tis long since those two verses of M^r Dryden Simon are strictly applicable to me—her Corn & cattle are her only care, & her suprem delight a Country fare,²—I shall forgitt to name my irish freind—tis M^r Coote³ he is in all appearance a modest well bred spleenatick

¹ i.e. Breda.

² Adapted from Dryden’s ‘Cymon and Iphigenia’, ll. 77–78.

³ Charles, eldest son of the Hon. Thomas Coote, Judge, who died at Cootehill in 1741. The son became father of Charles, Earl of Bellamont (Lodge’s *Peerage*, iii. 215).

good naturd man, I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant & so we became acquainted, he has a very great regard for you Sr & there we agree'd again; we were all highly pleasd with him he seems to have a better way of thinking than is common & not to want for sense or good humour. I have writ, & much too often yet must obey whilst I tell you that I do use exercise, designedly never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomack than of my mind—at some time proof against any thing, & othertimes too easily shock'd. but time & care can certainly make stronge defence. I will obey y^r commands & so will his grace concerning Mr^s Barber as soon as we come to London (where we stay'd but three days, we are now at Ambresbury; but pray direct for me at London, I doubt we can do her little good, for as for my part I have few acquaintance & little intrest. I will beleive every thing you say of her; tho I have hitherto ever had a naturall aversion to a Poetess. I am come almost to the end of my paper before I have half done with you, it was a rule (I remember) with poor Mr Gay & I never to exceed three pages, I am vext at what I hear of his sisters about your affair,¹ I long to hear from you that I may have an excuse to write again for I doubt it would be carring the joke to far to trouble you too often Adieu Dear Sir health & hapiness attend you ever

I fear I have written so very ill that I am quite unintelligible, his grace is very much y^{rs}²

Address: To | the Rev^d Doctor Swift Dean | of S^t Patricks | at Dublin | in Ireland

Endorsed by Swift: D—ss Qu—rry | Rx No^r 20. 1733 | Answrd Dec^r 22^d | 1733

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pratt to Swift

London, Nov. 10, 1733.

Sir,³

Not many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. *Barber*, whose turn seems to give the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve

¹ i.e. the money which he had left in Gay's charge.

² This paragraph is written on the verso of the second leaf.

³ Mrs. Pratt, the wife of Captain John Pratt, Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, seems to have adopted a permanent residence in England after her husband's imprisonment for defalcations in the public accounts, 1725.

10 November 1733

Mrs. Pratt to Swift

her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? Is not Mr. *Pope* a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like *Pitt's* diamond,¹ you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my lord *Shelburne*² and you have not met, although he has been some time in *Dublin*, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you send to my lord *Dunkerin*,³ who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant, |
H. Pratt.

Deane Swift 1768⁴

John Barber to Swift

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

As I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to

¹ The Earl of Chatham's grandfather received the sobriquet of Diamond Pitt from the diamond which he sold to the French Regent for £135,000.

² Henry Petty, 1675?-1751, who was created Baron Shelburne in 1699, and in 1719 Viscount Dunkeron and Earl Shelburne. He is frequently mentioned in the *Journal to Stella*.

³ Lord Dunkeron, who appears to have been a person of unpleasant character (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 259), was Lord Shelburne's only son. He died before his father.

⁴ A draft of this letter is also extant.

you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from *Goldsmiths-Hall* to *Queen's-Square*, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. *Pilkington*, who has received more than I mentioned,¹ and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>			
Salary	20	0	0			
Gratuity	25	0	0			
Gratuity extraordinary	21	0	0			
	<hr/>			£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
				66	0	0
From my Lord Mayor				50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the Mayor				10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed				4	0	0
				<hr/>		
				£130	0	0
				<hr/>		

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the *Summer* for two months, when the Mayor went on *Sundays* to his own chapel at *Guild-hall*, and his chaplain read prayers for eight *Sunday* mornings only; for which the Mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. *Edward Walpole*, from whom he has great dependences.²

¹ See Barber to Swift, 6 Aug. 1733. In the draft the account is condensed to 'In the whole—130-0-0'.

² Sir Robert Walpole's second son. He was in Ireland when Pilkington

17 November 1733

John Barber to Swift

I recommended him to Mr. Alderman *Champion*, who got the Primate's¹ wife's brother to write in his favour to the Primate. And he talks of the living of *Colerain's* being vacant;² if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, Sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord *Bolingbroke* complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next *Summer*. We rejoice much at my brother *French's* success.³ I know you don't deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, John Barber.

P.S. Why Mr. *Pilkington* should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.⁴

crossed to England and the two went in company in the government yacht (Mrs. *Pilkington's Memoirs*, i. 124).

¹ Boulter.

² The rectory of Coleraine in the county of Londonderry was in the presentation of the Irish Society.—Ball.

³ French's successor in the mayoral chair opposed him in his candidature for the representation of the city of Dublin, but retired on 29 Oct. 'finding his interest too weak'. The result was received with acclamation.

⁴ In a draft the postscript is written twice, with insignificant differences. Mrs. *Pilkington* had gone to England in Mrs. Barber's company. The idea of joining her husband was, she says, put into her head by his expressing a wish in one of his letters that she was in London, but she stole away from Dublin without communicating with him or telling any of her friends. According to her account she found him much devoted to an actress and anxious that she should seek solace during his absence in the society of his friend James Worsdale, the portrait painter, and on the expiration of his year of office as chaplain she was forced to return to Dublin alone, as he announced his intention of remaining in London, in the hope that Edward Walpole would provide for him, and of lodging with Worsdale (*Memoirs*, i. 153 ff.).—Ball.

*Swift to Charles Ford*Dublin. Nov^r 20th 1733¹

I have reason to take it extremely ill that in your letter just come to my hands, you said not one Syllable concerning your health, and it was so long since I heard from you, either by your self or Cross-weight, that although I guessed you were passing the Summer with some friends in the Country as usuall, yet I was in pain lest your former disorder might return, for I cannot commend you as a cautious person in preventing Sickness by Temperance and Exercise. I agree with your notions of Physick and Physicians, and have as little faith in them as in Mahomet or the Pope. But I sometimes reason, that in London where there are twenty people to one more than here, there must be twenty to one more experience. I am sure there is not one Patient in my case through this whole Kingdom. And although in the London Dispensatory approved by² the Physicians there are Remedyes named both for Giddyness and deafness, none of them that I can find, were prescribed to me. I have the Book, but my books are so confused that I can not find it, nor would value it if I did.³ The Doctors here think that both these Aylments in me are united in their Causes, but they were not always so; for one has often⁴ left me when the other stayd. They have now continued longer than ever I knew them, which I impute to increasing years, and consequently a greater weakness in my nerves. I am not so bad as I was, but my deafness lessens or increases as it thinks fit. I ride as far as Hoath every fair day, and am generally better for a day or two after. This is too much in conscience to trouble you with, and hath too much of the old woman, but you have so erred in the other extreme, that you well deserve the Punishment. It is reckoned that the Test will be repealed. It is said that 30000¹¹ have been

¹ Ball mentions this letter, v. 46, as sold at Sotheby's on 8 July 1905, and again disposed of on 15 Dec. 1906. The text is not printed. The original is in the Pierpont Morgan Library. It was first printed by Professor Nichol Smith, *Letters to Ford*, p. 159.

² 'approved by' over 'allowed' struck out.

³ 'Fulleri Pharmacopaea. Lond. 1708' (i.e. Thomas Fuller's *Pharmacopoeia extemporanea*, 4th edition) appears in the list of Swift's books in 1715. It disappeared later, and was not included in the sale catalogue.

⁴ 'often' inserted above the line.

20 November 1733

Swift to Charles Ford

returned from England; and 20000¹¹ raised here from Servants, Laborers, Farmers, Squires, Whigs &c to promote the good Work. Half the Bishops will be on their side. Pamphlets pro and con fly about. One is called *The Presbyterian Plea of Merit examined*: perhaps if you saw it, you might guess the writer.¹ Dr. Tisdell² writes a weekly Paper called the *Correspondent*, generally very poor and Spiritless. But we all conclude the Affair desperate. For the money is sufficient among us—to abolish Christianity it self. All the People in Power are determined for the repeal, and some of your acquaintance, formerly Toryes, are now on the same side. I have been in no condition to stir in it.

I gave you an account in my last how against my will a Man here is printing the Works of &c by Subscription. Gulliver vexeth me more than any. I thought you had entred in leaves interlined all the differences from the originall Manuscript. Had there been onely omissions, I should not care one farthing; but change of Style, new things foysted in, that are false facts, and I know not what, is very provoking. Motte tells me He designs to print a new Edition of Gulliver in quarto, with Cutts and all as it was in the genuin copy.³ He is very uneasy about the Irish Edition.⁴ All I can do is to strike out the Trash in the Edition to be printed here, since you can not help me. I will order your name, as you desire, among the Subscribers.⁵ It was to avoyd offence, that Motte got those alterations and insertions to be made I suppose by Mr Took the Clergyman deceased. So that I fear the second Edition will not mend the matter, further than as to litteral faults. For instance, The Title of one Chapter is of the Queens administration without a prime Minister &c, and so accordingly in the Chapter it is said that she had no chief

¹ The writer, as Ford would guess, was Swift himself. The attempt to repeal the test ended in failure.

² *The Correspondent* ran to six numbers. There is a complete set in the Bradshaw Collection, no. 1293, in the University Library, Cambridge. This passage casts doubts on Swift's authorship of *A Narrative of the Several Attempts for a Repeal of the Sacramental Test* which originally formed numbers iii and iv, and has been printed among Swift's *Works*. The style also does not suggest Swift's writing.

³ Motte did not carry out his design. The next London edition was that of Bathurst in 1742, the volume forming one of a set; and the first quarto edition was part of Hawkesworth's first volume of a set dated 1755.

⁴ 'the Irish Edition' over 'Mottes Copy' struck out.

⁵ Ford's name duly appears in the list of subscribers to Faulkner's edition of the *Works*, 1735.

Swift to Charles Ford

20 November 1733

Minister &c: Besides, the whole Sting is taken out¹ in severall passages, in order to soften them. Thus the Style is debased, the humor quite lost, and the matter insipid.

I follow your advice in amusing my self with all Trifles that my health will permit. What is more, I drink a whole Bottle of wine every day, a Pint at noon, and the same at night. I dine constantly at home, with one or two friends whom I can be easy with, and therefore in that point sans consequence. I can not think of travelling out of this kingdom under five thousand pounds a year, as I writ to a Lady lately come from Spa²—who would have had me be of her retinue, but she would not let me have the money. In short, there is one comfort here, that I am at home, in a convenient house, have people to take care of me, and with the diminution of my little revenue by 300¹¹ per ann. can give a dish of meat, and moderate wine to one or two friends; But this was by a piece of prudence I learned from you, who in all your expensiveness still kept a purse in case of exigences. My temporal Fortune is in the utmost Confusion, and of 200¹¹ a year that I ought to receive for interest, I never get one peny. Otherwise I could be perfectly easy as to the article of living, though not of travelling, and lodging at Inns, and making shifts, and wanting tender people about me.—In Your Catalogue of Pamphlets there are some I do not remember, I mean, *Journey to Paris*, *Remarks about Greg*, *Peace and Dunkirk*, *Windsor Prophecy*, *Pretenders Letter to a Whig Lord*. I fancy I did not write any of these.³ And, as for the rest, they were temporary occasional things, that dye naturally with the Change of times, and therefore I do not think any Printer in London, much less here, would concern himself about them.

Pray God preserve you in health. I have quite shaken off young Ford, and hear nothing of him. I am ever entirely yours, &c.

Address: To | Charles Ford Esq^r at the | Coco-tree in Pell-mell | London

Postmarks: Dublin and 30 NO

¹ 'out' after 'off' obliterated.

² The Duchess of Queensberry.

³ A quite extraordinary lapse of memory.

27 November 1733

The Countess Granville to Swift

4806

The Countess Granville to Swift

Hannes Nov. 27 1733

Dear S^r

I have received the honour of y^r commands² & shall obey them, for I am very proud of your remembrance, I dont know we ever quarrelled, but if we did, I am as good a Xtian as you are, in perfect charity with you: my son my daughter & all our olive branches salute you most tenderly & I never wish'd so much as I doe now that I were bright & had a genious w^{ch} cou'd entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertains me daily, w^{ch} I read over & over with fresh delight, will you never come into England & make Hannes your road,³ you'l find nothing here to offend you for I am a Hermit & live in my Chimney corner, have no ambition but that you'l beleive I am the charming Deans | most Obedient humble ser^{vt} | Granville

Address: For | The Reverend D^r | Swift Dean of S^t Patricks | at Dublin | Ireland | By London

Postmark: [2]8 NO

Endorsed by Swift: Countess of Granville | Dec^{br} 6th 1733.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Conduitt to Swift

George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

Sir,⁴

Mrs. *Barber* did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding⁵ brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the

¹ The writer of this letter was Lord Carteret's mother, Lady Grace Granville, daughter of the first Earl of Bath, who married the first Baron Carteret, who died in 1695. She had thus been a widow for nearly forty years. The title by which she signs this letter had been granted to her by George I.

² To become a subscriber to Mrs. Barber's *Poems*. She was a contributor for one copy.

³ Haynes near Ampthill in Bedfordshire.

⁴ Deane Swift, in a footnote, tells us that this letter was endorsed by Swift, 'My old friend Mrs. *Barton*, now Mrs. *Conduitt*'. For Mrs. Conduitt, who married John Conduitt, Isaac Newton's successor as Master of the Mint, in 1717, see Swift's letter to Lady Worsley, 19 Apr. 1730.

⁵ i.e. of the Princess Royal.

favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. *Conduitt* has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, will be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to *England*, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord *Harvey* has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. *Sherwin* for publishing (as 'tis said) his lordship's epistle; which must set your brother *Pope's* spirits all a working.¹

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times,² which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of *Parnassus*, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant, | C. Conduitt.

Mrs. *Barber*, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

¹ Hervey's *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court* was written in Aug. 1733 and published anonymously by Dr. Sherwin in November. Pope immediately suspected Hervey's authorship. For Pope's relations with Hervey see Butt's introduction to vol. iv of the Twickenham edition of Pope's *Poems*, pp. xv, xix ff.

² Part I of *Liberty* was not published till Dec. 1734.

13 December 1733

Charles Coote to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Coote to Swift

London, Dec. 10,¹ 1733.

Sir,²

Being indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of *Queensbury*, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at *Spa* this *Summer*, where they were; I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her Grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in *England*, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-stick, the manufacture of *Spa*, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at *St. James's Coffee-house*. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, | Charles Coote.

Scott 1814

Swift to Eaton Stannard

Deanery-House, [12] December, 1733

Sir,

Mr. Sandys told me some days ago, that when he waited upon you for advice, upon some papers that concern the greatest part of my little fortune, you were pleased to tell him, that you would not take a

¹ This letter, dated 'Dec. 10' by Deane Swift, has been dated the 13th by later editors.

² For Charles Coote see p. 205.

fee if I were to pay it.¹ I own myself extremely obliged by such an act of generosity and friendship, to which I never had the least pretension, further than the merit of always professing a true esteem for you, and if you intend to proceed by that rule, you will never be a farthing the better for any honest man, who may, as well as I, put in his claim with you to be *amicus curiae*. However, as I may be probably pestered with law and have few friends at the bar, I must of necessity depend upon your assistance, which I will sooner lose my cause than do upon the hard terms you offered by Mr. Sandys.

Last night the deeds were read and signed by me, my creditor and his tenant; in the copy of which deeds Mr. Sandys shewed me your corrections in his own hand; and I conclude all the rest was right; by which I shall be richer a L. 120 a year, and thereby abler to give you a fee, and a friend a bottle of wine more than usual.² It seems the expences and fees in these cases are paid by the mortgager. But my obligations to you are not the less, who was so rash as to declare against taking my money before you knew whether I were to pay it or no.

If I had not still continued (as I have been for three months) confined by deafness and giddiness, I would have waited on you with my acknowledgements for your favour and goodness. But I shall ever remain, what I have always been, and with great esteem, Sir, | Your most obedient and | obliged humble servant, | Jonath. Swift.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Dec. 20, 1733.

Dear Sir,

*Yours I received,*³ and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins*, I would go and play

¹ Swift had supported Eaton Stannard's candidature for the Recordship of Dublin. His paper, *Some Considerations*, was printed as a broadside, 1733. A copy is in the National Library, Dublin. Cf. *Prose Works*, vii. 317-20.

² One of Swift's account-books (Forster, no. 512) shows that this transaction concerned a mortgage on his cousin Deane Swift's property (Ball, iv. 418-19) of which a Mr. George Nugent held the lease. The £120 represented interest due from Nugent.

³ Swift's endorsement shows that the missive received by Sheridan was

20 December 1733

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

a game of back-gammon *with* Mr. Worrall's tables, and be *after* winning some of Mrs. Worrall's coin; I would not *fear* to win a *crown-piece* of her money by playing *six-pence half penny a time*. She is a very *good body*, and one that I have a *great value for*: I wish my *spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting*. I hope my gossip Delany's spouse is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order*. She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thousand pities* that any thing should *ail her*. God Almighty *wish her well*; for I am sure if she *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow*. I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brush*.

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. M'Gwyre: if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father*; for no body *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command, | Thady O Sullivan.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-Street*.

Endorsed by Swift: Dr. Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent Hybernicisms.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Jan. 6, 1734.

I never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked: The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you.¹ You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one I am sure is yours;² and your method of concealing your self puts me in

Swift's 'Irish Eloquence'. See *Prose Works*, vii. 361. The words underlined by Sheridan in his letter (here in italics) mark out Irish idioms.

¹ The last letter from Pope preserved is that of 1 Sept. One or more letters have been lost or suppressed.

² Pope refers to *On Poetry: A Rapsody* (*Poems*, ii. 639). It was probably

mind of the bird I have read of in India, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here publish'd) my Epistle to Lord Cobham,¹ part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a Woman's war declar'd against me by a certain Lord*,² his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppress it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me. 'He has been since very well answered by the Parish Bellman's repeating his Verses from door to door and printing them as his own in his paper.'³—I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow,⁴ who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same, you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—⁵ paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a whole-wit, and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him; he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to publick parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such fools, that slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are Pests of private society, or mischievous members of the publick, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can: If ever

completed soon after *An Epistle to a Lady* with which it is closely related in its satire upon the court and government. These, together with four other poems, were conveyed by Mrs. Barber to Matthew Pilkington, then in London, who negotiated their publication. Cf. *Poems*, p. xxiii.

¹ The Epistle to Cobham appeared ten days later.

² The asterisk, standing for Hervey, was omitted in Pope's London editions of 1741-2.

³ This sentence, found in the clandestine volume of 1740, was omitted by Faulkner and in all succeeding texts.

⁴ In the beautiful surroundings of Bevis Mount near Southampton.

⁵ Bubb Dodington had been in Ireland for some months in connexion with a sinecure office, called the clerkship of the pells, tenable for life.

6 January 1733-4

Alexander Pope to Swift

I can come to you, I will: if not, may providence be our friend and our guard thro' this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may more years be added to you.

P.S. I am just now told a very curious Lady¹ intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

January, 1733-4.

My Lord,²

It hath been my great misfortune, that, since your Grace's return to this Kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and

¹ Perhaps the lady was Patty Blount.

² As has been noted previously the government, realizing the strength of the opposition to the repeal of the Test, retired from the contest. As Ball observes, 'such a spirit might have been expected to render the Irish legislature less abhorrent to Swift'; but in 1731-2 the Irish bishops promoted two bills, one called a Bill of Residence, the other a Bill of Division, the former compelling any clergyman accepting a benefice of the annual value of £100, or more, to build a house if there was none fit for residence. The object of the second bill was the division of richer parishes. Swift regarded these bills as an attempt to enslave the inferior clergy. He attacked the bishops in two poems, 'On the Irish Bishops' and in 'Judas' (*Poems*, iii. 801-6). The two bills passed the House of Lords; but their decisions were reversed by the Commons (*Journals of the House of Commons of Ireland*, iv, part i, p. 54). Another bill, however, was promoted in the Commons for encouraging the growth of flax which contained a clause for commuting the tithe upon that article. This bill was strongly supported by Richard Bettesworth, serjeant-at-law and member of Parliament. He became therefore Swift's chief butt in his lampoon 'On the Words Brother Protestants' (*Poems*, iii. 809-13). Bettesworth vowed revenge, and, according to Sheridan, swore to cut off Swift's ears with a penknife. He called at the deanery, but, finding Swift out, he followed him to the Rev. John Worrall's house, which happened to be near his own door. After an exchange of words Bettesworth left without attempting to carry out his threat. The lines to which Bettesworth took especial objection were these:

'Thus at the Bar that Booby Bettesworth,
Tho' Half a Crown o'er-pays his Sweat's Worth;
Who knows in Law, nor Text, nor Margent,
Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant.'

gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your Grace's presence.

On Monday last week, towards evening, there came to the Deanry one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to enquire for me, and was admitted into the street-parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with asking me, whether I were the author of certain verses, wherein he was reflected on. The singularity of the man in his countenance, manner, action, style and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who, and what he was; said I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more. He then signified to me, that he was a serjeant-at-law, and a member of Parliament. After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, that by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, That since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and shew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the Serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath since reported; and, likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the Master and Mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterwards told me. He hath since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred

January 1733-4

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no further; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours, first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he hath amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be so good as to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, &c.

*Swift to the Earl of Oxford*¹

[Dublin, 16 February 1733-4]

My Lord

The Bearer Mr Faulkner, the Prince of Dublin Printers, will have the Honor to deliver You this. He tells me, your Lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence, and receive him with great Condescension. Which encouraged him to hope for the same favor again by my Mediation, which I could not refuse; although for his own Profit he is engaged in a Work that very much discontents me, Yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any others on this Side: And Printers here have no Property in their Copys, as they have in London. I am just recovered in some degree, of two cruell Indispositions of Giddyness and Deafness after seven Months. I have got my hearing, but the other Evil hangs still about me; and I doubt will never quite leave me, till I leave it. I hope Your Lordship, and My Lady Oxford, and Lady Marget continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of Your Friends and your Country, I am with entire Respect and Esteem | Your Lordship's most | obedient, and most obliged | Serv^t | J: Swift.

Dubl. Feb. 16th | 1733-4

Address: To the Right Honorable | the Earl of Oxford | in Dover-street

Endorsed below address: R march. 9. | 1733/4 by M^r Faulkner.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

2 March [1733-4.]

I am extream glad to hear you are got well again and I do assure you twas no point of ceremony made me for bear writing but the down right fear of being troublesome,² if you have got off your Deafness thats a happiness I doubt Poor Lady Suffolk will never have for

¹ First printed by Faulkner in 1762, dated '1733', this letter was placed by Ball, iv. 389, incorrectly under 1732/3. The original was sold in the Croker sale at Sotheby's, 6 May 1858, and bought by Bain for £2. 16s. od.

² Lady Betty's last letter was addressed to Swift from Knoles on 9 July 1733, eight months previously.

2 March 1733-4

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse; but we Ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger, and sure then tis hard if tis not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship, by the historys I hear from Ireland Bettsworth in the midst of your illness did not think your pen Lay Idle, but this good you had from it that such a troublesome fellow made your friends & neighbours show they could exert themselves for your sake,¹ Mr^s Floyd has past this winter rather better than the last, but cold weather is a great Enemy of hers; and when you see her I fear you will find that tho the goodness of the *composition* will always hold yet so many winters has² taken the Beauty of it entirely off, it grows now near the time that I have hopes you will soon part with my Duke & Dutchess, I always used to be her Doctor I wish you would allow me to be yours and take my advice and try how change of Air would mend your Constitution, but I fear you wont, however God Bless you and Adieu—

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy Elz. Germain | Rx Mar 11th 1733.

4806

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

London, [4 March 1733-4]

Dear Sir.

If ever lying was necessary I fear it is so at present. for no truth can furnish me with a sufficient excuse for not having wrote a long long while ago, therfor I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts;³ but upon more mature consideration I have convinced my self that tis better rather to confess my faults than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future, I wish every body was as timorous as my self & then lieing & deceit would never be so much in the fashion as it has & will be for many ages past & to come, I remember you once told me allways to sett down to

¹ The allusion is to the address from the residents in the Liberty of the Cathedral offering to defend Swift against any attack that Bettsworth might make on him. It was presented on Tuesday, 8 Jan. probably a week after the interview, and about the time the letter to Dorset was written (*Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, iv. 261, 265, n. 3).

² 'has' thus in the manuscript.

³ 3 and 10 Nov. 1733.

write when I was in good health & good humour; they neither have been perfect of some time, the first has been interrupted by perpetuall colds & pains in my face & teeth, my temper by these trying truth's which I am about to tell you, viz:—a journey to Scotland where we have been going every week & every day ever since Xmas, the uncertainty of which & being consequently unsettled is even worse than the thing it self, this is not all, by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy who has been my constant companion ever since he was born (& who is not seven years old till next July) to school a full year before t'was necessary or proper, so doing I own has damp't my Spirits more than was reasonable, tho it was his own desire, & that I am perswaded he is well taken care of both by the Master & his own brother who is fond of him, & so would you be if you knew him, for he has more sense that (*sic*) above half the world. The other is a fine boy & grown every (*sic*) strong & healthy, I am much obliged to you for reproving me that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men, therefore pray advise me what I shall do with them after they have gon throw the School, for I imagine just then is the very difficultiest part of their Education, Mr Lock with whome I cannot help differing in some things makes a full stop there & I never heard of any other that ever mention'd or at least publish'd any helps for Children at that time of life which I apprehend to be the most materiall. there is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of Paper of me & mine, but I own at present my whole thoughts as so much employ'd on the latter that I involuntarily think & talk of little else—to Morrow will be Acted a new play of our friend Mr Gay,¹ we stay on purpose now for that, & shall go on thursday for Edenborough, where the greatest good I can expect or hope for is a line from you, Mrs Barber has meet with a good deal of trouble,² I have not seen her I fancy for that

¹ *The Distress'd Wife. A Comedy*, produced at Covent Garden, 5 Mar. 1734. First printed 1743.

² Mrs. Barber was then in trouble in connexion with the poems which she had brought over from Ireland for delivery to Pilkington. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records that on 'Friday 11 January Mr. John Wilford was taken into custody for publishing a poem called *An Epistle to a Lady* as were some days after the printer and the bookseller, Lawton Gilliver, but all admitted to bail'. Following upon these proceedings Pilkington, Motte, and Mrs. Barber were arrested. In the course of interrogation it transpired that Swift was the author, and, according to the younger Sheridan (*Life*, i. 277), Walpole determined to apprehend him. Thereupon he was asked by a friend 'better acquainted with the

4 March 1733-4

The Duchess of Queensberry to Swift

reason, but we shall leave our Gns for her with Mr Pope or my brother, I wish you all health & prosperity I will not wish you devoid of all trouble, or vexation; because I think a moderate share is a great incouragement to good spirits, but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant. Adieu Dear Sir if you will oblige me you must do me the justice to beleive I am | y^r most faithfull freind &c.

March y^e 4th | 1733/4

Address: To | The Rev^d Doctor Swift Dean of | S^t Patrick's | Dublin | Ireland

Frank: Free | Wyndham

Postmark: 5 MR

Endorsed by Swift: Dutchs of Qu—y | Rx Mar. 11th 1733.

Forster 556

Swift to Eaton Stannard

[Deanery House, 12 March 1733-4]

S^r1

I am commanded by My Lady Howth² to use the utmost of that little credit I may possibly have with you in favour of her brother, Mr. Gorges to whom I am a perfect stranger, neither do I know any other Lady whose commands I would not have disobeyed on the like Occasion, being perfectly indifferent how parliament Elections go, unless I could have any hopes of a Majority half so honest, or a tenth part so able as yourself. It seems the Election comes on upon state of Ireland . . . whether he had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less a number would be able to bring the Drapier out of the kingdom by force'. When, furthermore, on legal advice it was determined that nothing in the poems could be interpreted as coming under the denomination of libel, the matter was dropped.

¹ The transcript in the Forster Collection, no. 556, is incorrectly described by Ball as the 'Original'. In the transcript the name 'Gorges' was mistakenly copied as 'Gage'.

² Swift had for some years been a visitor to Howth Castle near Dublin. The owner then was the Baron of Howth, designated the twenty-sixth of his line, who had succeeded to the title in 1727. In the following year he married a daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Richard Gorges of Kilbrew by a wife who preceded the famous Dolly (*Poems*, ii. 429). This letter concerns her eldest brother, who had contested unsuccessfully a small borough near Kilbrew and was anxious to obtain Stannard's vote in favour of a petition which he had lodged against his opponent's return.

Swift to Eaton Stannard

12 March 1733-4

Thursday next. Her Ladyship called here yesterday, but I was abroad, and she left her desire that I would write to you as soon as possible. I am, with great esteem Sr | Your most obedient humble servant, | Jonath. Swift.

Deanry House | March 12th | 1733/4

Address: To Eaton Stannard, Esq.

Hawkesworth 1766

Francis Grant to Swift

London, March 14, 1733-4.

Very Reverend Sir,¹

Though I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given an opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well,

¹ This letter is said by Faulkner (*Works*, x. 309) to have been written by Admiral Vernon. Hawkesworth, 1766, prints it above the signature of Francis Grant.

14 March 1733-4

Francis Grant to Swift

both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them.¹ I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland* than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

¹ A committee had been appointed in November by the House of Commons to enquire into the state of the Irish fisheries, and had presented a report entering with much detail into the various questions involved. Amongst its recommendations, which were afterwards embodied in a bill, were regulations for trawling, for dredging for oysters, for the exportation of fish, and for the encouragement of partnerships and joint stocks in fisheries.—Ball.

These things from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, | Francis Grant.

P.S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant in *London*.

Forster copy¹

Swift to Lord Castle-Durrow

[Deanery House, 22 March 1733-4]

My Lord, I congratulate with your Lordship upon your Peerage² in this Kingdom, and hope you will have Credit and Merit Enough in proper time to have the same honor in another. I shall be very proud of the Honor to see your Lordship at the Deanry at any time tomorrow, in the Forenoon | I am, With true Respect, | My Lord, | Your Lordship's most obedient | & most Humble Serv^t | Jonath: Swift

Deanry House | Mar 22. 1734.

Gentleman's Magazine 1762

Swift to Francis Grant

Dublin, March 23, 1733-4.

Sir,³

I return you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery. You discover, in both, a true love of your country, and,

¹ This letter is printed from a transcript in the Forster Collection, Red Box, F.44.E.3.

² William Flower was created Baron Castle Durrow on 27 Oct. 1733.

³ This letter is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 111, and is there headed: 'A genuine copy of a letter from the late Dean Swift to —, Esq., a Scots gentleman.'

except your civilities to me, a very good judgement, good wishes to this vicious¹ kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser; for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid. Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses. The last Lord Wemyss told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish: he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, for their boats were in reach of the shot, and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.² The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often press the Lord Treasurer Oxford, and others of the Ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, 'We must not offend the Dutch,' who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that Ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, I think, while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.³ What I did for this country was from perfect hatred at tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me for three hundred pounds which my old friend was obliged to consent to, the very first or

¹ The letter was evidently first printed from a draft. Elsewhere the word is 'ruined' instead of 'vicious'.

² Wemyss, David, 1678-1720, third Earl of Wemyss, to whom Swift is referring. He must have been personally known to Swift, for in annotating Macky's *Characters*, he describes him as 'a black man, and handsom for a Scot' (*Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, x. 288).

³ In *Spence's Anecdotes*, 1820, p. 161, Pope is recorded as having stated explicitly that Swift told him that he was born in Leicester—a curious fault of memory.

second night of his arrival hither.¹ The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds in half-pence, not worth one sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it, and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin. I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at Court, where I was well received, during two summers, six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me; for as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are slaves, and knaves, and fools, and all, but the bishops and people in employment, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to two hundred thousand pounds. The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here, mentioned your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland; they agreed with me, but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.² I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an Act, it will become a job, your sanguine temper will cool, rogues will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial Parliaments, directly against the old Whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: they advanced two hundred pounds by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would anybody join with them; and so the matter fell, and they

¹ Carteret had no desire for the success of the proclamation.

² The enactment mentioned in a note to Grant's letter to Swift, 14 Mar. 1733-4, renders this asseveration unbelievable.

23 March 1733-4

Swift to Francis Grant

lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves, and, I believe, there are hardly any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost thirty thousand pounds a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles,¹ when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back, and sold for a fourth part the value.² This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions, your most obedient humble servant.

I would have subscribed my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

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Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

[12 April 1734]

Reverend & Dear Sir,—I have received yours of the 16th of Feb; very lately, but have not yet seen the person who brought it,³ nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my Retreat: our friend Pope is in Town, & to him I send this letter, for he tells me he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you, but my help in a project of subscription will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world and I do not blush to own that I am out of fashion in it. my wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, & who desires me to say all the fond things from her

¹ The visitation of the plague was running its course 1720-1.

² In the brief paper *Considerations about Maintaining the Poor*, first printed by Deane Swift in 1765, reference is made to the opportunity lost of getting the 'whole linen-trade of Spain' into Irish hands by the bad quality of the consignments delivered (*Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, vii. 340-1).

³ A missing letter written to Bolingbroke on the same date as that to Oxford recommending Faulkner, which was dated '1733' by Faulkner (1762) and placed wrongly by Ball (iv. 389).

to you which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, & sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain, but upon the whole much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily & leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the Jaundice that I have long carried about me, gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say not as well as I might: too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other, for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say I will be very active this summer, & I will try to keep my word. Riding is your panacea, and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same Regimen. if I can keep where I am a few years longer I shall be satisfied, for I have something, and not much to do, before I dye. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. about Posterity one may flatter oneself, & I have a mind to write to the next age. you have seen I doubt not the *Ethic Epistles*:¹ and tho' they go a little into metaphysicks I perswade myself you both understand and approve them. the first Book being finished, the others will soon follow for many of them are writ or crayoned out. what are you doing? good I am sure, but of what kind? pray Mr Dean be a little more cautious in your Recommendations. I took care a year ago to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your Recommendations and I have heartily repented of it since. the fellow wants morals & as I hear Decency sometimes.² You have had accounts I presume which will not leave you att a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there then no hope left of seeing you once more in this Island? I often wish myself out of it, and I shall wish so much more if it is impossible de voisiner, I know no English word to say the same thing, with you. Adieu Dear Sir, no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm & sincere friendship for you than I do.

April the 12th 1734

¹ i.e. the *Essay on Man*.

² The reference is to Matthew Pilkington. It was generally believed that he had betrayed Swift's authorship of *An Epistle to a Lady*, and, in consequence, no one in Dublin would speak to his wife.

13 April 1734

Lord Carteret to Swift

4806

Lord Carteret to Swift

Jermyn street. Apr: 13 | 1734.

Sir

I had the honour of yr letter wch gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of yr thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my Family.¹ I need not say that these Alliances are very agreeable to me, but that they are so to my friends adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them; they certainly enable me to contract my desires wch is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to other things I go on as well as I can, & now & then observe that I seem to have more friends now, than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion, however tis a pleasing one, & I have more reason to believe a man now, I can do him no good, than I had when I cou'd do him favours wch the greatest Philosophers are sometimes tempted to sollicite their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mr^s Barber by recommending her as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary, but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf.

I hope Dr Delany is as he always us'd to be, chearfull in himselfe, & agreeable to all that know him, & that he by this time is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestow'd upon some matters.² Lady Worsley, My Wife, & daughters to whome I have shewn yr Letter not forgetting My Mother³ present their humble service to You & I desire to recommend the whole Family & as well as myselfe to the continuance of Yr favour.

I am Sr wth the greatest respect Yr most humble & | most obedient servant | Carteret.

Reverend Dr Swift &c &c.

Endorsed by Swift: Lord Carteret. | Apr. 13th 1734. | Rx Apr. 19th. 1734.

¹ The occasion of Swift's letter was the marriage of Carteret's third daughter to the Hon. John Spencer, a younger son of the third Earl of Sunderland, which had taken place on 14 Feb. Their son became the first Earl Spencer.

² In his *Revelation Examined with Candour*.

³ i.e. the Countess Granville.

Forster 530

The Rev. Patrick Delany to [the Rev. John Worrall]

April 20 1734

Dear Sir,¹

Monday next is Lord Carteret's birthday.² The persons I intend to invite are Lord and Lady Mountrath,³ Lady Betty Brownlow,⁴ and Lady Acheson, and the person I now intreat to do me the honour to dine with me on the day is Mr. Dean, and I send this memorandum to be hung over his table to prevent his forgetting. Pray present my humble service to him, and don't let him forget his most obedient [serv^t] | PD

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Miss Hoadly

June 4th, 1734.

Madam,⁵

When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first ad-

¹ This note is in the Forster Collection, no. 530, p. 214.

² The 22nd of April, which in 1734 fell on a Monday, was Lord Carteret's birthday. Delany was celebrating the event in recognition of having been given by him the Chancellorship of Christ Church, Dublin. His devotion to lavish entertainment was well known. See Mrs. Pilkington's *Memoirs*, iii. 67.

³ The sixth Earl of Mountrath and his wife.

⁴ Lady Brownlow was eulogized by Mrs. Barber in her *Poems*, 1734, p. 41:

'Who can the hardest Task refuse,
When lovely Lady Betty sues?
If her Requests Resistance find,
It must be from the Deaf, and Blind.'

⁵ Miss Hoadly, the Archbishop's only child, has already been sympathetically mentioned by Swift when she was suffering from what seems to have been a slight attack of smallpox. The friendliness he displays to Hoadly is not easy to explain for he was a brother of the redoubtable Bishop of Salisbury and a faithful servant of Walpole's administration. Ball suggests that his erection of an episcopal palace at Tallaght recommended him to Swift as an 'improver'.

4 June 1734

Swift to Miss Hoadly

vances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and, therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend, that, if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: First, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his Grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallough. My other revenge shall be this: When my Lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit; and, therefore, I desire you may stint me to two China-bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel, and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbishop will teach his neigh-

Swift to Miss Hoadly

4 June 1734

bouring tenants and farmers a little English country management;¹ And I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem, | Madam, | Your most obedient and | Obligated, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his Grace and the Ladies.²

Deane Swift 1768

Bishop Stearne to Swift

Clogher, June 25, 1734

Mr. Dean,

I have a letter of yours of a very long date,³ and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent *Joe Beaumont*, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to,⁴ as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on *Joe's*

¹ Hoadly is said to have encouraged good farming methods by his tenantry.

² The commencement of Swift's official connexion with Hoadly hardly promised the sending of such a message: 'Our new Archbishop was this day enthroned in St. Patrick's', writes Marmaduke Coghill on 22 Jan. 1729-30, 'when he and our Dean and the Vicar General had some disputes about taking the oaths before the Dean, which the Archbishop would not do, nor had the Dean power to administer them, but this occasioned some sharp words among them, and though the Dean refused to dine with his Grace he was prevailed on to do it, and I suppose all differences are made up' (B.M. Add. MSS. 21122, f. 107).—Ball.

³ July 1733, see p. 181.

⁴ According to Deane Swift Beaumont had died several years before the date of this letter. Presumably they became acquainted when Stearne was rector of Trim.

25 June 1734

Bishop Stearne to Swift

execution, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds,¹ as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant, | John Clogher.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

June 28, 1734.

De armis ter de an²

I expecture answer an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas

¹ Apparently Beaumont's representatives were unable to discharge his debts in full.

² The following interpretation of this letter, which contains a reference to the war of the Polish succession then in progress, is given by Sir Walter Scott:

'Dear Mister Dean,

'I expect your answer, and a full one, about my money to-day. Times are very dead, not a doit or a shilling at all my estate. My receiver can as well raise a devil as a penny. Curse him, I say, for a prime minister. Can't you raise a sum at a banker's, you Dean. Ah try do. You know, my dear Dean, you owe me a groat. It is high time to think upon it. I am an honest man, I say; a knave's my aversion, I declare.

'A dun is at my door, for a sum I owe one damned attorney, a bum-baillie come in at his ****, as ready as a cat is at a mouse, or a rat, I say, or a bat.

'I am become as mute as a statue; as lean as a rake; as deaf as an adder is; as heavy as an ass is: as queer as a duck; as tame as a lamb; as dead as a door-nail is; as insipid as dead vinegar is; or a potatoe in me. I remember I was, on a time, as quick as a flea at a lady's belly; as merry as a filly; as full o' play as a kid; as full o' merry tricks as a kitten is, or a baboon in a cap is. I write similies you see; can't you write 'em? You dine a' Thursday at my house. I've a belly full o' meat to entertain us, fit for any lord in his equipage. You've a stomach I may hope. Here is a bill o' fare: a goose, a pair o' ducks, some fishes, as a pair o' soles, a pair o' places, a pudding, a fricassee, a rabbit a stewing, new peas, new

vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicae, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on damnat urnae, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum at mutas a Statu; as laenas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hae a vi as an assis; as quaeras a duc; ast emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a laedis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bonni na capis. I rite si milies use e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri

beans, a lamb-pie, fit for a minister o' state. A custard is as tit a bit as a tart is. A fritter is my delight. My liquor is tokay, it cost us a pistole a quart, I aver it; a quart o' sack; Margoux claret, as fine as a ruby; Graves, Lacryma Christi; Hock; Cote-roti; some Cyprus; as fine cyder as ever I drank at a tavern.

'Pray bespeak us a supper at your house: some asparagus to eat; some cauliflowers, a cabbage, lettuce for a salad. Invite a lady to accompany your reverence, not a prater, not a coquette. A grave matron is proper for a grave dean, and a doctor, and a school-master.

' "I write you a verse on a Molly o' mine,
As tall as a May-pole, a lady so fine,
I never knew any so neat in mine eyes,
A man at a glance, or a sight of her, dies;
Dear Molly's a beauty, whose face and whose nose is
As fair as a lily, as red as a rose is,
A kiss o' my Molly is all my delight;
I love her by day, and I love her by night."

'If I go I must take a totum, and you must ransack your pence, except I've ill-luck. If I play in jest, it is for an egg at Easter. Not a bit for a card am I, nor a bit for a dice say I, as my grannum has said forty times.

'I know no news of any moment to write you; but a battle is over at Dantzic. In Italy and in Germany mercenaries desert 'em every day. One general is dead, a cannon bullet took off his head. A fleet is preparing for a sea-fight. Many sieges are a-carrying on at this time.

'My mag is as merry as an ape is. He does say, a Quaker, a Quaker, a cur. He is capering in a cage made o' sallow. A bit o' bread is generally his supper, or a liver of a lamb is.

'My service to all at home; excuse my haste. For ever and ever yours,

'Thomas Sheridan.

'A' Friday at ten a'clock at my study.'

28 June 1734

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi, Hoc. Cote rotae. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Praebe specus a Superatures. Summas par a gusto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age laetis fora Sal ad. Invita laedito ac cum pani ure verens, nota preater nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse of na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a laedis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niso ue at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
Ac fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata illis o ver at Dan sic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es desertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hae ad. A fle et is prae par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hae do es se a quae cur a quae cur a cur. Hae is caper in in ac age me do Salil Abit ob re ad is gener ali his super, ora livor off lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has teo Fore ver an der ver ures. | Tomas Ser ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

4806

Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

From my Farm June the 27th 1734

I thank you Mr Dean, or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you my Friend, for your letter of the 23rd of May, which came to me by the post:¹ I answer it by the same conveyance, and provided the

¹ An answer to Bolingbroke's letter of 12 Apr.

diligent Inspectors of private mens correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do what they will do without it, to open & read them. if they expect to find anything which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure in the proportion I shall imagine it giving them pain. I should have another pleasure of higher Relish, if our Epistles were to be perused by Persons of higher Rank; and who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? how would these Persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere, cordial friendship subsist inviolate, & grow and strengthen, from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, & mutual Inutility?

But enough on this. let us turn to other subjects. I have read in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the Ancients, that a man of business may talk of Philosophy, a man who has none may practice it. What do you think of this maxim? is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, & the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a 'Physical matter'. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the Result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the King of Siam affirmed that water was always in a fluid state, and I doubt not but the Talapoins, do they not call them so?, held this maxim. Neither He nor they had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava. their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. 'Tis much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral dutys of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are; of great numbers of men. But then we see often att too great a distance, or thro' a faulty medium, we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand Reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the Heart of man, and even when we see right, & guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively how numerous soever they may be taken by themselves) which our own age & our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You & I have known one man in particular,¹ who affected business he often hindered, & never did; who had the honour among some &

¹ The first Earl of Oxford.

27 June–6 July 1734

Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

the blame among others, of bringing about great Revolutions in his own Country & in the general affairs of Europe, and who was at the same time the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we commonly call Honours, such as Titles, Ribbons, &c., who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he neither knew how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one & fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, & yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, & many exactly like it in the strongest marks it bore. Now let us suppose that some Rochfoucault or other, some anthroponomical Sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, & not stumble upon any one repugnant. You & I should not however receive for a maxim, that he who affects business never does it; nor this, that he who brings about great Revolutions is always idle; nor this that He who expresses indifference to power, & contempt of honours, is jealous of one, & fond of the others.

Proceed we now Dear Doctor to application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of Philosophy. that is certain. The question is whether the man in business may not practice it as well as the man out of business. I think he may, in this sense, as easily; But sure I am he may in this sense, as usefully. if we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find I believe few Philosophers in business, or out of business. the greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on Philosophical principles, that is on principles of Reason and Virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition, a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one. But I have known many whose vanity, and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of men I have seen out of business have been so far from practicing Philosophy, that they have lived in the world arrant Triflers, or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia, *hic situs est Vattia*.¹ But for all this I

¹ 'Nunquam aliter hanc villam Vatia vivo praeteribam, quam ut dicerem, Vatia hic situs est' (Seneca, *Epistles*, lv).

think that a man in business may practice Philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind than a man out of it.¹ The Stoicks were an affected pedantical Sect; but I have always approved that Rule of the Portique, that a Philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of Mankind. Mencius and his master Confucius were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their Doctrines into three parts, the duties of Man as an individual, as a member of a family, and a member of a State. In short a man may be, many men have been, & some I believe are Philosophers in business. He that can ever be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of Philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friends house to another. He is now at Cirencester, he came thither from my Lord Cobhams; he came to my Lord Cobhams from Mr Dormers; to Mr Dormers from London, to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my Farm, to my Farm from his own Garden, and he goes soon from Lord Bathursts to Lord Peterborows, after which he returns to my farm again. The Daemon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the Satire of Horace which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia, Pharmacopolæ, &c.*² and has chose rather to weaken the images than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. he has sent it me, but I shall keep his secret, as he desires, & shall not I think return him the copy, for the Rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his moral essays. they will do more good than the sermons and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them, and if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free thinkers on one hand, or the narrow Dogmatists on the other. Some very few things may be expressed a little hardly, but none are I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence, which I wonder at the more, because he

¹ Here Bolingbroke begins to use a new pen. Presumably that part of the letter, dated 6 July at the end, began here.

² Horace, *Sermones*, i. ii. The imitation was published in Dec. 1734, under the title *Sober Advice from Horace*. Pope never quite admitted authorship; but he included it later in his octavo *Works*.

27 June–6 July 1734

Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

has often spoke in such a manner as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be payed likewise to the other friends you mention. You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you, and do you believe that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same Stages. Let this consideration therefore not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, & be as ill bred as you please, and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu. Ile speak to you about Books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter, or if anything else worth saying comes into my head. Adieu my friend.

July the 6th.

Endorsed by Swift: Ld Bo—ke | Rx about Jul. 20th | 1734.

Deane Swift 1768

The Earl of Oxford to Swift

Dover-street, Aug. 8, 1734.

Good Mr. Dean,¹

It is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter² that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c. It was an extream great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands.³ I did my best, I did all that lay in my power, to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to

¹ A clerical transcript of this letter is preserved among the Portland MSS. deposited in the British Museum: List 3, no. 8, 711C. There are no variants of any significance. The letter, as here printed, follows Deane Swift.

² Lord Oxford's last letter to Swift was written 15 July 1730.

³ In regard to appeals from Ireland to the House of Lords.

indulge me, and make use of your power often. I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of —.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs, and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken part in whatever fortune befell me or my family.

Indulge, therefore, the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the compleating a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.¹

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in *England*, I believe when you see the duke you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharpening, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family: and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble

¹ The 'Lady Marget' of Swift's letters, Lord Oxford's only daughter and heir, was married to William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, on 11 July 1734. She brought Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, inherited from the family of Cavendish, to her husband, whom she survived twenty-three years, dying in 1785. Prior's 'My noble, lovely little Peggy', she grew up to be a beautiful, gifted woman, who lived on the happiest terms with her husband, reputed the handsomest man in England.

8 August 1734

The Earl of Oxford to Swift

service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. *Pope* has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my Lord *Peterborough*, near *Southampton*, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died *Willis*, Bishop of *Winchester*;¹ and is to be succeeded by *Hoadly*, and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. *Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion:² I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. *Faulkner* from sending over your Works? He promised to send them over the end of last *May* at the farthest.³ I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, | Oxford.

Deane Swift 1768

Lady Howth to Swift

Kilfane,⁴ near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

Sir,

To shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on *Monday* night;⁵ and this day was the

¹ Richard Willis, fellow of All Souls, accompanied William III to Holland as chaplain, 1694–5. He had already won fame as a fluent preacher; and, as a sound Whig, he became successively Bishop of Gloucester, Salisbury, and Winchester. Presumably this letter is misdated, or Oxford did not complete the letter on the 8th, for Willis died at Chelsea on 10 Aug. and was buried in Winchester Cathedral on the 22nd (*Fasti Eccl. Ang.*, Le Neve and Hardy, iii. 20).

² See Swift to Lord Oxford, 31 May 1733.

³ Three volumes of Faulkner's edition of the *Works* were issued towards the end of 1734. The fourth volume was delayed, appearing in Jan. 1735. See *Poems*, pp. xxix–xxx.

⁴ Kilfane, the ancestral home of one of the silver-tongued orators of the Union debates, Charles Kendal Bushe, afterwards Chief Justice of Ireland, had been taken temporarily for the purposes of sport by Lord Howth. . . . The Chief Justice's great-grandfather had died a few years before, and been succeeded by his grandson.—Ball.

⁵ 12 Aug.

Lady Howth to Swift

15 August 1734

fair of *Bennet's Bridge*,¹ where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant, | Lucy Howth.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Aug. 16, 1734.

Dr Day Ann²

Eye mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt nay knee
bees knees sees hind red sow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot. Ewer
Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o ther wise.
Ha! view Spoak a knee Prop hose awl too Dock tore Cocks cymb
Eye may Ann White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower
a shit. I few heave, right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid
Ann Inn cast ell Ham ill tunnn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they
Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet they
ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave mow knee butt Eye fare
Ice hall me taw a par cell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill
tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunnn Ann dye ware a beau tinn, Anne dye
Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun a past Eye maid off ay Sun. Oui mun

¹ Situated on the river Nore between Kilkenny and Kilfane. The day on which this letter was written was a customary day of general holiday in Ireland.

² 'Dear Dean, I'm ashamed of not writing to you before, but many businesses hindered, so intricate I could not. Your inclination I know towards your friends to be otherwise. Have you spoke any proposal to Doctor Coxcomb, I mean Whit-Combe, about the deanery of Kilmore as yet? If you have, write to the Reverend Doctor Sheridan, in Castle Hamilton near Killesandra, in the County of Cavan. I am a-going to Belturbet to meet the tenants of Drumlane to receive money, but I fear I shall meet a parcel of empty pockets. Captain Hamilton, Madam Hamilton and I were a boating, and I dined in a gazebo upon a pasty made of venison. Oui, Monsieur, en verité. Can't you write à la mode à Francais?'

16 August 1734

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

See your Ann very tea—Cant yew right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress¹ to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well, and when she does read, she cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to *Dublin* I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. *Hamilton* has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in *Dublin* among a parcel of rabble; I live at *Castle Hamilton* among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: You drink *Benicarlo* wine, I drink right *French Margoux*: you hear nothing but noise; With ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this *French* maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers² to the day of judgement, | Thomas Sheridan.

Portland MSS. B.M. Loan 29/232

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin, 30 August 1734]

My Lord.

You have but a little time to be troubled with me or my Letters, for my health is much diminished and my Years increased, but in the meanwhile I expect your Favour and Remembrance, because I have an hereditary right and a long Possession. I have some very kind Letters by me from My Lord Your father, to prove my Title,

¹ Mrs. Brent.

² I am yours.

and I do not want one or two from Your Lady to confirm it further;¹ all which I am ready to produce, if ever you should offer to dispute the Point in a Court of Law or Equity, not to mention others under your own hand. I am rejoiced to hear that Your Lordship hath got over one principal Business; to dispose of my Lady Margaret so much to your Satisfaction. I knew the Dukes Father, who appeared to be a very good-Natured man, but somewhat too expensive; and it must please all your friends, that the Character you give of the son for his sobriety good sense, and the affection he is likely to bear to his Lady. I am very proud of the Justice you do me in allowing me a due share in the chief affairs that relate to Your Family. I was always a diligent observer of My Lady Margaret, and consequently could not but be an admirer of her Virtues which she discovered so early, and so abundantly: You seem now, My Lord, to be eased of the greatest Weight that lay upon you. The rest must be left to Providence, which I hope, and shall pray may continue its Blessings on Your Posterity.

Mr Jebb hath got by the favor of the Ar. Bp. Dub¹ a good preferment in the northern parts of this Kingdom where the Clergy are best payd. It is above 300¹¹ a year. He is a very civil fair-conditioned gentleman, very modest, and I never heard any Objection against him. He is prudent enough to comply with the Times, which I know not well how he could avoyd, without a Virtue too transcendent for this age. Yet I do not hear any marks of his Violence in Party Affairs.

As to the Printer, All he has done or will do in the matter is against my Will. Neither have I concerned my self further with him than to let him know that if he should publish anything offensive or unworthy, as mine, he should have cause to repent it. Further I could not go; For, neither Printers nor Booksellers have any property here as in London. The Man is very submissive, and I have no Remedy but Patience. He hath gotten several Copyes from my Friends, which I suffered them severall years ago to take; and I am forced to be passive in what is done with them. In London the Things ascribed to me are in the Hands of different Proprietors, Else I could have prevented this Evil here. I have put the Man under some Difficultyes by ordering certain Things to be struck out after they were printed, which some friends had given him. This hath

¹ Only three comparatively early letters (3 Mar. 1713-14, 27 July 1714, 6 Aug. 1717) from the first Earl of Oxford to Swift have been preserved, and none from the wife of the second Earl.

30 August 1734

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

delayed his work, and as I hear, given him much trouble and difficulty to adjust. Farther I know not, for the whole affair is a great vexation to me.

I am glad to hear Mr Pope is grown a Rambler; because I hope it will be for his Health. I fear He hath quite forsaken me, for I have not heard from him many Months. His Time hath indeed been better employd in his Moral Poems, which excell in their kind and may be very usefull. In his last Translation out of Horace,¹ I could willingly have excused his placing me not in that Light which I would appear; and others are of my opinion, but it gives me not the least offence, because I am sure he had not the least ill Intention; and how much I have always loved him, the World as well as Your Lordship is convinced.

Nothing in so wretched and enslaved a Nation as this can be worth entertaining Your Lordship with. It is a Mass of Beggars, Thieves, Oppressors, fools and Knaves. All Employments are in the hands of the Kingdoms greatest Enemyes. In this great City nine tenths of the Inhabitants are beggars, the chief Streets half ruinous or desolate; It is dangerous to walk the Streets for fear of Houses falling on our heads, and it is the same in every City and Town through the Island. You have twenty Merchants in London who could each of them purchase our whole Cash. Two of our chief Bankers have broke for near two hundred thousand Pounds; and others are leaving off their business. Yet, this Town is a Paradise compared to every part of the Country, except some Northern Parts, supported by the Linnen trade, which however is decaying fast by the Knavery of the Dealers.² Yet I must be content to dy among such a People, with whom it may however be said it is better to dye than Live. But what is all this to Your Lordship or to Engl^d? It is a great deal to the latter, For your wealth is compleated by your Tyranny and Oppression here. You see my old murmurings are not

¹ *The Second Satire of the Second Book* first published with the *First Satire of the Second Book*, July 1734, Griffith 341, ll. 161-4:

‘Pray heav’n at last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
Why you’ll enjoy it only all your life.’

² At this time the linen manufacture was a growing and prosperous trade and the picture drawn by Swift of Ireland’s poverty and misery is in some degree an exaggeration.

yet ceased, but it is the same thing, as if they were; because I am now grown desperate; and have nothing to do but rayl with a very few friends, in a safe corner of the house. Pardon all this impertinence, My good Lord, and so I conclude with my most humble Respects to My Lady Oxford, and the young happy Duke and Dutchess; for I may be so free with his Grace, since his being incorporated into Your Family. | I am with the truest Respect and Gratitude | my Lord | Your Lordship's most obedient | and most obliged | humble servant | J: Swift.

Dublin. Aug. 30th | 1734.

Address: To the Right Honorable the | Earl of Oxford, in | Dover-street | London

Endorsed below the address: R. Sep. 13. | 1734. Dover | Street.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to the Duke of Chandos

August 31, 1734.

My Lord,

Although I have long had the honour to be an old humble servant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her Majesty's death. For this reason, your Grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many worthy and learned persons of this city and kingdom: who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your Grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your Grace's possession.¹ They can be of no use in England, and

¹ The collection was made by Sir James Ware, the Irish historian and antiquary (*D.N.B.* lix. 359), and was purchased by the second Earl of Clarendon while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1685-6. The collection is now in the British Museum, save for a few documents among the Rawlinson manuscripts in the Bodleian.

The Duke made no reply. On 7 Oct. 1734 Swift wrote asking Mrs. Pendarves

31 August 1734

Swift to the Duke of Chandos

the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for a 1000*l.* because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: And yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleased with. And at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect, | My Lord, your Grace's, &c.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

Sir,

I find your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from *Glocester*, about a twelvemonth ago;¹ after that I went to *Longleat* to approach the Duke. Incensed with the Duke's incivility Swift wrote the verses preserved in his autograph, Forster Collection, no. 527; *Poems*, p. 677. These verses were first printed by Deane Swift, 1765. Four years later, 2 Feb. 1737-8, Swift renewed his attempt, asking the Earl of Orrery to use his good offices.

¹ 24 Oct. 1733.

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

9 September 1734

to my Lady *Weymouth*; came to town in *January*, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir *John Stanley*'s, at *North-End*, the *Delville* of this part of the world.¹ I hope *Naboth*'s Vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord *Carteret* is at *Haynes*; my Lady *Carteret* is in town, nursing my Lady *Dysart*, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady *Weymouth*'s being soon under the same circumstance.² I have not seen my Lord *Bathurst* since I was at his house in *Glocestershire*: that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. *Donnellan* sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to *Dublin*, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant, | M. Pendarves.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope and Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

Sept. 15, 1734.

I have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord Bolingbroke

¹ Sir John Stanley, who was connected with Ireland, acted as secretary to the Duke of Shrewsbury, when Lord Lieutenant. He became uncle of the future Mrs. Delany. His villa, near Fulham, is frequently mentioned in her letters.

² The son born to Lord Carteret's eldest daughter succeeded his father as Earl of Dysart. His second daughter, married to the second Viscount Weymouth, also gave birth to a son and heir.

15 September 1734

Pope and Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reasons of my late silence.¹ I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you, and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (tho' our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those goers-between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses.² It is generally on such little scraps that Witlings feed; and 'tis hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, and print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady;³ it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly dis-avow'd in your letters to Lord Carteret,⁴ myself and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more, that the same person who gave this to be printed offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as

¹ The letter to which Pope alludes was that answered by Bolingbroke on 6 July.

² The reference is to Pilkington and his wife, and perhaps also to Mrs. Barber.

³ See Duchess of Queensberry to Swift, 4 Mar. 1733-4 *ad fin.*

⁴ The letter to Lord Carteret of 23 Apr. 1733.

commissioned by you, which has since appear'd and been own'd to be his own.¹ I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy tho' you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter,² and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of your self. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more compleatly than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely drest, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord Bolingbroke is doing with Metaphysicks. I hope, you will live to see and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk t^o you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly: But can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make

¹ Elwin (vii. 324) believes the allusion to be to a pamphlet concerning the will of Richard Norton of Southwick in Hampshire, who left the bulk of his real and personal estate 'to the poor, hungry and thirsty, naked and strangers, and sick and wounded and prisoners'. The will, which was set aside, is also mentioned in Pope's letter to Caryll (Sherburn, iii. 390). The scheme is adverted to in the tract *A Serious and Useful Scheme, To make an Hospital for Incurables* (*Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, vii. 301), by Pilkington, to which Pope almost certainly refers.

² The second volume of Pope's *Works* (quarto) appeared in April 1735 (Griffith no. 372).

15 September 1734

Pope and Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift

it one to me: and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P.S.¹ Our friend who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysicks, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*,² I shall not have the itch of making them more publick.³ I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysicks of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter sometime ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *vale & me ama.*

4806

John Arbuthnot to Swift

[Hampstead, 4 October 1734]

My Dear & worthy freind

You have no reason to putt me amongst the rest⁴ of your forgettfull freinds for I wrote two Long Letters to yow to which I never received one word of answer The first was about your health, the last I sent a great while ago by one M^r De La Mar.⁵ I can assure yow

¹ Faulkner, 1741, p. 239, heads this postscript 'P.S. By Lord Bolingbroke'.

² 'You are a Theatre large enough for me'—Faulkner. Seneca, *Ep. Mor.* 7, 11.

³ Bolingbroke's philosophical writings were published by Mallet in his edition of the *Works*, 1754.

⁴ 'Ranks' deleted.

⁵ Arbuthnot refers to his letters of Nov. 1730 and Jan. 1732–3. He had also added a postscript to Pope's letter of 5 Dec. 1732 announcing Gay's death.

with great truth, that none of your freinds or acquaintances has a more warm heart towards yow than my self I am going out of this troublesome world, & yow amongst the rest of my freinds shall have my last prayers & good wishes.

The young man whom yow recommended came out to this place, & I promisd to do him what service my ill state of health would permitt I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an Asthma that I could neither sleep breath eat nor move. I most earnestly desir'd, & beggd of god that he would take me, contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to Ride (which I had forbore for some years because of bloody water) I recoverd my strength to a pretty considerable degree slept & had my stomach return. but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London & the return of the winter, & I am not in circumstance to live an idle country life & no man at my age ever Recover'd of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. what I did I can assure yow, was not for life but ease; for I am at present in the case of a man that was allmost in harbour & then blown back to Sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place & an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one not that I have any particular disgust at the world for I have as great comfort in my own family. and from the kindness of my freinds as any man, but the world in the main displeaseth me, & I have too true a presentiment of Calamity that are like to befall my country. however if I should have the happiness to see yow before I die yow will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness.

I cannot imagine why yow are frighted from a journey to Ingland; the reasons yow assign I am sure are not sufficient; the journey I am sure would do you good. In general I recommend Riding, of which I have allways had a great opinion, & can now confirm it by my own experience.

My family give yow their Love & service the great loss I sustaind in one of them¹ gave me my first shock & the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them & whom they love is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am affraid My Dear freind we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall to the last moment preserve my love & esteem for yow being well assured yow will never leave the paths of virtue & honor for all that is in this world is not worth the least

¹ His second son Charles who died 2 Dec. 1731.

4 October 1734

John Arbuthnot to Swift

deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes. for none can be with more sincerity than I am | My Dear freind | Your most faithfull Freind & | humble servant | Jo: Arbuthnott.

Hampstead Octobr | 4th 1734

Address: To | The Reverend the | Dean of St patricks | Dublin

Postmark: 5 OC

Endorsed by Swift: Dr Arbuthnott | Rx Oc^{br} 14th 1734 and repeated with Answd, without date.

Mrs. Delany's Correspondence

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

Oct. 7. 1734.

Madam,

When I received the honor and happiness of your last letter (dated Sept. 9) I was afflicted with a pair of disorders that usually seize me once a year, and with which I have been acquainted from my youth, but it is only of late years that they have begun to come together, although I should have been better contented with one at a time—these are *giddiness* and *deafness*, which usually last a month; the first tormenting my body, and the other making me incapable of conversing. In this juncture your letter found me: but I *was* able to read, though *not to hear*; neither did I value my deafness for three days, because your letter was my constant entertainment during that time; after which I grew sensibly better, and, although I was not abroad till yesterday, I find myself well enough to acknowledge the great favor you have done me, but cannot guess your motive for so much goodness. I guess that *your* good Genius, accidentally meeting *mine*, was prevailed on to solicit your pity! Or, did you happen to be at leisure by the summer absence of your friends? Or, would you appear a constant nymph, when all my goddesses of much longer acquaintance have forsaken me, as it is reasonable they should? But the men are almost as bad as the ladies, and I cannot but think them in the right; for I cannot make shifts and lie rough, and be undone by starving in scanty lodgings, without horses, servants, or conveniences, as I used to do in London, with port-wine, or perhaps Porters' ale, to save charges.¹

¹ An early use of a term, subsequently shortened to 'porter', descriptive of a dark-brown liquor brewed for labourers. See *O.E.D.*

You dare not pretend to say that your town equals ours in hospitable evenings, with your *deep play* and no entertainment but a cup of chocolate, unless you have mended your manners. I will not declare your reasons for not taking a second trip over hither, because you have offered none but your royal will and pleasure; but if I were in the case of your friends here, with more life before me and better health, I would solicit an Act of Parliament to prevent your coming among us; or, at least to make it high treason in you ever to leave us. In the mean time, I wish you were forced over by debts or want, because we would gladly agree to a contribution for life, dinners and suppers excluded, that are to go for nothing. I speak for the public good of this country; because a pernicious heresy prevails here among the men, that it is the duty of your sex to be fools in every article except what is merely domestic, and to do the ladies justice, there are very few of them without a good share of that heresy, except upon one article, that they have *as little* regard for family business as for the *improvement of their minds!*

I have had for some time a design to write against this heresy, but have now laid those thoughts aside, for fear of making both sexes my enemies; however, if you will come over to my assistance, I will carry you about among our adversaries, and dare them to produce *one instance* where your *want of ignorance* makes you affected, pretending, conceited, disdainful, endeavouring to speak like a scholar, with twenty more faults objected by themselves, their lovers, or their husbands. But, I fear your case is desperate, for I know you never laugh at a jest before you understand it, and I much question whether you *understand a fan*, or have so good a fancy *at silks* as others, and your way of *spelling* would *not be intelligible*. Therefore upon your arrival hither, which I expect in three packets at furthest, I will give you a licence to be as silly as you can possibly afford, one half-hour every week, to the heretics of each sex, to atone for which you are to keep one fasting-day at Doctor Delany's or Dr. Helsham's, and one at the Deanery.

I think my Lord Carteret is the most happy, in all circumstances of life, that I ever have known, and as he well deserves it, so I hope he is sensible of it; all my fear is that he will be too rich. I am no cause of my Lord Bathurst's forsaking you; he hath long done the same with me, and to say the truth, Madam, it is a very cold scent to continue a correspondence with one whom we never expect to see. I never knew it long practised, except among the learned of different

7 October 1734

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

nations; Mr. Pope and my Lord Bolingbroke themselves begin to fail me, in seven years. Nothing vexes me so much with relation to you, as that with all my disposition to find faults, I was never once able to fix upon anything that I could find amiss, although I watched you narrowly; for when I found we were to lose you soon, I kept my eyes and ears always upon you, in hopes that you would make some *boutade*.¹ It is, you know, a French word, and signifies a sudden jerk from a horse's hinder feet which you did not expect, because you thought him for some months a sober animal, and this hath been my case with several ladies whom I chose for friends: in a week, a month, or a year, hardly one of them failed to give me a *boutade*; therefore I command you will obey my orders, in coming over hither for one whole year, after which, upon the first *boutade* you make, I will give you my pass to be gone.

Are you acquainted with the Duke of Chandos? I know your cozen² Lansdown and he were intimate friends. I have known the Duke long and well, and thought I had a share in his common favor, but he hath lately given me great cause of complaint. I was pressed by many persons of learning here to write to his Grace, that having some old records relating to this kingdom, which were taken from hence by the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lieutenant here, and purchased them from private owners, and are now in the Duke's possession, that his Grace would please to bestow them to the University here, because Irish antiquities are of little value or curiosity to any other nation. I writ with all the civility in my power, and with compliments on the fame of his generosity, and in a style very different from what I use to my friends with titles,³ but he hath pleased to be silent for above six weeks, which is the first treatment I ever met with of that kind from any English person of quality, and what would better become a *little* Irish Baron than a *great* English Duke. But whether grandeur or party be the cause I shall not enquire, but leave it to you, and expect you will employ my brother Lansdown, (his Lordship will tell you why I give him that title) if he still converses with the Duke, to know the reason of this

¹ The word was in English use before Swift's time, although here he felt it necessary to explain its meaning. He used it in section iv of *A Tale of a Tub*, where we are told that Lord Peter's 'first *Boutade*' was to kick both his brothers' wives 'One Morning out of Doors, and his own too'.

² *Recte* uncle. Mrs. Pendarves was the daughter of a brother of Lord Lansdown.

³ Cf. Swift's letter to the Duke, 31 Aug. 1734.

treatment, and you shall be my instrument to find it out, although it should cost you two shillings for a chair!

If I have tired you, it is the effect of the great esteem I have for you; do but lessen your own merits, and I will shorten my letters in proportion. If you will come among us, I engage your dreadful old beggarly western Parson to residence,¹ otherwise we all resolve to send him over, which is in our opinion the surest way to drive you hither, for you will be in more haste to fly from, than to follow even Mrs. Donnellan, when you keep out of sight; if she be among you, I desire she may know I am her true admirer and most humble servant. I am, with true respect and high esteem, Madam, | Your most obed^t and obliged humble servt, | J. Swift.

You may please to know that after dining alone as a King, not yet daring to face the cold, you see the mark in the red spot of wine and water that accidentally fell.

Oct. 7th 1734.

Your friends here are all well, and remember you with pleasure and regret. You must call this a postscript. You must excuse my many interlinings, on account of my ill head, which disposes me to blunders.²

Deane Swift 1768

Sir William Fownes to Swift

[18 October 1734]

Sir,³

There are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

¹ That is, will compel her Connaught suitor to attend to his duties. Cf. p. 159, n. 2.

² Ball refers to Swift's verses on his deafness, written about this time (*Poems*, ii. 672-4), as evidence of the deep depression from which he was suffering.

³ The place from which this letter purports to be written would lead to the supposition that the Irish Parliament was then sitting and that Fownes was a member. The last session had, however, concluded in April; and since 1713 Fownes had ceased to represent the Borough of Wicklow for which he sat for several years during the reign of Queen Anne.

18 October 1734

Sir William Fownes to Swift

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect: As for instance when anyone bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of wares shall reduce their rates a quarter part instead of enhansing them (as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather; then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left-hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed *Thomas Turner*, the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude and farther improving the latitude,¹ I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good æconomy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble Servant, | PHILO MÆ.

From my observatory in the Parliament house, Oct. 18. 1734.

Endorsed: A humorous project.

Longleat xiii (Harleian Transcript)

Swift to Alexander Pope

Nov. 1st 1734

I have yours with my Lord B.s² Postscript of Sept. 15. It was long on it's way, & for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my

¹ Turner seems to have been a local disciple of the unfortunate Joe Beaumont from whose fate he appears to have been saved by a happy marriage.—Ball.

² Bolingbroke's.

two inveterate Disorders, Giddyness & deafness; the latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards Evenings, & much dispirits me. But I continue to ride & walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least Amusements. 'I have lost by those diseases much of my memory, which makes [me] commit many blunders, in my common Actions at home, by mistaking one thing for another; Particularly in writing, where I make a hundred literall errors, as you cannot but know, & as it is odds you will find in this paper.'¹ I did never imagine you to be either inconstant or to want right notions of Friendship; but I apprehended your want of health; & it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently & so happily under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a Summer Season; & when the winter recalls you we will for our own Interests leave you to your Speculations. God be thanked I have done with everything & of every kind that requires writing, except now & then a Letter, or, like a true old Man Scribbling trifles only fit for children or Schoolboys of the lowest Class at best, which three or four of us read & laugh at today, & burn to Morrow. Yet what is singular, I never am without some great works in View, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: Although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises,² that have layn by me severall years, & want nothing but Correction. My Lord B.³ sayd in his Postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, & that the Newsmongers gave you over. But a Gentleman of this Kingdom on his return from Bath '(his name is Towers)⁴ assured me he left you well, & so did some others whom I have forgot. 'I am not scared from writing by any regard to the Post folks, & wou'd be content to let them transcribe Copyes, provide they will be so honest to Seal the Original & send it as directed. I cannot but tell you that I am not so well able to write at night, both from my disorder, & the weakness of my Eyes. And when I begin

¹ This passage, in half-brackets, is omitted in Pope's London editions of 1741-2.

² These treatises were *Polite Conversation* (1738), *Directions to Servants* (1745), and *The History of the Last Four Years of the Queen* (1758).

³ Bolingbroke.

⁴ Omitted in Pope's 1740-2 texts. Towers was a relation of the John Towers of Powerscourt.

in a morning, I am so pestered by impertinent People, & impertinent Business which my Station exposeth me to, that the former part of the day is wholly lost.¹ I am sorry at my heart, that you are² pestered with People who come in my name, & I profess to you, it is without my Knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, & fixed to the free-hold, from whence nothing but death will remove them³; I only except Dr. Sheridan who allways begs me to present his respects, & talks often of going to England but I believe, considering many difficulties on his fortune will never be able with any prudence to make such a Voyage. I have just recalled the Money that was in the Duke of Qu—s hands:³ which I had set apart to maintain a Summer among you; but I found it inconsistent with my present ill state of health to venture so far from a convenient home. & by the great fall of my little Revenues: I was under a necessity to supply my self with that money, till I cou'd recover some rents to support me. And I must now count upon worse & worse every year, or rather every month I live.⁴ Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man, & I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside your self on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new & excellent Rules could be produced so advantageously & agreeably in that Science from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—⁴ said to me on that occasion. How a Judge here who knows you, told the D—⁵ that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; On the second most of them cleared up, & his pleasure increased; On the third he had no doubt remained, & then he admired the whole.⁶ My Lord B's⁷ attempt of reducing Metaphysicks to intelligible sence & usefullness will be a glorious under-

¹ Omitted in all texts of 1740–2.

² are] were *Faulkner* 1741.

³ The money now held by the Duke of Queensberry which Swift had placed in Gay's hands. Cf. Duchess of Queensberry to Swift, 12 Apr. 1733.

⁴ D—] Dorset *Faulkner*.

⁵ D—] him *Faulkner*.

⁶ Ball, on little, if any, ground of evidence attributes the authorship of this criticism to John Wainwright (born in 1698), who removed from England to Ireland in 1732 as a Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer. In 1741 he died in the latter country; but he was buried in Trinity Church at Chester. He was noted for his scholarship and wide accomplishment. Cf. Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 202.

⁷ B's] Bolingbroke's *Faulkner*.

Swift to Alexander Pope

1 November 1734

taking, & as I never knew him fayl in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, So I am confident he will succeed in this: I desire you will allow, that I write to you both at present, & so I shall while I live: It saves you mony, & my time; And he being your *Genius*, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise from the weakness of my eyes, & thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B— to follow that Example, if I live to read his *Metaphysicks*. Pray God bless you both. I had a Maloncholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his Letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

Address: To Alexander Pope Esqr | at Twitenham in | Middlesex | by London.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Marmaduke Phillips to Swift

Marston in Somersetshire, Nov. 2, 1734.

Sir,¹

You may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you whilst I stayed in *England*, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kindly and friendly negotiations for me in the letter you were so good to give me to Lord *Orrery*, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his Lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. *Taylor's* giving my mother and me so much money for our goodwill in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his Lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble

¹ The writer of this letter owed to Swift his introduction to Lord Orrery and later (5 May 1736) a recommendation to the Duke of Dorset. He held the rectory of Raheny, and was favoured with the appointment of chaplain by Bishop Rundle. He writes from Orrery's Somersetshire seat.

2 November 1734

The Rev. Marmaduke Phillips to Swift

you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him yet¹ to say; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at *Marston*, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular since I came to him, has been like Lord *Orrery* himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy Dean of *St. Patrick's*, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his Lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? No! *agnoscò fontem*; for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about; for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good Sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum*. His Lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from *Ireland* of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of *Gulliver's Struldbrugs*, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man, which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

¹ yet] om. *Ball*.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach, and tis well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in *Rathenny*¹ pulpit instead of writing a letter to the Dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord *Orrery*, at *Marston*, near *Frome*, in *Somersetshire*. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady *Acheson* and her mother,² for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. *Helsham* and his lady,³ and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanry.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to *London* (which I believe will not be till after *Christmas*, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of *Bath*, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, Your most obedient and much obliged humble servant, Marmaduke Philips

I have seen your friend Mrs. *Cope*⁴ at *Bath*, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

¹ Mr. *Philips*'s benefice, about three miles from *Dublin*.—Deane Swift. Previously it had been held by John Grattan.

² Lady *Acheson*'s mother lived at The Grange near a village called Baldoye between *Dublin* and *Howth*.

³ *Helsham* resigned his fellowship and married a lady who had previously been the wife of Thomas Putland.

⁴ The daughter of Sir William Fownes, Swift's old hostess at Loughgall.

November 1734

Swift to John Arbuthnot

Hunter-Baillie MSS.

Swift to John Arbuthnot

[November 1734]

My Dear Friend¹

I never once suspected your forgetfulness or want of Friendship, but very often dreaded your want of Health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary, in hearing from you.² I should be very ungratefull indeed if I acted otherwise to you who were pleased to take such generous constant care of my health. My Interests, and my Reputation; who represented me so favorably to that blessed Queen your Mistress, as well as to her Ministers, and to all your Friends. The Letters you mention which I did not answer, I can not find; and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours, and those of a few other friends; and date them; onely if there be any thing particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the Country, I send them to some Friends among other Papers; for fear of Accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favor to the Young man who was bred in my Quire. The people of skill in Musick represent him to me as a Lad of Virtue and hopefull and endeavouring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you Trouble, because you never refused me any thing in your Life. You tear my heart with the ill account of your Health; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on the account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better Life. I should pity none but your Friends, and among them chiefly my self, although I never can hope to have health enough to leave this country till I leave the World. I do not know among Mankind any Person more prepared to depart from us, than your self, not even the Bishop of Marseilles³ if he be still alive: For among all your qualities that have

¹ The original of this letter (H.B. 1. 19. 10) is among the Hunter Baillie MSS. in the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The postscript, owing to pasting down of the letter, was obscured, until, in 1952, skilful washing-off by Mr. W. R. Le Fanu, the librarian, revealed it. I am grateful to him for communicating the result to me. There is a copy of the letter in the Forster Collection, no. 557. The letter was printed in normalized form by Peter Cunningham in his edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii. 205.

² 4 Oct. 1734.

³ M. de Belsunce remained confessing and comforting the sick and dying during the great plague which smote Marseilles in 1720. Despite constant

procured you the love and esteem of the world, I ever most valued your moral and Christian Virtues, which were not the Product of years of Sickness, but of reason and Religion; as I can witness after above five and twenty years acquaintance . . . I except onely the too little care of your Fortune; upon which I have been so free as some times to examine and to chide you; and the consequence of which hath been to confine you to London when you are under a disorder for which I am told, and know the clear air of the Country is necessary. The great reason that hinders my Journey to England is the same that drives you from High-gate:¹ I am not in Circumstances to keep horses and Servants in London. My Revenues by the miserable oppressions of this Kingdom are sunk 300¹¹ a year: For Tythes are become a Drug, and I have but little rents from the Deanry lands, which are my onely sure paymts. I have here a large convenient house; I live at two thirds cheaper than I could there, I drink a bottle of French wine my self every day, though I love it not; but it is the onely thing that keeps me out of pain, I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a large Strand, or Turnpike roads; You in London have no such Advantages. I can buy a Chicken for a Groat, and entertain three or four friends with as many dishes and two or three Bottles of French Wine for 10² shill. When I dine alone, my Pint and Chicken with the Appendixes cost me about 15 pence. I am thrifty in every thing but wine, of which though I be not a constant House-keeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry My Bottle, my Bread and Chicken, that he may be no loser; I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which joyned to my ill health make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestick tattle may excuse me, and amuse You. I could not live with My L^d Bo— or Mr Pope; they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound, and too poor. And how could I afford Horses? and how could I ride over their Cursed roads in Winter, and be turned into a ditch by every Carter exposure to infection the plague spared him. His memory is immortalized by Pope:

‘Why drew Marseille’s good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken’d, and each gale was death?’

Essay on Man, iv. 106–7.

¹ Or rather, Hampstead. Arbuthnot returned to town some time before his death.

² Aitken, p. 156, incorrectly prints ‘11’.

November 1734

Swift to John Arbuthnot

or Hackney Coach? Every Parish Minister of this City is Governor of all Carriages, and so are the two Deans,¹ and every Carrier &c. makes way for us at their Peril. Therefore, like Cesar I will be one of the first here rather² than the last among you. I forget that I am so neer the Bottom I am now with one of My Prebend^{ies} five miles in the Country for 5 days. I brought with me 8 Bottles of Wine, with Bread and Meat for 3 days, which is my Club. he is a Bachellor³ with 300^l a year. Pray God preserve you my dear Friend entirely
y^{rs} | J. Swift

Pray does your Brother Robert live at Roan or Paris? Some tell me that his Nephew keeps the House at Rouen, and your Brother onely comes there sometimes. He was so kind lately to send me a Hamper of near 3 dozen of Wine. I never could learn what kind of Present from hence would be acceptable in France.

Address: To | Doctor John Arbuthnott at | his house in Cork-street near |
Burlington Gardens | London

Postmarks: DUBLIN and 22 NO

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[London, 7 November 1734]

Dont accuse me of forsaking you indeed tis not in the least, in my thoughts, but I heard you were ill, & had no letter from you so doubted being troublesome⁴ I was about two months at my own house & had my Duke & Dutchess with me the rest of the time

¹ The Dean of Christ Church Cathedral and himself.

² 'rather' written above the line.

³ From the fact that he was a bachelor his host might naturally be thought to have been one of the Grattans. It is hardly likely, however, that Swift would have brought wine to Belcamp, where a vast cellar testifies to the enormous store kept by its owners. In my opinion the Prebendary with whom Swift was then staying was a certain Samuel Webber, who held the prebend of Howth and resided close to Lady Acheson's mother at the Grange. Swift refers to him in a subsequent letter, and is mentioned by Webber, who was either a bachelor or a widower, in his will.—Ball.

⁴ Swift had not heard from Lady Betty for nearly eight months. Her letter of 2 Mar. was received by him on 11 Mar. He had evidently now written asking her to urge his request on the Duke of Chandos.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

7 November 1734

devided between Ld Pressidents¹ and Knole, I have now left their Graces in the country where I hope they wont stay long, for she has been very ill, but tho now recoverd I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there because theres neither Physick nor Physician thats good for any thing, indeed I cant answer whether your Ld Lieutenant will be the same or not, all that I can say is that if he asks my consent for it he shant have it, I have no acquaintance with the Duke of Chandois nor I believe the Duke of Dorset much, & to be sure twoud be to no purpose to ask him for those Records again, because to be sure if he woud have parted with them he woud have done it on your asking and whether use full² or not just to him yet few people woud care to part with what must enhance the Value of his Library; but if he succeeds the Duke of Dorset then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a Compliment of them to the Kingdom, your friend Dr Arbuthnot I hear is out of order again I have not seen him lately & I fear he's in a very declining way, I fancy twoud be prodigious good for your health to come to England, which woud be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend & Humble | servant | E G

London | 7 Nov: 1734

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy E. Germain. | Nov^r 8th 1734. | Answrd

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

St. Mary's Square, Glocester, Nov. 20, 1734.

Sir,

I am truly concerned at your having been so much out of order:³ I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that's of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey

¹ Spencer Compton, who, 11 Jan. 1728, was created Baron Wilmington, in recognition of his having yielded place to Walpole. In May 1730 he was raised to the rank of Viscount Pevensey and Earl of Wilmington, and in December of the same year he succeeded Lord Trevor as Lord President of the Council.

² i.e. useful.

³ See Swift's letter to Mrs. Pendarves, 7 Oct. 1734.

20 November 1734

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgements to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the Dean of *St. Patrick's*? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting-days¹ you talk of, they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three *pacquets* according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother *Lansdown*, and spoke to him about the Duke of *Chandois*. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the Duke these fifteen years. I have put it, however, into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. *Donnellan*, behind me in *London*, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the *Dublin Thursday* society,² than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I can't have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful servant, | M. Pendarves.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

¹ i.e. Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry: which in comparison of magnificent tables the Doctor used to call fasting.—Deane Swift.

² At Delany's house.

Charles Jervas to Swift

Hampton Nov^r 24th 1734

Dear M^r Dean¹

You can hardly imagin how rejoyced I am at finding my Old friend the Bishop of Worcester so hale at 83-4—No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, & I am forced my self ever now & then to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon Vigour & consequently spirits to spare.

If ever I see Dublin again, & your Teague 'scapes hanging so long, I will myself Truss him up, for nonadmittance when you were in a conversible condition. I am sure the Lady wil send you M^r Conolly's Picture with pleasure, when I tell her You expect it.² Our friend Pope is off & on, here & there, every where & no where, a son ordinaire, & therefore as well as we can hope for a carkass so crazy: he Assures me he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some Amusement, as he is rejoyced at all yours; therefore you must Write away—Upon enquiry I learn that Exercise is the best Medcine for your giddinesses—Penny³ made Mistress Pendarvis happy with a Print of yours, & I do not fail to distribute them to all your Well Wishers—I am | Dear Dean yours most affect^{ly}. | Charles Jervis.

I held out bravely the 3 weeks fogs &c | & am very well

Address: To | The Reverend Doctor Swift | Dean of Saint Patrick's, | Dublin.

Postmark: 25 NO

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Jervas. | Rx Dec^r 6th 1734

¹ It appears by this letter that Jervas had been in Ireland, where, upon calling at the Deanery, he had been refused admittance. He was now writing from the residence of the Bishop of Worcester, John Hough, who had won fame on his own behalf and that of Magdalen College, Oxford, by his courageous resistance in 1687 to the mandates of James II. *D.N.B.*

² Presumably an engraving by Fourdrinier of a portrait of Speaker Conolly by Jervas.

³ Jervas's wife.

12 December 1734

Swift to the Rev. Henry Clarke

Arthur A. Houghton, Jr.

Swift to the Rev. Henry Clarke

[Deanery House, 12 Dec. 1734.]

SR1

I have read over the Discourse you sent me concerning the present condition of your College. The Writer seems to be a modest Man of good Understanding. I think there is a good deal in what he cautiously wishes, that what he calls the *Powers* of Bachelors and Sophisters were restored. But I believe the Disposition of the Kingdom at present will not turn to give them any Coercive Civil Power over the Persons of the Scholars.² Your University is now I think near 150 years old; But the Complaints of Ryots is chiefly since the Reign of the present Governor; How he will acquit himself, I neither know, nor much regard. He is charged with some personall Irregularities, but even those are light in comparison to the Spirit of Party, under the Influence of which he is said to dispose of all Employmts, particularly Fellowships very often to the least deserving.³ There is no Headship on either of the English Uni-

¹ Swift was writing to the Rev. Henry Clarke, a fellow of Trinity College who became Vice-Provost and Regius Professor of Divinity. He retired to a college living in co. Armagh where he brought himself into persecution and danger by exacting a higher tithe rate which raised his ecclesiastical revenue from £900 to £1,300 a year. He was seized and carried in derision through various parts of the country. Lecky's *History*, ed. 1879-90, iv. 346-87. This letter was first printed by Wilde, *Closing Years*, 2nd edition, pp. 88-89.

² An extraordinary state of lawlessness had for many years existed amongst the undergraduates in Dublin University, and had culminated some months before in a Fellow being shot dead while endeavouring to maintain order. In the pamphlet to which Swift refers, entitled *A Letter to G— W—, Esq., concerning the Present Condition of the College of Dublin and the late Disturbances that have been therein*, a time is recalled when such disorders were unknown, and their existence is attributed mainly to the withdrawal of disciplinary powers from the classes mentioned. In the past it was not, as the author tells us, the vigilance of the Deans or the skill of the Fellows that kept the College in submission, but 'much more cogent arguments to sobriety and modesty' in the shape of 'the Senior Sophister's hand and the Bachelor's boot'.—Ball.

³ These allegations are directed against Dr. Richard Baldwin who succeeded Pratt as Provost of Trinity College. He was a school and college contemporary of Swift, who refers to him in 'On Dr. Rundle' (*Poems*, iii. 821) as 'Dear Baldwin chaste'. He earned the hearty dislike of Swift, Sheridan, Delany, and many of the fellows for his autocratic rule. Despite faults it is to be remembered that he bequeathed a large fortune to the college.

versities, attended with so many Advantages of Dignity, Profit and Power as that of your Governor . . . But it is universally agreed by all Parties, that your Discipline is most infamously relaxed in every Particular. I had the Honor to be for some years a Student at Oxford, where I took my Master's Degree,¹ and I know what your Author says, to be true. For the Vicechancellor hath more power than the Mayor, and indeed the University governs the City, although the latter in my time was often disposed to be turbulent. I mentioned to three L^d Lieutenants my wish that your Governor were otherwise provided for; and they all pretended to wish the same, but never went further; although I had pretensions to have some credit with them all . . . I have more than once heard at a meeting of Persons in the greatest Stations here, very open complaints against the Conduct of Your ——,² although they were of those Principles to which he hath entirely devoted himself.³

I quarrell at Your Author, as I do with all your writers and many of your Preachers, for their careless incorrect and improper Style, which they contract by reading the Scribbles from England, where an abominable Tast is every day prevayling. It is your business who are coming into the World to put a stop to these Corruptions; and recover that simplicity which in every thing of value ought chiefly to be followed.

These are some of my sudden thoughts after having this minute perused the Discourse you sent me I am S^r Your obedient humble Servt. | Jonath: Swift.

Deanry-house

Dec^{br} 12th; 1734

Your Writer should have sometimes styled Your *College* a *University*

Address: To the Reverend Doctor Clerk | at His Chambers in | Trinity College
Dublin

Endorsed: Letter from ye Dean of | Patrick's 1734 | D^r Swift

¹ It has been noted that Swift's residence at Oxford lasted only three weeks.

² Provost.

³ In addition to violent party spirit Baldwin's morals, whether justly or not, were suspect. Undergraduates are said to have driven his mistress from the College bounds.

12 December 1734

Swift to the Rev. John Blachford

John F. Fleming

Swift to the Rev. John Blachford

[Dublin, 12 December 1734]

Reverend S^r

There is an Inhabitant of this City of whom I suppose you have often heard. I remember him from my very infancy, but confess I am not as well acquainted with him as in Prudence I ought to be. Yet I constantly pretend to converse with him, being seldom out of his company, but I do not find that our Conversation is very pleasing to either of us. His health is not very good; which he endeavors to mend by frequent riding and fancys himself to find some Benefit by that Exercise, although not very effectually. He intended in the pursuit of health to have gone a long Northern Journey, and to have stayd there a Month;² but his Friends (who are very few) hearing that the place where he proposed to reside, was not proper for riding, diverted him from itt, their Reasons prevayled so far that yesterday morning he writt to make his Excuse to a Gentleman who was to accompany him. But, this Person still ensisting that he ought to put himself under a Necessity of riding, was desired to petition you who live in a days Journey of Dublin, and have a fine riding near Your Town, called the Murrow,³ or some such name. By these Incitements, he seems determined to quarter upon you for three weeks at least; if he can have your Consent, or rather that of Your Lady's, although I find he never had the honor to see her. He travells with two servants and consequently three horses, but these latter are at Hack; and the former at board-wages, so that neither of them will trouble you. As to the Person himself, He every day drinks a Pint of Wine at noon, and another at Night, and for the trouble he gives the House, he will allow one Bottle more every day for the

¹ This, and the following autograph letter of 17 Dec., were first printed by Sir Walter Scott in 1814 (xviii. 299-302) who informs us that they were obtained by the friendship of Mr. Weld Hartstonge. In a tattered condition they reappeared for sale at Sotheby's on 24 Feb. 1959 and were purchased by John F. Fleming of New York. As subsequently appears Swift wrote to Blachford on the suggestion of Sheridan. The prebendary of Wicklow seems to have been regarded with favour by Archbishop King (*Correspondence*, Mar. 1722-3).

² Sheridan spent Christmas with his friends at Castle Hamilton. He had evidently arranged that Swift should accompany him.

³ The Murrow of Wicklow derives its name from the Irish *murbach*, a sea-plain, and is a flat piece of ground extending along the sea.—Ball.

Swift to the Rev. John Blachford

12 December 1734

Table; but not one drop for foreigners, who are to drink on your Account. He will further allow one shilling and sixpence English for his Commons, Ale and smallbeer included. But you are to direct how the Wine can be found, and whether he must send it by a Wicklow Carrier; but the Bottles when empty, he must be payd for, These are the Conditions, onely adding, that the Family during his residence must be regulated by his own Model, and you are to send an answer the very next Post. He travells with his own sheets, so that he makes no Allowance upon that Article. Whether you do or do not approve of these Proposals, you are to give me an Account directed to the D. of St P—'s house and the D— after conferring with your future Guest, will either return you an answer, or send the Gentleman.

I am y^r most obd^t
humble serv^t | The D—n.

Dublin

Deb^b. 12.

1734.

The Gentleman will return with you at [the] Deans Visitation where he pretends to have some Business.

Address: To the Reverend Mr. | John Blashford, Prebendary | of Wicklow, at his House | in Wicklow.

John F. Fleming

Swift to the Rev. John Blachford

[Dublin, 17 December 1734]

S^r1

The Weather yesterday being very fine, I rode to Howth House,² and as I was getting on horseback to return, I was seised with so cruel a fit of that giddyness which at times hath pursued me from my youth that I was forced to lie down on a bed in an empty house for two hours before I was in a condition to ride. However I got home safe, but am this morning very weak, as I always have been for many

¹ A considerable part of Swift's autograph of this letter is missing. We are dependent for the complete text on Sir Walter Scott by whom the letter was first printed in 1814, xviii. 301-2.

² Howth Castle. Lord Howth was still in the county of Kilkenny. See Lady Howth to Swift, 15 Aug. 1734.

17 December 1734

Swift to the Rev. John Blachford

days after such fits, and in pain for fear of another this day, which makes me write to you while I am able although it be morning: I found your kind friendly letter last night upon my Table, at my coming home and heartily thank you for your generous Invitation, which however, I dare not accept, for fear of another Attack. Against which I must fence by taking Vomits and other Medicines prescribed for me by some Physicians who happen to be my Friends. If this accident had not fallen out; I intended to have begun my journey towards you this day, because I prophesied a fine parcell of Weather from yesterday, but I was deceived, and must have waited to a better season. Pray God protect you and your family. I know not whether you have children, nor did I ever see your Lady, or your house; so that I never did began invitation so much against the rules of common good manners, to one so much a stranger as you have been against my will to me; I am therefore bound in gratitude and by inclination to assure you that I am with much Esteem and Truth
Sr | Your most obedient | humble Ser^{vt} |

Jonath: Swift.

Dublin

Decr. 17th

1734

Postmark: DC 17 Frank: free Rob Cope

Address: To the rev^d Mr Blashford | at the rev^d Mr Corbet's at | Delgeny near | Killecoole

Deane Swift 1768

— — to Swift

Montrose, Dec. 17, 1734.¹

Sir,²

Some people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on

¹ This letter was dated by Ball, *Corresp.* iv. 52, 17 Dec. 1728. Deane Swift's date, 1734, appears more credible.

² As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. *Swift*, or whether afterwards he applied himself with success to *Apollo* and the Muses.—Deane Swift.

some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble servant, | * * * * *

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Twittenham, Decemb. 19, 1734.

I am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we past together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glympse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journies this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.¹

¹ *An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot* was first published on 2 Jan. 1734-5, the title-page bearing the date 1734. Pope's reference to 'a paper that

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disorder'd, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kindly your letter.¹ I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall re-unite us: But he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; tho' we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always considered² you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspire³ you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises which you say are so near compleated, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my *Morals*, as I've been, long ago, of my *Wit*; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of idæas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B.⁴ is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy

hath been abandon'd several years' alludes, as Sherburn points out (iii. 444), to an early form of the poem (MSS. in the Morgan and Huntington libraries) consisting of a little over 100 lines which had no connexion with Arbuthnot.

¹ Nov. 1734.

² considered] consider 1740.

³ inspire] inspirit 1740.

⁴ Sherburn suggests that, 'This remark would seem to date the continued composition of Bolingbroke's philosophical writings, and to indicate that they did not precede the *Essay on Man*.' It may be questioned whether this deduction is justifiable.

volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed, he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory Hint given in the first line of my Essay)¹ with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the Universe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it as all one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur,² if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath,³ but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Dec. 25, 1734

Deer Soar,⁴

Eye ray moved mice elf too May jor Par rots yes stair day morn in
Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me sum Mow knee

- ¹ 'Awake my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.'

Essay on Man, ep. i.

- ² Coined from the French 'badiner'.

- ³ Towers. See Swift to Pope, 1 Nov. 1734.

- ⁴ 'Dear Sir, I removed myself to Major Perrott's yesterday morning to meet the tenants of Drumlane to pay me some money due of Michaelmas and March gale. I suppose I shall receive about two hundred pounds, or thereabouts. I am sorry to hear your health is not better. I would have you take some remedies, and then go in a chaise to Wicklow, where I know you will be as welcome as anyone in Ireland. You know I promised to write you an unintelligible letter. Here it is. I mean a scrap of it.' Sheridan was writing from Castle Hamilton. The Perrots were related to Sir John Perrot, 1527?-92, reputed an illegitimate son of Henry VIII (*D.N.B.*), and Lord Deputy of Ireland. They occupied a neighbouring demesne. The lands of Drumlane may perhaps have been those given to Sheridan by the Archdeacon of Cork as some recoupment of the loss he had

25 December 1734

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

dew of Michael Mass and March Gale. Eye sup hose Eye shall race
heave a bout to hun dread pounds, or they raw bouts. Eye am sore
Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take
sum ray maid Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two week low, where
Eye no yew will bee as well come as a knee 1 in ire land. Yew no
eye promiss said too right yew a Nun inn tell liege eye bell Let her.
He writ is. Eye main ass crop off it.

Duglidge gravelson meltronimon bagaron resonsa fore monra pe
nos fatas epronsa car silomen sezindo crapenter forami dansa
prezina mentre foga ni son im contra ferez imilo ssik mitigan nastico
dna cisa melifnot dlor calica doen ap fagen gesonda resilo namis
sendo.

I suppose by this time those last six lines have given you amusement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honestly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them pass for a *Christmas* trick—But I desire that Doctor *Helsham*, and some other friends, may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you should be at all the trouble.

Mr. *Hamilton* is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a County-*Cavan* man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on *Wednesday* morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition—There's a County *Cavan* man for you!

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elysium* of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our *Elysium*, I mean to *Castle Hamilton*, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give—But you must take me along with you.—

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the *Kevin Bayl*¹ escaped the gallows, in spite of

sustained by his unfortunate sermon. See Swift to Sheridan, 19 Sept. 1725 and note.

¹ Dr. *Swift* used to call the people who lived in the liberty of *St. Patrick's* his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.—Deane Swift.

*Bettisworth*¹ and all his add hay rents—If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowring.

We are just now going to dinner at captain *Perrott*'s, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid *Grierson*'s² new map—There is another *Cavan-Bayl* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with *Jane*,³ that I may put my money among yours.

Forster 579

Swift to Miss Rebecca Dingley

[28 Dec. 1734.]

Pray God bless you,⁴ & restore your Health & give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas Box. I will see you as soon as I can. I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by Piety & Necessity. | I am ever entirely Yours Dec^r 28. 1734

I send you two Bottles of Wine.

¹ The right spelling of this name is *Bettesworth*, constantly pronounced 'as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. *Bettesworth* affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. *Sheridan* alludes.—Deane Swift.

² Husband of the authoress.

³ Swift's cook-maid.

⁴ This letter, as also that of 29 Aug. 1733 and that of 25 June 1737, were transcribed by John Lyon in a copy of Hawkesworth's *Life of Swift* (Forster Collection, no. 579).

6 January 1734-5

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

Portland MSS., B.M. First Deposit

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin, 6 January 1734-5]

My Lord.¹

The Bearer of this Letter Mr Hugh Lorinan. Has an Appeal to be tried before the House of Lords this ensuing Session. An eminent Person in the law here,² and an intimate friend of mine upon the score of Virtue learning and superiour Knowledge in his own Profession, did earnestly recommend his Case to me, as the most equitable he ever knew, assuring me that Mr Lorinan hath long suffered by the Injustice Fraud and Oppression of his Adversaries. I therefore humbly desire your Lordship will please to attend his Appeal, if your other Affairs will permit you. The Person who recommended him to me, is now a very eminent Judge, but was then only one of the chief Lawyers.

I hope My Lady Oxford, as well as Your Lordship, are in perfect Health. And that My Lord Duke and the Dutchess are and may ever continue in as much happyness as this World can give, and be a constant addition to that of yours; which is the hearty Wish and Prayer of him who is with all respect and truth | My Lord Your Lordships most obedient | and most obliged Servant | J: Swift.

Dublin. | Jan. 6th 1734.

¹ The original of this letter is now among the Portland MSS., First Deposit, List I, in the British Museum.

² Cf. also Swift's letter to Thomas Staunton, 15 Dec. 1728. The cause here in question concerned lands in the county of Londonderry which McLorinan had on lease from the family of Joshua Dawson. The 'eminent Person' was Robert Lindsay, who was called to the Irish Bar in 1709 and was named a Justice of the Common Pleas in 1733. He had been appointed legal adviser to the chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral on 15 Feb. 1721-2 and their seneschal on 13 Jan. 1723-4. Swift was indebted to him for legal advice when writing the *Drapier's Letters*. See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 203, and Davis, *Drapier's Letters*, pp. 248-9.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Dublin, 14 January 1734-5]

My Lord.¹

I am well assured that Your Grace will soon receive severall Representations of an Affair relating to the University here, from some very considerable Persons. However, I could not refuse the application made to me by a very worthy Gentleman who is a Fellow of the College, and commissioned by some principal Members of the Body to desire my poor good Offices to Your Grace, because they believed You thought me an honest man, and because they heard I had the honor to be known to you from Your early Youth. The Matter of their request related wholly to a dreadfull apprehension they lye under of Doct^r Whitcomb's endeavor to procure a Dispensation for holding his Fellowship together with that Church Preferment bestowed on him by Your Grace² . . . The Person sent to me on this Message gave me a written Paper, containing Reasons why the[y] hope Your Grace will not be prevayled upon to grant such a Dispensation. I presume to send you as short an extract as I can, of those Reasons; because I may boldly assure Your Grace, that Party or Faction have not the least Concern in the whole Affair. And, as to my self, I am an entire Stranger to the Doctor.

¹ This letter, as first printed by Deane Swift in 1765 (and followed by later editors before Ball), was taken from Swift's draft. The letter, as sent to the Duke and here followed, is now in the possession of Col. Stopford Sackville of Drayton House, near Kettering. There are many differences in word and phrasing between the draft and the letter as dispatched to the Duke. But these, with hardly an exception, in no way affect either meaning or purpose; and save for calling attention to a considerable omission in the final form, as compared with the draft, they have been ignored.

² The preferment conferred on Dr. Whitcombe, who was college tutor to Lord George Sackville, the Duke's son, was the benefice of Louth, near Dundalk, in the diocese of Armagh. Whitcombe was evidently bent on using his favourable position with the Duke to the best advantage. Even Archbishop Boulter was disturbed by the situation now arising; and on the selfsame day as Swift he wrote to the Duke from Dublin: 'I think I am obliged to tell your Grace that the affair of Dr. *Whitcomb*'s having a royal dispensation to hold his fellowship with the living of *Lowth*, begins to make a great noise here; and so far as I can see, is likely to make a much greater, as hindering the succession in the college, and opening a door to farther dispensations, when they say, as the living is probably better than 500*l. per ann.* he has no occasion for such a favour (*Boulter's Letters*, ii. 101).

It is asserted, that this Preferment given to the Doctor consists of a very large Parish in a very fine Country, thirty miles from Dublin: That, it abounds very much with Papists,¹ and is consequently a most important Cure requiring the Rector's Residence, and perhaps that of some Assistant which it can well afford, being worth near six hundred pounds a year.

That, as to such dispensations, they find in their College books but three or four Instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present. For, those few Livings which obtained Dispensations to be held with a Fellowship, were Sine-cures of small value, not sufficient to induce a Fellow to leave his Colledge; and in the Body of those Dispensations, it is inserted as a Reason for granting them, that they were such Livings as could be no hindrance in the Discharge of their Duty as a Fellow.

That, Dispensations are very hurtfull to such a Society, because they put a Stop to the succession of Fellowships, and thereby give a Check to that Emulation, Industry, and desire of Improvement in Learning, which the hopes of obtaining a Fellowship will probably incite men to.

That, if the Dispensation now attempted should take place, it may be used as a precedent for the like practice hereafter, which will be very injurious to the Society by encouraging Fellows to apply for such Dispensations when they have Interest to get Preferment, by which the Senior Fellows will be settled in the Colledge for life. And thus, for want of succession by any other way than Death or Marriage all Encouragements to the young and most deserving students will be wholly lost.

That, a Junior Fellowship is of very small Value, and to obtain it requires long and close Study, to which young Students are onely encouraged by hopes of succeeding in a reasonable time to be one of the seven Seniors; which hopes will be quite cut off when those Seniors are perpetuated by Dispensations.

That, the Fellows at their admittance into their Fellowships take a solemn Oath never to accept of any Church Preferment, above a certain Value and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue Fellows, to which Oath the accepting a Dispensation by Dr Whitcomb, is directly contrary in both Particulars of Value and Distance.

¹ According to a return made thirty years later (1765) there were only fourteen Protestant as against 725 Roman Catholic families in the parish of Louth and two other parishes united with it.

That, at this time there is a Set of very hopefull young men who have been in long and close Study to stand for the first Vacant Fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavors in pursuit of Learning by being disappointed in their hopes of Doc^r Whitcombs leaving the College, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a Fellowship.¹

I shall onely trouble Your Grace with a few Remarks of my own upon this Subject.

You will please My Lord to know, that a Fellowship in this University differs much in some very important Circumstances from most of those in Oxford and Cambridge My Lord George will tell Your Grace that a Fellowship here is got with much difficulty, by the strict examination they undergo in almost every branch of Learning, to which must be added the Reputation of Regularity in their Conduct. It is also disposed of with much Solemnity. For the Examiners, and all the senior Fellows take an Oath at the Altar, to dispose of the Vacant Fellowship to the person who they think deserves it best.

I must here by the Way take notice, that not onely the University but even the whole Kingdom are full of Acknowledgements of the honor Your Grace hath done them, in trusting the Care of educating one of Your Sons to Dublin Colledge, which hopes to continue always under Your Graces Favor and Protection.

This University is Patron of some Church Preferments, which are offered to the severall Fellows according to their Seniority, and so downwards to the lowest of them in holy Orders.

I desire Your Grace further to consider, that by the want of Trade here, there is no Encouragement for Gentlemen to breed their Sons to Merchandmen; That not many great Employments in Church or Law or the Revenue fall to the share of Persons born in Ireland; and consequently that the last resource of younger Brothers is to the Church, where if well befriended they may possibly rise to some reasonable maintenance.

¹ At this point the draft reads: 'I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

'The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgement for the honour your grace hath done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at Court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.'

14 January 1734-5

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

Your Grace will not want Opportunities during your continuance in this Government, or afterwards by the favor you have with his Majesty, to make Dr Whitcomb easier in his Preferment by some addition, and in such a Manner, that no Person or Society can have the least pretence to complain of. And therefore I humbly beg your Grace out of the high Veneration I bear to your Person and Virtues, that you will please to let Dr Whitcomb content him self a while with that rich Preferment, one of the best of the Kingdom, till it shall lye in your way further to promote him to his own content. If upon admittance to his Fellowship he took the usuall Oath never to accept a Church living, but with the two usuall Limitations of distance and value to hold with his Fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to accept a Dispensation where the Case is so vastly different.

I humbly intreat Your Grace to pardon this long Trouble I have given You, wherein I have no sort of Interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire, that You may continue as you began from Your Youth without incurring the least censure from the World, or giving the least Cause of discontent to any deserving Person.

I am with the greatest Respect Truth and Gratitude | My Lord
Your Grace's most obedient and | most obliged humble servant |
Jonath: Swift.

Dublin. Jan^r. 14

1734

I desire to present my most humble Respects to My Lady Dutchess, Being loth to give y^r Grace further Trouble I desire you will command My Lady E. Germain to let me Know that you do not disapprove of this Letter.¹

Endorsed: 14th Jan^y 1734
D. Swift²

¹ This postscript does not appear in the draft.

² The letter carries no address.

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Anne Donnellan to Swift

London, January 19, 1734-5

Sir,

My brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude.¹ I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends. I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered; I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next *Summer* to be in *Ireland*, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see *Ireland* this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in *Dublin* to all the diversions of *London*, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at *St. James's*. What has kept me seven years in *London*, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command.²

¹ Swift had not replied to Miss Donnellan's letter of 22 Sept. 1733.

² Mrs. Donnellan's mother, Martha, who was a daughter of Christopher

19 January 1734-5

Miss Anne Donnellan to Swift

I suppose, Sir, you know that Mrs. *Pendarves* has been for some time at Gloucester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country-town, to *London* in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving *London* is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in *Ireland* she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country I must leave her. But whilst I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant, | A. Donnellan.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helsham*.

Deane Swift 1768

— — to Swift

Jan. 21, 1734-5

Rev. Sir,

This letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of *Parnassus*.¹ Every body knows that Louis the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our *Greenwich*, *Chelsea*, and *Kilmainham*,² and t'was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know)

Ussher and a close relation of the great Archbishop of that name, married, six years after Chief Baron Donnellan's death in 1705, a brother of the first Earl of Egmont. They resided chiefly in London. Mrs. Barber celebrates the mother in a typical effusion (*Poems*, 1734, p. 122). Verses are addressed to Anne Donnellan in the same volume, pp. 180, 231.

¹ See *A Serious and Useful Scheme, To make an Hospital for Incurables*, published by Faulkner in 1733, and by Roberts in London. See p. 254, n. 1.

² The hospital for old soldiers at Kilmainham, in Swift's day a suburb of Dublin.

laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz., whether *Homer* or *Tacitus* deserves most praise on the following account; *Homer* makes *Helen* give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in *Ulysses*, the hero of his second poem, he makes *Antenor*, the wisest of all *Troy*, interrupt her. The passage in *Tacitus* is as follows, viz. On this year died *Junia*, being the sixtieth after the *Philippi* battle, wife to *Cassius*, sister to *Brutus*, niece to *Cato*, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c.; *Sed praefulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso, quod imagines¹ eorum non visebantur*. These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant, | T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct To the Reverend Mr. *Birch* at *Roscrea*.²

Endorsed: Whimsical, and little in it.

Yale University Library

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

[Dublin, 6 February 1734-5]

SR³

I am very much obliged by your kind Endeavors to help me to a purchase of Lands; for indeed I am the most helpless man alive in such Affairs. My manner of life hath quite estranged me from knowing how to deal with the Cunning of Mankind. And my health is so very uncertain that I dare not venture ten miles from Town. I find that Mr Garstin values his land at 10sh an Acre, and yet expects to sell it at 24 years purchase; And what Friend have I who is able and willing to make the Bargain and inquire into the Title, and fourty other Circumstances. All I am worth except about 1500¹¹ is

¹ Correctly *effigies*, *Ann.* iii. 76.

² The Rev. William Birch was connected by property with Roscrea, and was residing there at the time of his death forty years later.—Ball.

³ Gerrard had previously written to Swift, cf. Swift to Samuel Gerrard, 7 Apr. 1733. He had now written suggesting the purchase of lands not far from Laracor owned by Mr. James Garstin, who was an ancestor of the Garstins of Braganstown in co. Louth. This letter was first printed by Scott, 1814, xix. 233.

6 February 1734-5

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

out in Mortgages, and I cannot command a penny of it nor get any Interest. And the 1500^l I have at the Bankers I am about lending to another Person on a Mortgage. Yet if I could be tolerably used for the Land you mention I would borrow as much as would make it 2000^l. But I look on you as too honest to understand the Arts of Purchasers or Sellers. The Neighbouring Squires if they have money are onely proper for such Jobbs, and if they have none will all Joyn to cheat a Stranger. I have long wished that some skillfull man would take me into guardian-ship.

If I had Mr Garstin's land at 20 years purchase I would sink the rent 2 shill an Acre, and rather have 80^l p ann well payd than 100^l upon the rack, and so I should pay 24 years purchase. Your Justice and good will I entirely rely on; and if you had a skillfull notable Friend upon whom you could equally rely, something might be done. Mr Swift's Land you thought not worth 6^s p acre; this of Mr. Garstin's farther from Dublin is valued at ten, and 24 years purchase; and the Title unknown to me. If the Price could be fixed; it would be no difficulty to consult Lawyers upon the Title. My head is ill, and you may perceive it by my way of writing, and please to excuse it | I am with true Esteem | Your most obed^t Ser^{vt} | J. Swift

Dublin.

Febr. 6th

1734-5

Address: To Mr Samuel Gerrard | at Gibstown, to be left at | the Post House |
In Navan

Frank: Free Jo: Rochfort.

King's Hospital, Dublin

Swift to Humphrey French

[Deanery House, 7 February 1734-5]

S^r

I have so ill a State of Health, that I can not safely attend at the Blue-coat Board this evening, I must there fore intreat you to

¹ The original of this letter is in the possession of the Governors of the King's, or Blue Coat, Hospital, Dublin. The text here printed follows the original. Ball prints the letter as addressed to Nathaniel Kane. Swift's address is to Humphrey French. *His* tenure of office as Lord Mayor was 1732-3. Cf. *Prose*

Swift to Humphrey French

7 February 1734-5

recommend Isaac Bullock, a hopefull honest Boy to be admitted into the Hospitall, at my Request to My Lord Mayor and the Board, wherein You will much oblige Your most obedient servant

Jonath: Swift.

Deanry-house | Febr 7th 1734.

The Boy was recommended to me by the Lady Elizabeth Brownlow, from her own Knowledge¹

Address: To Humphry French Esqr | Alderman of the City | of Dublin.

Endorsed: Dean of S^t Patricks | To gett a Boy admitted | feb 7 1734 | — | Isaac Bullock

Scott 1814

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

[11 February 1734-5]

Sir,²

As I always conceived a very good opinion of your honour and justice, as well as your good sense, I am more inclined to rely upon them all, than our time of acquaintance usually produceth. What I want is not to be dealt favourably with, but to be safe: I suppose Mr. Garstin will enter into all measures to make his title appear good to my lawyers, and then I will readily agree to buy his land at the price you advise me; but if I am set to *cant* with Alderman Quail,³ he is too cunning a man for me to contend with; and if Mr. Garstin were my brother, I should not advise him to deal with such a *brangling* man, to say no worse of him. However, Mr. Garstin's business is to sell as dear as he can; and the money, whensoever it comes, is the same thing to him. I must borrow 5 or 6ool. to make up the sum, *Works*, ed. Temple Scott, vii. 310-16. He was succeeded as Lord Mayor by Kane. The date of this letter is, however, to be noted; and it was addressed to French as an alderman, not as Lord Mayor.

¹ Lady Brownlow's father, the Earl of Abercorn, had been nominated a governor of the Hospital at the same time as Swift; but he died a few months before this letter was written. For some account of Swift's connexion with the Hospital see Sir Frederick Falkiner's *Hospital of Charles II*, pp. 162, 185.

² Gerrard had evidently written a letter, in reply to Swift's of the 6th, advising a continuance of the negotiations with Garstin.

³ Quail, elected Lord Mayor of Dublin soon after the Hanoverian accession, was presumably a Whig. By 'cant' Swift here means 'bidding against'. See *O.E.D.* An Irish sense in which he uses the word elsewhere.

11 February 1734-5

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

which I believe I can do. I am afraid, if the business goes on, I shall desire you to come to town with Mr. Garstin, for I neither can, nor will do any thing without you, who are as necessary as my lawyer. Please to answer this letter; and believe me to be, | Your most obedient, &c. | J. Swift.

Feb. 11, 1734-5.

I must tell you in confidence, that Mr. Garstin's conduct has been much censured. He is said to have been a very ill tenant; he never paid his rents, but till he ran to an ejectment, and hath by extravagances put himself under a necessity of selling this estate. This I have been assured of from some of his neighbours, who have no design to purchase his lands. The characters of men are of great importance to be known on these occasions.

Address: To Mr. Samuel Gerrard | To be left at the Post-house, at Navan, County of Meath.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

13 Feb: 1734-5

Your a fine Gentleman indeed to learn his Grace of Dorset such saucy words¹ and we have quareld so much about it that I dont know but that I shall oblige him to meet me behind Mountague house,² he sais tis some time a go that he *commanded* me to write to you to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your Letter & that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good will to him, so far I own is true he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago, but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayd writing and tho I cant but own I have seen him pretty often since but yet at the times I coud speak to him constantly my addle head forgot to ask him what he had to say, so now he sais he'll do his own business & write to you soon him self, the Countess³ has quitted the Court, because after a long illness at

¹ The reference is to Swift's letter to the Duke of Dorset, 14 Jan. 1734-5, expostulating against the proposal that Dr. Whitcombe should be given a dispensation to hold a valuable preferment and retain his fellowship at Trinity College.

² A favourite duelling resort.

³ Lady Suffolk.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

13 February 1734-5

the Bath she did not meet with a reception as she liked, tho her mistress appeared excessively concern'd & expressed great uneasiness at parting with her, and my opinion is that not only her master & mistress but her very Enemys will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her,

now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know I bid my Dear Dean Adieu

Address: To | The Rev^d D^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 13 FE

Endorsed by Swift: Lady E— Germain | Rx Febr. 20th | 1734-5 | Answd.
March 13th | 1734

4806

The Earl of Strafford to Swift

London Feb^{ry}. 18th 1734-5

Sir¹

To honour, esteem, & admire you is generall to all that knows or has heard of you, but to be pleased with your commands & glad & diligent to obey them is peculier to your true friends of w^{ch} number I am very desirous to be reckond, on receiving your letter by Mr Skerret² I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, & thought my self happy in having advanced his affair so far as to get his petition to the house of lords read & agreed too, & a perump-tory day agreed to for his being; as this day; heard Exparty, if the other party did not put in their answer before, I likewise got severall Lords to attend, but on Printing his Case, our new Lord Chancellour³ (who at Present has a great sway in the house) found out that the Petition I had presented from Mr Skerret had not fully explained

¹ Thomas Wentworth, 1672-1739, Earl of Strafford (second creation), was proud and poorly educated. Swift's comment in Macky's *Characters* is 'very bad and cannot spell'. His appointment as plenipotentiary to The Hague met with unfavourable criticism (Bolingbroke, *Letters*, 1798, i. 52, 64). During these early years Swift's acquaintance with him can only have been slight. Nevertheless, he now approached him on behalf of Skerret, and obviously he responded readily.

² The petitioner's family was connected with co. Leitrim.

³ Charles Talbot, 1685-1737, who won a great reputation for legal learning, was appointed Lord Chancellor in Nov. 1733, and in the following month was raised to the peerage as Baron Talbot of Hensol.

18 February 1734-5

The Earl of Strafford to Swift

matters to the house, because compearing dates the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions, & that tho there was then an order for the respondants to put in their answer in 5 weeks; the usual time for causes in Ireland; yet the Parliament did not set above a fortnight after, so that it was impossible for the respondants answer to be put in by that time, that the Parliament being desolved the Respondants in Ireland might expect to have ben served with a new order this sessions, w^{ch} it did not appear was done, & that tho in the courts below if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes exparty, yet there was this difference, that there, they always alowd a time for the Def^t to have his cause reheard, but in the house of lords our decrees were finall, & it would be hard for any Person by surprise to be absolutely cut out from making his defence, the whole house seeming of the same mind, they put off the cause for the thursday five weeks, & orderd the Respondants in the mean time to be served with an order to put in their answer, & if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely, to hear the cause exparty, I must own to you the chancellour proposed to put it off only for a month, & it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks giving for reason that since the appell^t was disappointed once, after having been at the Expence of feeing his counsell, he might not be a second time, since his adversarys were ready to make all the chican possible, they might not have the pretence of another, by saying as the usuall time was 5 weeks & this order but¹ a month, they expected they were allowd the usual time, so I thought it was better giving them a week more, then leaving them any room for farther chican. as I have not seen your friend Mr Skerret since this order I do not know how he takes it, but was resolved to give you this account of w^t happend but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my deligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of | Sir | your most sincere faithfull | humble servant Strafford

as the house of commons | were but yesterday on the | Practice of opening letters | you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened

Endorsed by Swift: E. of Strafford | Feb. 18th 1734-5 | Answerd March 29th 1735

¹ Ball here introduces the word 'for' which is not in the original.

Scott 1814

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

Feb. 20. 1734[-5]

Sir,

I beg ten thousand pardons for the trouble I have given you. Mr. Garstin lies under so ill a character, that I was advised not to deal with him. And, in short, I find such a difficulty in purchasing land, that I resolved not to meddle with it, but leave that trouble to my executors.¹ I find the neighbouring gentlemen, where land is to be sold, are continually watching like crows over a dead horse; and we at a distance know not how to deal among them. I have been near 20 years endeavouring to be a purchaser, and have always been baulked, or tried to be cheated. I am much obliged to you for your endeavours, and have not a better opinion of any other man's or gentleman's honesty. I have lately disposed of all my money, no less than 1500l., at interest, at L. 5, 6s. 8d. interest per hundred, which will yield me 80l. per annum. It is to the son-in-law of a friend, who hath a good fortune, and I think it safe.² I hope I shall soon see you in town: you slipt out of my hands last time; but I expect you to be my sojourner whenever you come, when I will tell you the whole scheme of an hospital for lunatics and idiots, a charity I find is the hardest point to settle well.³ I will never leave any thing

¹ As in other cases, Swift's reason for abandoning the negotiations ought not to be accepted without some reserve. The descendants of the gentleman whose character is so severely aspersed, have at least proved by their services to Church and State that the bad qualities attributed to him were not transmitted to them.—Ball.

² The allusion is to a loan of £1,500 to Mr. John Putland, which was secured by deed dated 13 Aug. 1735 (Forster Collection, no. 512). He was Helsham's stepson.—Ball.

³ Two years before that time Swift had indicated his intention of dedicating his property to a public use and of altering his testamentary disposition, which was probably originally in favour of his relations or friends. His charitable design had now taken shape, and on the 18th of the previous month the following paragraph had appeared in 'Pue's Occurrences': 'Yesterday the City of Dublin made a grant of a piece of ground, viz., part of Oxmantown Green to the Rev. Dean Swift, whereon the Dean intends to build a convenient house at his own expense for the reception of lunatics.' Oxmantown or Ostmantown Green, which was situated in the part of Dublin inhabited by the Scandinavian invaders, was an open space devoted to the recreation of the citizens and lay near the Blue Coat School on the northern side of the river Liffey. It has disappeared in the extension of the modern city.—Ball.

20 February 1734-5

Swift to Samuel Gerrard

to any other use; I will leave the whole to God's providence how it will be disposed of, who will forgive me if my good intentions miscarry.

I am, Sir, with great esteem and truth, Sir, | your most obedient humble servant, | Jon. Swift.

Address: To Mr. Samuel Gerrard, at Gibbstown, in the County of Meath, near Navan.

Mrs. Delany's Correspondence

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

Dublin, Feb. 22, 1734-5

Madam,

I have observed among my own sex, and particularly in myself, that those of us who grow most insignificant expect most civility, and give less than they did when they possibly were good for something. I am grown sickly, weak, lean, forgetful, peevish, spiritless, and for those very reasons expect that you, who have nothing to do but to be happy, should be entertaining me with your letters and civilities, although I never return either. Your last is dated above two months ago,¹ since which time (as well as a good while before) I never had one single hour of health or spirit to acknowledge it. *It is your fault*; why did you not come sooner into the world or let me come later? *It is your fault* for coming into Ireland at all; *it is your fault* for leaving it. I confess your case is hard, for if *you return* you are a great fool to come among *beggars and slaves*, and if you do not, you are a *great knave* in forsaking those you have seduced to admire you.

The complaint you make of a disorder in one of your eyes will admit no raillery, it is what I was heartily afflicted to hear, but since you were able to write, I hope it hath entirely left you. I am often told that I am an ill judge of ladies' eyes, so that I shall make you an ill compliment by confessing that I read in yours all the accomplishments I found in your mind and conversation, and happened to agree in my thoughts with better judges. I only wish they could never shine out of Dublin, for then you would recover the only temporal blessings this town affords, I mean sociable dinners and

20 Nov. 1734.

cheerful evenings, which, without your assistance, we shall infallibly lose; for Dr. Delany lives entirely at Delville, the town air will not agree with his lady, and in winter there is no seeing him or dining with him but by those who keep coaches, and they must return the moment after dinner. But I have chid him into taking a house just next to his, which will have three bedchambers, where his winter visitants may lie, and a bed shall be fitted up for you.¹ Your false reasons for not coming hither are the same in one article for my not going among you, I mean the business of expense; but I can remove yours easily, it is but to stay with us always, and then you can live at least three times better than at home, where everything is thrice as dear, and your money twelve in the hundred better, whereas my sickness and years make it impossible for me to live at London. I must have three horses, as many servants, and a large house, neither can I live without constant wine, while my poor revenues are sinking every day.

I am very sorry for the death of your couzin Lansdown.² His son Graham³ is ruining himself as fast as possible, but I hope the young lady has an untouchable settlement. I am very much obliged to your care about that business with the Duke of Chandos: I hear he told a person he would grant my request, but that he had no acquaintance with me. I had a letter lately from Mrs. Donnellan, and I command you to let her know that I will answer it with the first hour of tolerable health. Pray, Madam, preserve your eyes, how dangerous soever they may be to us; and yet you ought in mercy to put them out, because they direct your hand in writing, which is equally dangerous. Well, Madam, pray God bless you wherever you go or reside! may you be ever as you are, agreeable to every Killala curate⁴ and Dublin Dean, for I disdain to mention temporal folks without gowns and cassocks. I will wish for your happiness, although I shall never see you, as Horace did for Galatea when she was going a long voyage from home; pray read the verses in the original.

¹ Ball sees a reference to 'Peg Ratcliff the Hostess's Invitation', lines which were, in all likelihood, written by Delany. See *Poems*, iii. 1049.

² Swift again mistakenly (cf. 7 Oct. 1734) calls Lord Lansdown Mrs. Pendarves's cousin instead of uncle. He died on 30 Jan. His wife died only a fortnight earlier.

³ The Right Hon. William Graham of Platten near Drogheda. He had married a daughter of Lord Lansdown, and should thus be described as son-in-law.

⁴ Cf. note on Robert Faussett, Precentor of Achonry, Mrs. Pendarves's letter to Swift, 29 May 1733.

22 February 1734-5

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas, etc.¹

A year or two ago I would have put the whole into English verse and applied it to you, but my rhyming is fled with my health, and what is more to be pitied is even my vein of satire upon ladies is lost. Dear Madam, believe me to be, with the truest respect and esteem | Your most obedient humble servant, | J. Swift.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.²

Rave e'er end Day Ann,

Eye fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pea miss tear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt, | Tom ass She rid Ann.

Lane-Poole

Swift to John Barber

Deanry-house, Dublin, March 1, 1734-5.

My very good and old Friend,

I received lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely

¹ *Odes*, III. iv. 13.

² The following interpretation is given by Sir Walter Scott:

'February 25, 1734-5.

Reverend Dean,

I fancy the Recorder [i.e. Stannard] is a dilatory gentleman, because he might have sent his opinion before this. You know I have some money to pay Mister Henry, and am in haste to bring matters to a conclusion. I made an appointment to be at the Deanery to-night, but am prevented by a tenant injured by an attorney, by whom I must stand. I am | Your most obedient and humble servant,
| Thomas Sheridan.'

framed, with a glass over it.¹ I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which however will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the King's Prime Serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good-sense, good-nature, and knowledge in his faculty:² this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry Society, whereof you are a member.³ From such a recommendation as the Prime Serjeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which, I hope, is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink, but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined, and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know. The people who read news have struck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend Dr. Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago.⁴ Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems oftener and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains with too much reason of his disorders. What a havoc hath death made among our friends since that of the Queen!

As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted

¹ There exists a mezzotint of Barber by Faber after a portrait painted by Dandridge. There is also a crude frontispiece portrait in *The Life and Character of John Barber*. London: Printed for T. Cooper . . . 1741.

² Henry Singleton, 1682-1759, became Prime Serjeant in 1726, and M.P. for Drogheda in the following year. He was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1740 and Master of the Rolls in 1754. Swift named him one of his executors. See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 205.

³ William Richardson of Summerseat, near Coleraine, co. Londonderry, was a brother of the Rev. John Richardson whose life's work was the printing and distribution of Bibles and Prayer Books in the Irish language.

⁴ Arbuthnot died on 27 Feb. and was buried 4 Mar. at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. It looks as if Swift received a premature announcement of his death.

1 March 1734-5

Swift to John Barber

last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago. But now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week like a King by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which I fear will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear Sir, | Your most obedient humble servant, | Jon. Swift.

You see by many blottings and interlinings what a condition my head is in.

4806

Lord Carteret to Swift

Jermyn street. March. 6th 1734[-5.]

Sr

I had the honor of yr letter, & attended the cause yesterday & the day before,¹ It went for yr freind upon the justest principles, & that unanimously, & he did not only carry his Cause before the House, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the Decree. The Chancellor² said the Respondent had more reason to Appeal than the Apellant. Mr Lindsay who inform'd you right in all the matters you mention'd to me, will inform you on perusing our Decree of the reason of the Chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for Capt Rowley³ in every thing but Judicature, & in that capacity if Judge Lindsay & I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree. I thank You for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happen'd to my Family, if Alliance & the thoughts of Posterity can bind a man to the interest of his Country, I am certainly bound to stand by Liberty, & when You

¹ Swift must have written to Carteret as well as Oxford, 6 Jan. 1734-5, about McLorinan's appeal.

² Baron Talbot of Hensol. See Strafford to Swift, 18 Feb. 1734-5.

³ Captain William Rowley, married to a niece of Joshua Dawson.

see me forgetfull of that may You treat me like Traulus & Pistorides.¹ I am impatient for 4 vol. said to be y^r works for wch My Wife & I have subscribed & we expected a dozen Copys from M^r Tickell last packet² I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the Librarys of my 3 Grandsons. In the mean time they will be studied by my son & sons in Law. I desire You will condescend to make my compliments to Dr Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, tho I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of Antiquity. Sr that You may enjoy the continuance of all happyness is my wish, as for futurity I know Y^r name will be remember'd when the names of Kings, L^d Lieu^{ts}, ArchBps, & Parliament Polititians will be forgotten, at last You, y^rselfe must fall into oblivion, wch may happen in less than a thousand Years, tho the term may be uncertain, & will depend on the progress that Barbarity, & Ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavors to the contrary, of the great Prelates in this & succeeding Ages. My Wife, My Mother, My Mother in Law, My &c &c &c all joyn with me in good wishes to You & I hope You will continue to beleive that I am wth the greatest respect | Sir | Y^r most humble & | most obed^t servant, | Carteret.

Endorsed by Swift: Lord Carteret | Mar. 6th 1734

Hawkesworth 1766

Swift to William Pulteney

Dublin, March 8, 1734[-5.]

Sir,³

Mr. *Stopford* going to *England* upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall

¹ Lord Allen and Richard Tighe.

² The three first volumes of Faulkner's edition of the *Works* appear to have been distributed in Dublin at the end of Nov. 1734. The fourth volume was available in Jan. 1735.

³ This letter, and the next [Swift to Pulteney, 12 May], were communicated to the editor by General Pulteney.—Hawkesworth, 1766. The content of only three letters from Swift to Pulteney survive—the above letter, that of 12 May 1735, and that of 7 Mar. 1736-7. Swift was clearly induced to write the letter above printed on behalf of James Stopford who was then going to England. The

never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and, if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must intirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntary at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Haec est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique*.¹ I am under the displeasure of the Court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my Cathedral, over the burying place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.²

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman³ to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the

letter indicates that since his own last visit to that country Swift had not communicated with Pulteney save to congratulate him on the birth of a son and to recommend the appellant McLorinan (Pulteney to Swift, 9 Feb. 1730-1, 11 Mar. 1734-5).

¹ Hor. *Sat.* I. vi. 129.

² Swift's poem 'On Mr. Pulteney being put out of the Council' (*Poems*, ii. 537) was first printed by Faulkner late in 1734. The names of Walpole and Pulteney appeared as 'Sir R—' and 'Will P—'.

³ i.e. McLorinan.

law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawley*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. *Stopford*, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude: for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant, | Jonath. Swift.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

8 March 1734-5

Swift to the Rev. James Stopford

Forster copy

Swift to the Rev. James Stopford

Deanery House, 8 March 1734-5

Sr^t

I heartily wish you a good Voyage and good Success; but I hope you will never advance your Fortunes by the favour of those who are bent to ruin and enslave England, as they have already done Ireland. I desire my humble Service to my L^d Bolingbroke, Mr. Pope, and my oth^r Friends with whom I brought you Acquainted. If you get preferment upon the foot that others do, you will lose the esteem of all honest men. My humble respects to my Lord Carteret, and my Lady, and to the Countess of Granville, and Mr. Ford, if you see him. I am,

Ever yours,
J. S.

I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Hart that my head was so ill I could not write to him or any letters by him, but I wish him all success, and entreat he would let all my friends of his acquaintance know that I present my humble service to them. I have left the letter to Mr. Pulteney open, which I desire you will seal after you have read it.

Address: To the Reverend Mr. Stopford.

4806

William Pulteney to Swift

[London, 11 March 1734-5]

Dear Sir,

I have often desired my friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter to assure you of my most humble service; but the little Man never remembred it, & it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own, on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr Lorinan to me, gives me great Pleasure

¹ Swift is said to have adopted this formal mode of address as a consequence of Stopford's marriage.—Ball. Stopford's 'lady' is referred to in Swift's letter of 30 Aug. 1729.

& satisfaction, as it is an Instance of your kind Remembrance and Friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my Endeavours to serve them.

I am glad I can acquaint you Mr Lorinan has had all the success he could expect or wish for; His Cause was a good one, & he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over he asked me (but in a very modest way) whither it was possible to get him made Receiver of the new Bishop of Derrys Rents. I told him, I would try, I did so, found it would not succeed, & so drop'd it immediately. What do you say to the Bustle made here to prevent the man from being an English Bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be good Christian enough for an Irish one?¹ Sure the Opposition, or the Acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr Rundle's Character (for I am not in the least acquainted with him my self) He is far from being the great & learned man his friends would have the world believe him, & much farther yet from the Bad Man his Ennemys represent him. Our Right Rev^d Brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest Political Unity, whither it be like the Dew of Hermon upon the Hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down Aaron's Beard, to the skirts of his Cloathing, I cannot say, but I am sure, it is a good and Joyful thing for Ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any Enquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of Electing, the sixteen Scotch peers;² & these, & they together, make a most dreadful Body in that House. We are not quite so bad in ours, but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the Corruption that does prevail, & I see always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own Country men, is dead.³ He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, & hoping every night would be his last, not that he endured any bodily Pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired wth so much bad Company. What I have said of the Doctor, may perhaps deterr

¹ In Dec. 1733 Thomas Rundle was nominated by the Lord Chancellor to the see of Gloucester; but, suspecting Rundle's orthodoxy, Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, intervened. The matter was compromised by giving the see of Gloucester to Martin Benson, a friend of Rundle, and appointing Rundle to Derry, a wealthier see.

² During that session this question led to a long debate.

³ He died 27 Feb. 1734-5.

11 March 1734-5

William Pulteney to Swift

you from coming among us, but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this Summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, & know how to value & esteem you; among them, there is no one that does so more sincerely than Dear Sir | Your most Obedient humble | servant | W. P.

Mrs P— is very much your humble servant & joyns in inviting you here next summer.

London March y^e 11th 1734-5

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to William Fitzherbert

March 19th, 1734-5.

Sir,¹

I had, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second.² He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the Doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter,

¹ The recipient of this letter, who resided in co. Cavan, is alluded to in a letter from Swift to Sheridan, 26 June 1725. He appears to have been of Scottish origin. Deane Swift indicates the name by asterisks at the head of the letter and in the reference to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

² The reference is to Fitzherbert's second son, Andrew, who matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, in Feb. 1726-7, and graduated B.A. in 1731 (*Alumni Dublinenses*, Burtchaell and Sadleir). Sheridan, *Life of Swift*, 1784, pp. 422-6, affirms that the father was induced to send the young man to Leyden with a suitable allowance.

and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me: I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a Lady, who hath a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. Fitzherbert:¹ She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often shewed in your house, and even among company. Which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured: Yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment, and, in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years; and what he alledges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple: But, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing more from you, so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you, and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your Lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished

¹ Mrs. Fitzherbert was a sister of Swift's old friend Arthur Charleton, the Duchess of Ormonde's Chaplain. Their father was for more than a quarter of a century Chancellor of Armagh Cathedral (Leslie's *Armagh Clergy*, p. 39).—Ball.

19 March 1734-5

Swift to William Fitzherbert

person: and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army; Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King;¹ but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side: But I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent towards virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, | Sir, | Your most obedient, and | Most humble servant.

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Dublin, 22 March 1734-5]

My Lord.

Your Grace must please to remember that I carryed You to see a Comedy of Terence acted by the Scholars of Doctor Sheridan,

¹ Dr. James King, a senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, retired a few months later on a College living.

with which Performance You were very well pleased. The Doctor is the most learned Person I know in this Kingdom, and the best School-master here in the memory of Man, having an excellent tast in all parts of Literature. I prevayled on My Lord Carteret to make him one of his Chaplains, and to bestow him a good Living, which the Doct^r afterwards exchange^d for another about seven miles from Dublin¹ . . . But his Health impairing by the Air of this Town, and being invited by the Gentlemen of the County of Cavan to accept the Free School of Cavan, which is endowed equall to his Living, and he being born in the County, the present Schoolmaster one Mr Knowlls is desirous to change his School for the Doct^{rs} Living of much the same value, Called Dunboyn in Your Grace's gift. This affair hath been so long managing, that it was in agitation before you left us, and I begged Your consent for the change which, as a very reasonable Request, not crossing any measures of Your Grace, you were pleased to grant. All things have been long agreed, the Bp of Kilmore (Hort)² hath writ to you upon it, so your Lords Justices have done, for some Months past but being a thing of no great Consequence to the publick State of the Kingdom Your Secretaryes have forgot it. In the mean time the poor Doct^r hath given up his School in toun, to his great loss, and hath parted with his House, continuing in uneasyness and Suspence till your Lettr comes. Therefore I humbly beg, you will please to order one of your Secretaryes immediately to send the Letter, that will impower the Doct^r and Knowles the Schoolmaster to exchange Stations. My Letter is the worst part of the matter, because it will cost you three minutes to read, but the Request is short and reasonable. I writ some days ago to My Lady E. Germain on the same purpose but it is possible Her Ladyship might forget, which Your Grace to my Knowledge is not capable of | I am with the highest Respect | My Lord, You[r] Grace's | most obedient and most | humble Servant | Jonath Swift.

Dublin. March

22^d 1734[-5]

Endorsed: 22^d March 1734

D. Swift

¹ On Sheridan's exchange of schools see his letter to Swift, 16 Aug. 1734.

² On Swift's relationship with Hort, originally educated as a Nonconformist, subsequently Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin 1721, Kilmore and Ardagh 1727, and Archbishop of Tuam from 1742 to his death in 1751, see *Poems*, i. 301; iii. 822-3.

24 March 1734-5

Swift to a Lady Unknown

Rothschild

Swift to a Lady Unknown

[Deanery House, 24 March 1734-5]

Madam¹

I send you a Tribute of some Oranges lately done for me by a Lady to whom I gave my Receipt You are to keep them in some warm place within the smell of a fire, till they grow dry. I am Madam | Your most obedient | humble Servant | J: Swift.

Deanry-House | Mar. 24 | 1735

My most humble Service to the Ladyes

Rothschild

Swift to Theophilus Harrison

[Deanery House, 25 March 1735]

Sr.²

Your Memorandum about borrowing for you from D^r Helsham Galen's Notes on Hippocrates, hath layn some days before me upon my Table, but I intended to see the Doc^{tr} and desire it my self. At present my mind is Changed, And finding among my Books three large Volumes of Galens Works of the best Translation into Latin; although it may affront your Skill in Greek, I venture to make you a Present of them; because I suppose the Notes on Hippocrates are among them.³ Pray spare your onely sixpence for your self, and do

¹ This letter hitherto unprinted, except in the Rothschild catalogue, No. 2298, is written on a small slip, two leaves $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ in. Text on one page. In a letter to Mrs. Whiteway, 17 Mar. 1739-40, Lady Orrery thanks her and the Dean for the 'Receipt to preserve Oranges'. Rylands MS. 659. [This letter will be found again, *post* p. 470, in its correct chronological place.]

² This letter was at one time in the possession of Henry Purdon, Esq., of Huntingdon, Killnean, who on the recto of the second leaf records his name and address, and the date on which he found the letter, 1819. It has not before been printed. Purdon also names two 'Members' of West Meath, Gustavus Rochfort and Hercules R. Pakenham. The letter is now in Lord Rothschild's library, no. 2297.

³ The work which was presented to Theophilus Harrison must have been that which was entered in the list of his books drafted in Swift's own hand about 1715—'Galeni op. Lat. 3 Voll. Froben. 1549'. See T. P. Le Fanu's paper on 'The Catalogue of Dean Swift's Library in 1715', *Proceedings of the Royal Irish*

Swift to Theophilus Harrison

25 March 1735

not give it to the Servant or the Porter, but send me the Cloth honestly back, for Mr^a Whiteway shall not have it to dine on.

My Service to Your Mother, and Miss Molly;¹ I have a Letter of Miss Molly, to her Mother, which is all spelt right; I keep it indorsed among others for a rarity. | I am Your affect | Servant | Jonath: Swift

Deanry-house | March 25th 1735

Address: To Mr Harrison

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pratt to Swift

London, April 4, 1735.

Sir,²

I think you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the *Court*, nor am likely to have any. I have to my Lord *Shelburne*, whose house in *London* is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been

Academy, vol. xxxvii, section C, no. 13. There is also in this same list another entry to be noted—'G. Hippocratis op. Gr. et Lat . . . Ven. Juntas. 1588. Dr. *Helsham*'. Neither of these appears in the sale catalogue of 1745. At the time Swift's gift was made to Harrison the young man was in ill health and died in less than twelve months.

¹ Mary Harrison, daughter of Mrs. Whiteway.

² Evidently Swift had, after a long interval, replied to Mrs. Pratt's letter to him of 10 Nov. 1733, and this is her response. His letter is lost.

4 April 1735

Mrs. Pratt to Swift

long tired of. Added to my Lord *Shelburne*'s favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of *Buckingham*,¹ whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I ask for it; besides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, she makes me share in public amusements without expence, and in *Summer* the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant, | H. Pratt.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

5 April 1735

Part the first, you order me to give up My Secretaryship, and part the second call'd Postscript you employ me about Dr Sheridan's exchange when the letters for it must have been at Dublin² long before yours came away, I was just thinking that was a little upon the Dear Joy,³ but to be sure you was in the right, for what signify'd my Secretaryship when I had no business, The Countess of Suffolk did not give up the first Employment at Court for she had no other than Mistress of the Robes being 400 a year which the Dutchess of Dorset had quited to her there being no Lady of the Bedchambers place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a Countess to continue Bedchamber Woman, as to her part about Gay that I clear'd to you long ago, for to my certain knowledge no woman ever was a better friend than she by many ways proved her self to him, as to what you hint about yr self as I'm wholly ignorant what tis you mean I can say nothing upon it, and as to the question whether you should congratulate or condole, I believe you may do either or both and not

¹ See p. 110 n.

² She is evidently referring to a lost reply by Swift to her letter of 13 Feb. 1734-5.

³ Evidently a colloquial phrase of the time. Cf. *Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, xii. 95.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

5 April 1734-5

be in the wrong, for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged by ill usage to quit a Master & Mistriss that she had served so justly and loved so well, however she has now much more ease and liberty and accordingly her health better, Mr^s Floyd has a cough every winter and generally so bad with it that she often frights me for the consequences and my saucy neece presents her service to parson Swift, the Dutchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with Lady Lambert for her health, she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters but as they always did agree with her I have great hopes they will now quite cure her Cholicks, in all likelihood you are by this time weary of reading & I am of writing such a long letter so Adieu My Dear Dean—

Address: To | The Rev^d Dr Swift | Dean of St Patricks | Dublin

Postmark: 5 AP

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy E. Germain | Rx Apr. 12th 1735 | Answerd

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

April 5th, 1735.

Dear Sir,¹

Among all the rest of Mrs. *Sheridan's* diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter ——² and a finical³ thorough fop * * * * *.⁴ For Heaven's sake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion (for it is the town talk) she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of

¹ As this letter shows Sheridan was spending the school vacation in co. Cavan; and negotiations for his appointment as master of Cavan school were proceeding. Cf. Swift's letter to the Duke of Dorset, 22 Mar. 1734-5.

² Anne.

³ finical] cynical *Ball*.

⁴ John Sheen. Notwithstanding Sheridan's opposition the marriage took place. He never forgave his daughter. Sheen was an Englishman with a post in the Irish customs; and from all we know of his friends and associates Sheridan's antagonism was unjustified.

5 April 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

spight to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and out-lie the father of lies. I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this, and if you do not see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship; (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more) that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs. —— was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs. *Perrott*¹ has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at *Cavan*. She is a lady the best housewife in *Ireland*, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. *Lingen*² whether the Duke of *Dorset*'s letter be come in answer to the Lords Justices, that I may hurry to *Dublin*; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle.³ I am apt to

¹ See Sheridan to Swift, 25 Dec. 1734.

² William Lingen, for many years an official in Dublin Castle, was one of Vanessa's legatees.

³ On 20 Feb. Dorset had written to the Lords Justices saying that he had been asked when last in Ireland to allow Sheridan to exchange the living of Dunboyne for the mastership of Cavan school, and requesting them to execute the necessary documents as the Bishop of the diocese had since informed him 'that the master of the school was a very worthy, well-affected clergyman, and that Dr. Sheridan would make a good schoolmaster'. This letter had crossed one from the Lords Justices enclosing a formal application from Sheridan, to which Dorset replied on 3 Apr. again asking the Lords Justices to sign the proper instruments (Departmental Correspondence in P.R.O. of Ireland).—Ball.

believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the Lord Chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me.¹ The Bishop of *Kilmore* can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the Lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

4806

Archbishop Bolton to Swift

Cashel April 7th 1735.

Dear Sr²

I suppose by this time you have been informed that Mr Dunkin was ordained here last thursday, and that y^r recommendation got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius, w^{ch} I hope will in some degree convince you that y^r power over me is not yet quite worn out.³ It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too. and let me tell you that y^r not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin was not a less mortification to me than all the hard sayings of the great Parliament orators; however I must own y^r taking any occasion

¹ There has been already reference to the friendship between Swift and Lord Chancellor Wyndham (Francis Geoghegan to Swift, 10 Mar. 1728-9) who sympathized with Irish aspirations.

² Theophilus Bolton was at one time Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Appointed Bishop of Clonfert in 1722, he was translated to Elphin in 1724, and became Archbishop of Cashel in 1729. When a member of the Chapter of St. Patrick's he was in constant antagonism to the Dean. Later he won Swift's regard by his opposition to Wood's coinage and to the Bills of Residence and Division (*Poems*, iii. 804, 818).

³ William Dunkin, 1709-65, received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, through the generous benefaction of an aunt. At this time Swift was only acquainted with him by his writings. His poetical works, Latin and English, are to be found in two large quarto volumes, posthumously published in London, 1774. His *Select Poetical Works*, 2 vols., 8vo, 1769-70, were previously published in Dublin. His verse has merit, and, at its best, approaches more nearly to Swift's style than that of any contemporary. His 'Vindication of the Libel on Dr. Delany' and 'Bettesworth's Exultation' have been attributed to Swift. His abilities were recognized by Lord Chesterfield who appointed him master of Portora School.

7 April 1735

Archbishop Bolton to Swift

to write to me at all has made some amends, for tho you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, w^{ch} I once pleased my self to have had a share in with y^r Lawyer friends.¹ when I conversed wth Politicians, I learned that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires, for which reason I won't tell you that if this accident of y^r poetical friend shou'd open a way to our frequent meeting to gether again, and being put upon the old foot as when I was y^r subject at S^t Patricks, I shou'd think my self the happiest man in the world; but this I'll say that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present. I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks and making the way easier to my church, w^{ch} if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabrick that was built here, in the times of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) Ancestors;² I wish this age had a little of their piety, tho' we gave up instead of it some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer, I have laid aside all my country Politicks, Sheriffs, Elections, feast &c, and I fancy it wo'd not be disagreeable to you, to see King Cormacks Chappel, his bed chamber &c all built beyond controversy above 800 years agoe, when he was King as well as ArchBishop;³ I realy intend to lay out a thousand pound to preserve this old church, and I am sure you wo'd be of service to posterity if you assisted me in the doing it at least if you approved the design you wo'd give the greatest pleasure to I assure you | y^r most affectionate & faith | full humble ser^t | Theo: Cashel

Address: To | The Reverend the Dean of S^t Patricks | Dublin

Frank: Free Theo: Cashel

Postmark: Illegible

Endorsed by Swift: A. Bp. Cassel | Apr 7th 1735 and the same again.

¹ Bolton is evidently recalling ironically his old disputes with Swift. He was an able canonist and reputed also a good civilian lawyer.

² The cathedral is now a ruin, but in Bolton's time the choir was roofed.

³ The erection of the fine example of Irish Romanesque architecture known as Cormac's Chapel is now attributed to a successor of the king mentioned by Bolton, Cormac McCarthy, and is dated as between 1127 and 1134.

*Mrs. Fitzherbert to Swift*April the 9th 1735S^rⁱ

I had the honour of your letter last night, & was much concern'd I could not then observe your Commands, but as my answer could not be conclusive in the affair about which you were pleased to interest your self, for the good of my son the ease & service of my family, So I hope it goes time enuff now to serve any other End, except that of preventing andrews leaving toun, which was not in my power to hinder, since M^r Fitz herbert could not acquiese to your friendly interposition, for which reason I believe it was done from an indispenible necessity, & therefore I hope you will not think it came from a rude & churlish neglect of what you seemd to desire; M^r Fitzherbert, Desired me to present you with his most Hum^{ble} service & let you know when he returns to toun, which I hope will be in a few days he will waite [on] you, & doubts not he will then satisfie you of his reasons for a conduct you do not seem to a prove; I wish I knew how to express my senti[ments] for your Goodness in trying to cure the evels w^{ch} at present . . . not being better known to you give . . . so indeed I perceive, & that is little enuff to say for one's self) but m^r Dean since you were not acquainted with me, why did you take me upon trust, & from such as profess themselves very like enimys, or did you never hear any one body [at] all give me a good word, all this is sufficient to mortifie a spleenitick person, . . . upon a prospect that a little more time may set me right in your notions of me . . . will try to support my self till then, & wish I may assure you m^r Dean, of being | sr your very respectfull | and most Hum^{ble} servant | Ann Fitzherbert

¹ The paper on which this letter is written has suffered damage and some words are missing. It appears that Swift had again intervened, cf. letter to Fitzherbert of 19 March, by writing to young Andrew's mother. It is doubtful how far Sheridan's account of the affair, *Life*, 1784, pp. 422-6, is to be accepted as complete and accurate. We know that the father in his will left the young man only a small annuity and removed him from the entail of his property.

11 April 1735

Swift to Eaton Stannard

Rothschild

Swift to Eaton Stannard

[Deanery House, 11 April 1735]

S^r

I believe you may possibly have heard from me or publick report of my Resolution to leave my whole fortune except a few Legacyes, to build an Hospital for Ideots and Lunatick in this City or the Suburbs,² and after long consideration I have been so bold to pitch upon you as my Director in the methods I ought to take for rendring my Design Effectual;³ I have known and seen the Difficultyes of any such attempt by the Negligence or Ignorance, or some worse dealing by Executors and Trustees. I have been so unfortunate for want of some able Friend of a publick spirit, that I could never purchase one foot of Land. The neighbouring Country Squires always watching like Crows for a Carcase over every Estate that was likely to be sold; and that kind of Knowledge was quite out of the Life I have led, which in the Strength of my days chiefly past at Courts and among Ministers of State, to my great Vexation and Disappointment, for which I now repent too late. I therefore humbly desire You will please to take me into your Guardianship as far as the weight of your Business will permit. As the City hath agreed to give me a piece of Land, My Wish would be to make the Lord Mayor Recorder and Aldermen my Trustees, Executors or Governors, according as You shall please to advise. And out of these Committees may be appointed to meet at proper times—My thought is that the City will be carefull in an Affair calculated wholly for the City's advantage. If you would favor me so much as to fix any day during this Vacation to dine at the Deanry, I shall be extremely obliged to You; and give you my very crude Notions of my Intentions. | I am with very great Esteem S^r | Your most obedient and | obliged Servant |
Jonath: Swift.

Deanry-house. | Apr. 11th 1735

Address: To Eaton Stannard Esq^r | Recorder of the City of | Dublin

¹ This letter was printed by Sir William Wilde in *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, pp. 83–84, from the original then in the possession of A. J. Maley, Esq. Later it passed into the possession of G. W. Panter of Foxrock, co. Dublin. It was sold at Sotheby's on 15 July 1929, lot no. 54, and is now in Lord Rothschild's Library, no. 2296.

² See p. 297, Swift to Samuel Gerrard, 20 Feb. 1734–5, *ad fin.*

³ Swift's approach to Stannard was dictated both by personal and friendly regard, and also for the usefulness of his position as Recorder of Dublin.

Swift to Thomas Beach

Dublin, 12 April, 1735.

Sir,²

After the fate of all poets, you are no favourite of fortune; for your letter of March 31st did not come to my hands till two days after Sir William Fownes's death, who, having been long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago.³ If he had recovered, I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour.⁴ I have seen fewer good panegyrics than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waiving that Sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little Treatise for regulating the government of this city;⁵ and I often wished his advice had been taken.

I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections; upon which I took a number of lines,

¹ The original of this letter, at one time in the possession of Mr. Philip Yorke, Erddig Park, Wrexham, is not forthcoming. There is a copy among the Laing Manuscripts, University of Edinburgh. It was printed among his notes by Nichols in his *Supplement*, 1779, also by Sheridan, and by Nichols, 1801, xiii. 180.

² The recipient of this letter 'was a wine merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an easy fortune, and was much respected. He published in the year 1737, in 4to, "*Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life*", a poem inscribed to Mr. Pope . . . he was at times grievously afflicted with a very terrible disorder in his head, to which his friends ascribed his melancholy catastrophe. On the 17th of May, 1737, soon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat' (Nichols, 1801, xiii. 180).

³ He died on the 3rd.

⁴ The dedication of *Eugenio* to Pope may have been prompted by some relationship between Beach and Pope's old nurse, Mary Beach. See Birkbeck-Powell's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, ii. 240, and note.

⁵ See Fownes to Swift, 18 Oct. 1734, and note.

which are in all two hundred and ninety-nine, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation,¹ is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very uncorrect; he likewise brought-in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject.² I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he hath, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom.

I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6 for *han't* read *want*; I abhor those *han'ts* and *wo'n'ts*, etc., etc.; they are detestable in verse as well as prose. Line 19, I would have you change the word *repe*l. Line 46, for *whilst* put *while*. Line 83, *derives*: I doubt there is no verb deponent, but always active. Line 106, *if Noll usurps or James*: *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem, and as to *James* he was a weak bigoted Papist, desirous like all Kings of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. Line 109, *and midst*: harsh and rough; the elision is unluckily placed. Lines 115, 116, I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene*—I forgot the triplet in line 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings, and line 110, *to glory*: I wish it were *in glory*. Line 118, *does*: this word should be avoided as a mere expletive. Line 155, *does*: the same fault. Line 161, *the ingrate*: this verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. Line 201, *cheerful*, etc.: this verse wants a verb as *are* or some other. Line 204, *does*. Line 217, *pervade*: it should be *pervades*. Line 218, *and grows*: query, is not *or* more proper? Line 278, *Cuzzoni fam'd*: this is an expletive, not a proper epithet. Line 289, *that dares*; the word *that* as it is placed spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*.

¹ For the Dryden-Swift relationship see P. D. Mundy in *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 1948, pp. 470-4, and Sept. 1951, pp. 381-7.

² The reference is to the concluding lines of 'A Description of a City Shower' (*Poems*, i. 139).

Line 294, *reascend*: I know not the reason for this word; why not rather *ascend*? I slipped line 290, *than*: I suppose you only meant *then*? You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily.¹

All you desire in relation to Sir William Fownes is at an end by his death; otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but, as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy, and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held.

I have been called away till evening: however my paper could afford me but little room if I had stayed. I am, with true esteem, Sir, | Your most humble servant, | Jonathan Swift.

Address: To Mr. Thomas Beach, merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire; to be left at the Custom-House Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel Esq., Collector of the Customs in Chester.

¹ Beach is said by Sheridan to have adopted every one of Swift's hints and corrections. 'Even the triplet is discarded and the poem now consists of three hundred lines.'

15 April 1735

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Dublin, 15 April 1735]

My Lord

Your Grace must remember, that some days before You left us,¹ I commanded You to attend me to Doct^r Delany's house, about a mile out of this Toun, where you were to find Doct^r Helsham the Physician. I told you they were the two Worthyest Gentlemen in this Kingdom in their severall Facultyes. You were pleased to comply with me, called on [me] at the Deanry and carryed me thither; where you dined with apparent satisfaction. Now, this same D^r Helsham hath ordred me to write to Your Grace in behalf of one Alderman Aldrich; who is master of the Dublin Barrack, and is as high a Whig, and more at Your Devotion than I could perhaps wish him to be . . . And yet he is a very honest Gentleman, and, what is more important, a near Relation of the Grattans, who in Your Graces absence are Governors of all Ireland, and your Vicegerents when you are here, as I have often told You. They consist of an Alderman whom you are to find Lord Mayor at Michaelmas next; of a Doct^r who kills or Cures half the City, of two Parsons my subjects as Prebendaryes, who rule the other half, and of a vagrant Brother who governs the North.² They are all Brethren, and Your Army of twelve thousand Soldiers are not able to stand against them . . . Now, Your Grace is to understand, that these Grattans will stickle to death for all their Cousins to the five and fiftieth degree; and consequently this same Alderman Aldrich being onely removed two degrees of kindred, and having a Son as great a Whig as the Father, hath prevayld with D^r Helsham to make me write to Your Grace, that the Son of such a Father may have the Mastership of a Barrack at Kinsale, which is just vacant, His Name is Michael Aldrich. Both Your Grace and I love the Name for the sake of D^r Aldrich Dean of Christ-church, although I am afraid he was a piece of a Tory³ . . . You will have severall Requests this Post with the same

¹ In May 1734.

² The eldest brothers, Henry and William were dead.

³ Henry Aldrich, 1647–1710, a High Churchman, was installed Dean of Christ Church in 1689, succeeding the Roman Catholic Dean appointed under James II. He had wide interests, including smoking, good living, and music. The well-known catch 'Hark, the bonny Christchurch bells' was composed by

Request, perhaps for different Persons, but You are to observe onely mine, because it will come three minutes before any other. I think this is the third Request I have made to Your Grace. You have granted the two first, and therefore must grant the third. For, when I knew Courts, those who had received a dozen favors were utterly disoblged if they were denyed the thirteenth. Besides if this be not granted, the Grattans will rise in Rebellion, which I tremble to think of.

My Lady Eliz. Germain uses me very ill in her Letters. I want a Present from her, and desire that You will please to order, that it may be a Seal. Mine are too small for the fashion; and I would have a large one worth forty shillings at least. I had a Letter from her two days ago, and design to acknowledge it soon, but business must first be dispatched, I mean the Request I have made to Your Grace, that the Young Whig may have the Barrack of Kinsale worth 60 or 70¹¹ a year. I should be very angry as well as sorry if your Grace would think I am capable of deceiving You in any Circumstance.

I hope and pray that my Lady Dutchess may recover Health at the Bath,¹ and, that we may see her Grace perfectly recovered when You come over. And pray God preserve you and Your most noble Family in Health and Happyness. | I am with the highest Respect | My Lord Your Grace's most obedient | most oblged, and most humble | Servant | Jonath: Swift

Dublin.

Apr 15th 1735.

Endorsed: 15th April 1735

Dean Swift

Deane Swift 1768

John Barber to Swift

Queen-square, April 22, 1735.

Dear Sir,

It was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. *Richardson*, agent to the *Irish* society;² him. His immediate successor was Atterbury. According to Ball: 'Members of the family appear to have been resident in the north of Ireland throughout the seventeenth century.'

¹ See Lady Betty Germain to Swift, 5 Apr. 1735 *ad fin.*

² 1 Mar. 1734-5.

for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion; but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply. That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is very well: so is the lord of *Dawley*.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good Queen *Anne*'s time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady *Masham* among the rest.¹ Our friend the Dr.² I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. *Garth* said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on.³ As for my part, I am resolved to make the

¹ Lady Masham died 6 Dec. 1734.

² Arbuthnot died 27 Feb. 1735.

³ Sir Samuel Garth died 18 Jan. 1719. According to Ball this remark does not appear to be recorded elsewhere.

remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, | John Barber.

My service to Dr. *Delany*.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pratt to Swift

London, April 22, 1735.

Sir,

I wrote in such haste¹ that I forgot to make my lady *Savile's* acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy;² who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord *Shelburne*, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant, | H. Pratt.

¹ 4 Apr.

² Mrs. Pratt's daughter, Mary, had married Sir George Savile, Bt., of Rufford, Nottinghamshire. Their son, the distinguished Whig politician, was born in 1726. Cf. *D.N.B.*

29 April 1735

William Pulteney to Swift

4806

William Pulteney to Swift

London April y^e 29th 1735

Sir

I am obliged to you for your letter by Dr Stopford,¹ to which I am sorry I can so soon by him, return you an Answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him; one day, indeed believing we should have had no business in Parlt. I desired him to dine with me, but unluckily a Debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we satt down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing sessions, more from the severe attendance on Elections, than any other Publick business; The Ministers have been defeated in their Expectations of weeding the House, & upon the whole we stand stronger in Numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the Copy of a Bill now depending in our House, for the encouragement of learning, as the Title bears, but I think it is rather of advantage to Booksellers than Authors; whither it will pass or not this sessions I cannot say, but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it, against another. 'It seems to me to be extreamly imperfect at present.'² I hope you have many more Writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you, & when a Bill of this nature passes in England (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the Property to any friend, or any Charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind Expressions of Friendship in your letter, If my Publick Conduct has recommended me to your Esteem, I am extreamly proud of the reward, & value it more than those do, who attain foolish Ribbons, or empty Titles (*vilia servitutis Præmia*) pray therefore continue me your Friendship, & believe me with the greatest sincerity and regard Dr Sr | Your most humble and | Obedient Servant, | W Pulteney.

Lord Bolingbrook is going to France; wth Lord Berkeley, but I believe will return again in a few months.³ I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr Stopford to the Duke of Dorset,

¹ 8 Mar. 1734-5.

² This sentence is written above the line.

³ Bolingbroke's wife was then in France. He joined her in June. Lord Berkeley appears to have continued on friendly terms with Bolingbroke, allowing him, for example, the use of Cranford when Dawley was undergoing repair.

but I think it is not yet quite certain that he will continue Lord Lieut. I mean that if he perceives that he is to be turn'd out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Pulteney | Rx May 11th 1735 | Answrd next day

4806

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

[5 May 1735]

Mad^m^r

I find your Ladyship seems not very much pleased with y^r Office of Secretary² which however you must be obliged to hold during the Dukes Govern^t if I happen to outlive it, which for Your Comfort, considering my health is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome Petitioner to his Grace and intend to be less, and as I have always done, will principally consider My Ld Dukes honor. I have very few Friends in Want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one Female who is the onely Cousin I suffer to see me.³ When I had the Credit for some years at a Court, I provided for above 50 people in both Kingdoms of which not one was a Relation . . . I have neithr followers, nor fosterers nor Depend-ers. So that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a soliciter out of any regard, but Merit and Virtue, and in that Case I would reckon I was doing them the best Service in my Power, and if they were good for any thing I would expect their thanks, For they want nothing so much as an honest judicious Recommender; which in perfect modesty I take my self to be . . . D^r Sheridan is gone to his School in the Country; and was onely delayd so long on account of⁴ some very unnecessary forms contrived

¹ This letter is preserved in the British Museum (Add. 4806, ff. 144-5) in the form of a draft in Swift's hand, written on a small piece of paper folded to two leaves.

² See her letter to Swift of 5 Apr. 1735.

³ Mrs. Brent, Swift's faithful housekeeper since the early days when he was Prebendary of Kilroot, died in 1735. She was succeeded in office by her daughter Mrs. Ridgeway; but it may well be believed that Swift was growing more dependent on his cousin Mrs. Whiteway who two years before had become a widow for the second time.

⁴ 'on account of' written above the line in place of 'by'.

5 May 1735

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

by His Grace's most cautious Deputyes My Letter is but just begun the larger half remains, and your Ladyship is to make a fresh use of y^r Secretarys Employmt. The Countess of Kerry, my long friend and Mistress command[ed] me to attend her yesterday. She told me that M^r Deering late Deputy Clerk of the Council being Dead, She had thoughts of solliciting the same office for her young^r son, M^r John Fitz Mauris Her eldest son L^d Fitz-Maurice hath for some years been plagued with a Wife and no Wits. The Case hath been tryd in both Kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated, and forced to live abroad,¹ which is a very great Misfortune to the Earl of Kerry and his Lady, and they have nothing left to comfort them but their young^r son, who hath lately married very honestly and undisputably. He is a young Gentleman of great Regularity, very well educated, but hath no Employment.² Therefore his Parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this of Deputy Clerk of the Council here would be a very proper Introduction to Business. It is understood here that purchase of the Deputy Clerks office is the usuall Perquisite of the Chief Clerk, with the Consent of the Chief Governor;—with which My Lord and Lady Kerry³ would very readily and thankfully fall in And as the Earl of Kerry is one of the most antient and noble families of the Kingdom, his younger and onely son of which he hath any hopes might well pretend to succeed in so small an office upon an equall foot with any other Person. I own this proposall of mine is more suitable to the Corruption of the Times than to my own Speculative Notions of Virtue; but, I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of Mankind, and the Passion I have to my Lady Kerry.⁴

Endorsed by Swift: May. 5th, 1735 | Copy of a Lett^r to | L^{dy} E.G. | concerning the C of | K^{-rs} son

¹ Lord Fitzmaurice (whose courtesy title was Clanmaurice) was soon, however, released by the lady's death, whereupon he married as his second wife a daughter of the fourth Earl of Cavan.

² After 'Employment' Swift wrote 'His Parents would be very' and then struck the words out.

³ Lady Kerry had early made a favourable impression on Swift (*Journal*, p. 260), and her younger son, the future Earl of Shelburne, commended himself to Dr. Freind, headmaster of Westminster School.

⁴ At the foot of page 2 Swift wrote, 'D. never writes to me'. Presumably 'D.' stands for the Duke of Dorset. At the foot of page 3 Swift wrote and struck out: 'No men alive can convince taleldarah be and when we come next it is the same thing with Booby and Barnard, Plurality of Dinners & Dignities he has & so Mandrogoras confirms it to all Members in an Episode of sage & Brandy.'

*Archbishop Bolton to Swift*Cashel May y^e 5th 1735Dear S^r

I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late that I am resolved to have no more; especialy where I am likely to be over Matched; and as I have some reason to hope w^t is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I cu'd think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than meer sloth¹ I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, w^{ch} by the help of the Prime Serjeant² I hope soon to get rid off, and then you shall see me a true Irish B^p; S^r James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors;³ he tells us they were born in such a town in England or Ireland, were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their Cathedral Church, either on the north or south side; from whence I conclude that a good B^p has nothing more to do, than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and dye. w^{ch} laudable example I purpose for the remainder of my life to follow, for to tell you the truth I have for these four or five years past met wth so much falsehood treachery baseness & ingratitude; among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.⁴ I am truly concerned at the account you give me of y^r health; without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover y^r flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can chuse a road so suited to y^r circumstances, as from Dublin hither—you have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns at every ten or twelve miles end. from Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles bad road, and no inn at all; But I have an expedient

¹ According to Sheridan (*Life*, p. 486) Bolton had promised Swift that when he reached the best preferment for which he could hope he would 'zealously promote the good' of his country without thought of further reward. On his attainment of an archbishopric Swift reminded him of his promise.

² Henry Singleton.

³ *Archiespicoporum Cassiliensium et Tuamensium Vitae*, 1626.

⁴ The Archbishop may be referring ironically to benefactions which Cashel owed him. For example, several years before this time, he had provided at his own expense a water supply for the town.

5 May 1735

Archbishop Bolton to Swift

for that; at the foot of a very high hill just midway there lives in a neat thatcht Cabbin, a Parson who is not poor,¹ his wife is allowed to be the best little Woman in the world, her chickens are the fattest and her ale the best in all the County; Besides, the parson has a little seller of his own of w^{ch} he keeps the key, where he always has a hogs-head of the best wine that can be got, in Bottles well corked upon their side, and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin.² here I design to meet you wth a Coach, if you be tired, you shall stay all night, if not after dinner we will set out about four and be at Cashel by nine, and by going thro' fields and by ways w^{ch} the Parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lye between this place and that which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind to let me know a post or two before you set out the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come, he'l do nothing for me;³ therefore depending upon y^r positive promise I shall add no more arguments to persuade you: and am wth the greatest truth | y^r most faithfull and obe | dient humble Ser^t | Theo: Cashel

Address: To | The Rev^d Doc^{tr} Swift Dean of St Patrick's | Dublin

Readdressed: to George Nugent, Esqr | at Castle Rickard | near | Clonard Bridge⁺

Frank: Free | Theo: Cashel

Postmark: Illegible.

Endorsed by Swift: May. 7th Rx | L^d A. B. Cassell

Deane Swift 1768

Miss Anne Donnellan to Swift

May 10, 1735.

Sir,

I should before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter,⁵ but that I feared that too quick a correspondence might

¹ Fennor, which was the corps of a prebend in Cashel Cathedral, is no doubt the place to which Bolton refers. It is partly bounded by the Bog of Allen. The prebendary at that time was the Rev. John Walsh, who is recorded to have been buried at Fennor after twenty-five years' tenure of the benefice.

² Robert Grattan. The house had a large wine-cellar.

³ Robert Cope of Loughgall.

⁴ Swift was apparently staying with his cousin's tenant. See his letter to Eaton Stannard, [12] Dec. 1733, and footnote.

[For note 5 see overleaf.

be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.¹

Mrs. *Pendarves* hath, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord *Lansdown's* death, her brother Mr. *Granville* is become possessor of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled that my lord *Lansdown* could not touch it. Mr. *Granville* is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister Miss *Granville*, whom Mrs. *Pendarves* is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord *Lansdown's* death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in *Ireland*; and she promises me she will.²

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving *London* this month. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has been confined with the gout these three months; and I

¹ This reads as if Swift had alluded in his letter to the illness or the death of his housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, which had occurred in 1735.

² The brother, Bernard Granville, purchased Calwich Abbey in Staffordshire, and died unmarried. His sister married John d'Ewes and was great-grandmother of Lady Llanover.

⁵ Presumably an answer to her letter of 19 Jan.

10 May 1735

Miss Anne Donnellan to Swift

fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.¹

I am very sorry Dr. *Delany* has given up his house in *Dublin*, for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at *Delville*. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one:² he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant, | A. Donnellan.

My best respects attend Dr. *Delany*, and Dr. *Helsham*.

Portland MSS., B.M. Deposit

Swift to Alexander Pope

[12 May 1735]

Dear S^r³

Your Letter was sent to me yesterday by Mr Stopford who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune; I never am a day without frequent terrors of a fit of Giddyness; my head is never well, and I cannot walk after night-fall. My Memory is going fast; my Spirits are sunk nine parts in ten. You will find in this Letter probably fifty blunders, mistakes not only literal & verbal, but half sentences either omitted or doubled. Besides, my little domestick affairs are in great confusion by the villany of Agents, and the miseries of this Kingdom, where there is no money to be had: Nor am I unconcern'd to see all

¹ The first edition, in quarto, of Mrs. Barber's *Poems on Several Occasions*, though advertised as early as 20 Oct. 1733 as 'In the Press' (*Daily Journal*), was dated 1734. The prefatory letter to this handsomely printed volume was written by Swift; and it carried an imposing list of subscribers.

² i.e. Christopher Donnellan. See p. 181, n. 2.

³ The printed text of this letter, Pope 1741, Faulkner 1741, vii. 248, appeared in severely abbreviated form. The fuller text, as above, is to be found in a contemporary transcript, Portland Papers, British Museum deposit.

things tending towards absolute Power, in both Nations, (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things both publick and personal to my self, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, Diversions, or Amusement. I dine alone four fifths of the week & pass the whole Evening by my self at home. If I ride, one of my servants carries my dinner & wine to some acquaintance at four or five miles distance. My Eyes will not suffer me to read much, nor at all at night; and as to writing, I have lost all inclination & ability, even to correct or finish some things that have many years layn by me. But what is worse, I am pestered twenty times a morning with impertinent business, relating to my Station. The Death of Mr Gay & the Doctor hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them, like a Sum of Money in a Bank from which I should receive at least annual Interest, as I do from you; and have done from My L^d Boling^e . . . To shew in how much ignorance I live, It is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the Death of my dear Friend My Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but, in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a Sea voyage is not in some degree a Remedy. The 'D.' old D. of Ormonde said, he would not change his dead Son Ossory for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend¹ for the best present friend round the Globe . . . L^d B— asks a very high part of Friendship in accompanying L^d Berkeley² . . . I am glad he begins to learn frugality, I hope it is not too late . . . But as to his breathing after retirement, I fear he will hardly find it till he breathes his last. I have lately read a book imputed to him, called a Dissertation upon Parties.³ I think it very masterly written but whether it be his or your Neighbor friend's, or both, is not agreed on here. In a former letter you desired me to advise L^d B— to forbear a Frailty which he

¹ Pope.

² Bolingbroke accompanied Lord Berkeley to Paris. On 17 Aug. Berkeley died at the seat of the Duke of Rutland at Aubigny.

³ The letters gathered anonymously as *A Dissertation upon Parties*, 1735, were originally contributed to the *Craftsman*. In the collected *Works*, 1754, they are to be found in the second volume. Swift's judgement will be questioned by none.

12 May 1735

Swift to Alexander Pope

has no Call for, but I had not courage to attempt. It is wrong in every view as well as that of Immorality, and I wish you who are present would have undertaken the office. Is Lord Berkeley's voyage for Life owing alone to his ill habit of Body, (which I foretold him in his youth, & reminded him the last time I saw him) or is it hastned by any discontent at publick proceedings. L^d E.¹ too did not write to me as you thought he would, by M^r Stopford. I told you one reason against my going either to France or Engl^d. That I cannot now make shifts. I have my own little regular Oeconomy with my very few Servants about me; and dare not venture to be a days Journey from this Town, for fear of taking a fit of giddyness that sincks me for a month, & by which I lose ground that I never quite recover. I was caught so some months ago in a Village six miles from hence, & with the utmost difficulty got home.—Pray God reward you for your kind Prayers. You are a good Man, & a good Christian, & I believe your Prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both Kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Bp. of Marsailles. The bearer of this is a young Gentleman who goes to France to study Physick,² he is the eldest Son of a wealthy Citizen (as wealth is reckon'd here) his Mother hath more sense, wit & Knowledge than the whole Sex here could make up among them. I esteem her very much, and she is my most usefull Friend. The young man hath taken his degrees, is modest & Virtuous, & hath a very good Genius & Taste, which I hope he will be wise enough to apply to his more usefull Study. I could not refuse him the Honor of waiting on you, although his stay in London will not be above a week.—I shall with great pleasure receive the present you make me by Capt. Wentworth;³ especially if I see in a blank page your name and Attestation. If you are mentioned in any writings imputed to me, you must charge it more upon my Pride than Friendship. I pleased you once with a passage in one of Cicero's letters to a Friend; *Orna me*. And I remember in one of your Letters you s^d you intended that an Epistle should be inscribed to me. You will please to give or send the inclosed to M^r Poulteney. And I must allways charge you with offering my humble Service to L^d Oxford, L^d Masham, Lord Bathurst, and M^r Lewis, when you happen to

¹ Presumably either Egmont or Essex.

² Unidentified.

³ The present was probably the second volume (quarto) of Pope's *Works* published in April. See H. Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*, 1932, Sale Catalogue 1745, item *519.

Swift to Alexander Pope

12 May 1735

see them. My L^d Peterbourow hath lived longer than I could ever hope, His death will be a new Affliction to me. This is the necessary tax of long life, that we must suffer the loss of our best Friends. God Almighty preserve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) Parsons in a Lump.—

May 12th 1735. I am very entirely y^{rs} J. Swift.

Address: To | Alexander Pope Esq^r

Hawkesworth 1766

Swift to William Pulteney

Dublin May 12, 1735

Sir,

Mr. *Stopford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with.¹ I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection; was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the Church.² He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural

¹ 29 Apr. 1735.

² In 1730 Stopford had been appointed Provost of Tuam.

12 May 1735

Swift to William Pulteney

for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister,¹ from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the contrary side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can never be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors; how many of them were murdered by their own army, and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country, for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

¹ Sir Robert Walpole.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works.¹ I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight year ago,² and that was by Mr. *Pope*'s prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great Minister, and was not sorry to find it there.³

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it, nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem, | Your most obedient and obliged humble servant, | J. Swift.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

May 16, 1735.

Sir,⁴

You have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again.

¹ Faulkner's edition of the *Works*.

² *Gulliver's Travels*.

³ 'On Mr. P—y being put out of the Council', printed in Faulkner's edition of the *Works*, 1735, ii. 406 (*Poems*, ii. 537).

⁴ This letter is a reply to Swift's of 22 Feb.

16 May 1735

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter.¹ I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. *Donnellan*, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination.² it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy *Hibernians* that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world: the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable *Thursdays*, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. *Delany's*, are broke up: though *Delville* has its beauties, it is more out of the way than *Stafford-street*.³ I believe you have had a quiet winter in *Dublin*; not so has it been with us in *London*. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The news-papers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two *Latin* lines in your last letter:⁴ it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, | M. Pendarves.

¹ She is said to have been well read in Swift's wit. See Mrs. *Delany*, by George Paston, p. 73.

² See Miss *Donnellan's* letter of 10 May. She was about to return to Ireland.

³ See Swift's letter of 22 Feb. to Mrs. Pendarves.

⁴ Swift to Mrs. Pendarves, 22 Feb. *ad fin.*—the quotation from Horace.

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

16 May 1735

When you see Mrs. *Donnellan*, she will entertain you with a second edition of *Faussett*,¹ too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

Deane Swift 1768

Lady Elizabeth Brownlow to Swift

May 19, 1735.

Sir,

I have the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. *Brownlowe*.² I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c., and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady *Acheson* and Mrs. *Acheson*³ do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at *Seaford*, where we propose staying about a fortnight.⁴ I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to *Cashel*: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the Archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults,

¹ Robert Fausset, Prebendary of Achonry, who was said to have made a proposal of marriage to Mrs. Pendarves about three years previously.

² Lady Betty Brownlow (p. 234, n. 4) was presumably with her husband, William Brownlow, M.P. for Armagh, at his family residence near Lurgan. The enclosed letter was sent by some correspondent to save postage. Brownlow, as a member of parliament, enjoyed the privilege of franking letters.

³ Lady Acheson's mother.

⁴ The owner of Seaforde, the seat of the Forde family in the county of Down, at that time was a nephew of Mr. Brownlow.—Ball.

19 May 1735

Lady Elizabeth Brownlow to Swift

you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. *Brownlowe* desires you will accept of his compliments, and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant, | Elizabeth Brownlowe.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

May 26th, 1735.

DRDN¹

Yew mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow
Ann Glee, I nim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt If here they rare mist
eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak quest Tom end
dumb. They'll aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White
Whey, Sigh Cann air ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too Ale
even, Ewer Mow Stumble Add my rare.

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick'st,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer, Gull
Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

¹ Ball prints this as a supplemental letter, vol. vi, p. 191, and suggests the date 1738. The letter, when first printed by Deane Swift, 1768, was definitely dated 1735, and there seems to be no reason for hazarding another date. Scott, 1814, xiii. 490, accepts Deane Swift's date.

Sir Walter Scott gives the following interpretation:

Dear Dean,

You may remember, about an hour ago, I writ some Anglo-Angli, in imitation of yours; but I fear there are mistakes. If you find any, I make it my request to mend 'em. The ladies, namely Madam Harrison, Whiteway, Sican, are ready to join you, so adieu to eleven.

Your most humble admirer,
Thomas Sheridan.

May the twenty-sixth,
One thousand seven hundred, etc.

To the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Draper Gulliver,
in the Deanery.

Rothschild

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[27 May 1735]

Tis¹ true enough my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better, but however you should have had a quicker answer to your '(undated)' Letter,² but that I find that Mr Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, so has many members of Parliament 'and' the answer given to them all, has been that it will not yet be disposed of, and my opinion is that probably when Lord George Sackville comes over he will humbly desire his Papa or whosoever is chief Governor that he may without any political view have the disposal ont him self as it is his own private concern, I did not know Lady Kerry had the honour of being your Mistress and favourite, however I approve of your taste for many years or rather an age ago she & I were very well acquainted and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman, so upon that account as well as yours I shoud be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power, Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair which has given me some small palpitations of the heart which is, that you shoud not wrap up either old shoes or neglected sermons in my Letters but that what of them has been spared from going toward making Gin for the Ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames, for you being stigmatisd with the name of a Witt, Mr Curl will rake to the Dunghill for your Correspondance, and as to my own part I am satisfied with having been honourd in print by our Amorous Satyirical and Gallant Letters,³ 'and tho in reality there was in them no one word but my bare name mentiond yet

¹ At the head of this letter is a note in the hand of Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore—'Printed by Dr Hawkesworth vol. 3. Lett^r 345.' The letter was sold to A. C. Goodyear (A.A.A., 1-2 Feb. 1927, lot 305). Now Lord Rothschild, no. 932. The words in half-brackets are omitted by Hawkesworth and Ball.

² Presumably the posted letter of 5 May bore no date. The letter is preserved for us in a draft, B.M. 4806, ff. 144-5.

³ The reference is to *Letters, Poems, and Tales: Amorous, Satyirical, and Gallant. Which passed between Several Persons of Distinction*. . . . London: Printed for E. Curll in Fleetstreet. 1718. In this volume reference is made to Lady Betty Germain and her sister Lady Mary Chambers. See also Lady Betty Germain's letter to Swift of 12 July 1735; and for a full discussion of the verses, *Poems*, pp. 1069-70.

27 May 1735

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

I had a great inclination to have him gently chastisd for puting me & those words together, yet I found I could do him no damage without doing my self more, and now I find even the whole house of Lords can but nibble at him¹ I am more afraid than ever,¹ the summer has done your old friend Mrs floyd a great deal of good, as for my saucy Neice,² I'd advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another, the D^{ts} of Dorset is still at Bath & the waters has done her good, the Duke is now confind by a fitt of the Gout which I believe is very well for him because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach, Adieu

27 May 1735

Address: The Rev^d D^r Swift | Dean of St Patricks | Dublin | Ireland

Endorsed by Swift: May 27th 1735 | Ldy El. Germain. | Answerd June 15th 1735, and again May. 27th 1735 | Ldy E. Germain | Answered

Forster 565³

John Shiell to Swift

[6 June 1735]

Whereas I have sold to Doctr Jonath: Swift Dean of St Patricks two Hogsheads of Wine⁴ on the second of June instant for twenty three pounds ster¹ I do here bind my self in case that one or both Hogsheads should happen to fayl, turn Sower, or not answer in goodness according to his Expectation, that I will make up the loss in such a manner as to satisfy the s^d Dean and his Friends. Witness my hand June the 6th 1735—5 | John Shiell

Witness

Present

Ann Ridgway

Endorsed by Swift: Jun 6th 1735 | M^r Shiells Note | to make good the Wine

¹ In 1735 Curll was summoned for breach of privilege for publishing a volume containing a reflection on the Earl of Burlington. No such passage was found in the copies seized; and they were returned to Curll. This was a part of Pope's skilful intrigues directed against the printer.

² Miss Mary Chambers.

³ The original is in the Forster Collection, no. 565. Except the signatures the whole document is in Swift's handwriting.

⁴ After the word 'Wine' the words 'for twenty Guineas' are struck through.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

June 8th, 1735.

Madam,¹

I trouble you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your Ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the House of Lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curle; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have pickt up some that went from him.² Those letters have not yet been sent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your Ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * * letters, upon receiving one where he used these words to me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity*: Which, indeed, was the chief virtue

¹ This letter was first printed by Deane Swift 1765. Ball took his text from Sheridan, whence it appeared in Nichols, 1801, xiii. 205.

² By 1733 Pope had invented a scheme for deceiving Curll who contemplated the publication of documents for use in a biography of the poet. On 11 Oct. 1733 a letter reached Curll signed 'P.T.' containing erroneous information about Pope's family. On 15 Nov. the same 'P.T.' (Pope himself) offered 'a large collection of letters' illustrative of Pope's life. On 12 May 1735 octavo volumes of Pope's printed letters began to reach Curll's shop. Then followed prepublication advertisements denouncing the whole project. The story is a tangled web. See Sherburn 'Pope's Letters and the Harleian Library', *E.L.H.* vii (1940), 177-87; and the introduction to his edition of the *Correspondence*, pp. xiii-xiv.

8 June 1735

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

he wanted.¹ Of those from my Lord * * * * I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of Court promises and professions.² I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand; where you say, *you have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned.*³ I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curle.

I will tell your Ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the Duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was Lieutenant, and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer. Which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a Duke with a garter; or he is a Lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very antient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or like the Duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me: And it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your Ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle.⁴ The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some

¹ It is suggested that 'Somers' is the name to be supplied. No letters to or from Somers have survived.

² The name here to be supplied is 'Halifax'. See his letter to Swift of 6 Oct. 1709.

³ Evidently Swift thought that Lady Betty had referred to an explanatory note preceding the ballad 'To the Tune of the Cutpurse' (*Poems*, p. 76).

⁴ See Swift's letter to the Duke of Dorset, 15 Apr. 1735.

considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but to the kingdom: And for that reason, it is thought, his Grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine.¹ I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been Governor, my letters have been at most but one a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: Although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the Crown and his Grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain | Your Ladyship's | Most obedient humble servant.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

June, 1735.

Sir,

I suppose you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always Toy ling in your school.² This Dryes ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a Dump ling, and Bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but, get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your Townsfolks are Bub ling you: Have

¹ Swift to Dorset, 14 Jan. 1734-5.² See Swift to Lady Betty Germain, 5 May 1735.

you a Bow ling Green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old Ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling Nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My Breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the Curd ling of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes,¹ and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a Cack ling, and Chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my Groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids Gigg ling, and the dogs how ling. My Bung ling Taylor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her Drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the ale-house, hand ling a Mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with Porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling Pinner. Mr. Walls walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling; you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A Lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a Wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's War ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling: she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and humm ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the Curates, or mud ling in an ale-house, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his Band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifyer at best, while his wife in her Mac ling lace is mull ling claret, to make her husband Maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her

¹ As Dr. *Swift* was, on all occasions, fond of walking, he always wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion, to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.—D. S. Swift used spatterdashes (also called gambadoes) furthermore as a protection when he was suffering from lameness.

breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grandchildren and a year ling calf, or oyl ling her pimp ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her Kit ling, or over rue ling the poor Doctor.¹ As to Madame votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters;² I wish she were to live upon a Cod ling or a Chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly: I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling and delights in a Fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or Gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling, with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fel ling your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a Lord ling, or rather like a Star ling. I suppose now you are vail³ ling your bonnet to every Squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home. Can I have stabe ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it: have no more piss to ling lads: Employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a Jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the pye-house, and yawl ling and yelling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling⁴ them Pets.⁵

¹ Tisdall had married a Miss Morgan within two years of his courtship of Stella.

² See Sheridan to Swift, 5 Apr. 1735.

³ To doff, to take off.

[For notes 4, 5 see opposite.

15 and 16 June 1735

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Huntington Library HM 22660 and Forster 552

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[15 and 16 June 1735.]

¹I received Your Letter which begun with *Lings*. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but 160; a Trifle; find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten Guineas for an³ eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not yet entered in a Letter² which I will send you when health permits and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will suffer⁴ me to hold out so long . . . Dites moy, votre Diablesse infernale, se melle t'elle de vos affaires domestiques, souvenez vous de vos promesses de regner vous meme, de gouverner vos enfans, et la Harpie du ventre de la quelle ils sortoient.⁵ You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good Fortune cheerfully. I suppose your Arithmetick is, that three boys a week are 159 in the year; and 7 Guineas a week are 365 p annum. Can you reckon that the County and the Next, and Dublin will provide you with 30 lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers. Does the cheapness of things answer your Expectation? Have you sent away your late younger married Daughter? and will you send away the other. Let me desire you will be very regular in your Accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine, tells me that with all your honesty, it his (*sic*) an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity, and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered 'confused manner'⁶ in which you have lived. Mrs.

¹ The original of the first part of this letter is in the Huntington Library, HM 22660. A copy of the earlier part and the autograph of the latter part are in the Forster Collection, no. 552. The first part was printed by Dodsley, *Miscellanies*, 1745, x. 146-9, and by Faulkner, 1746, viii. 445-7. Dodsley prints a few more lines than Faulkner.

² The preceding letter.

³ an] the *Dodsley, Faulkner*.

⁴ suffer] let *Dodsley, Faulkner*.

⁵ The French passage has been struck through with six perpendicular lines.

⁶ The words within half-brackets are missing through a defect in the paper.

⁴ As printed by Deane Swift each 'ling' in this letter is in italic letters. This mistaken procedure has not been followed.

⁵ The term *Pet*, which is a contraction of the French *Petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.—D. S. The derivation is not supported by the *O.E.D.*

Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know She always loved and defended you. I can not tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other Engagem^{ts} on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bp of Ossory.¹ Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatning me with a giddy Fit; and my Affairs are terribly embroyled . . . I have a Scheam of living with you when the College-green Club² is to meet, for in these times I detest the Town, and hearing the Follyes Corruptions and slavish Practices of those mis-representative Brutes,³ and resolve if I can stir to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan: *at cava ni fere. A de vilis in it at prae Sentiam Afra id A cur sed que an ime an; o rat her at how sand virell Lyons*:⁴ I say again keep very regular accounts in large books and a fair hand, not like me who to save paper confuse every thing. Your mind is honest but your Memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by *Minding* that we do by *remembring*. Sirrah s^d I to a Scots foot man, why did [you]⁵ not go that Arrand? Because I did no *mind* it quo' Sawny: A Curse on these twenty Soldiers drumming through my Liberty twice a day, and going to a Barrack the Govern^{mt} hath placed just under my Nose.⁶ I think of a line in Virgil Travesty.⁷ *The Dev—I cut their yelping Weesons* We expect L^d Orrery and Bishop Rundle next week.⁸—This Letter was intended for last Post, but interruptions and horses hindred it. Poor Mr^s Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever I was there yesterday and met D^r H—m⁹ who hopes she was a little better . . .—

¹ Lord and Lady Howth may have invited Swift to visit them at Kilfane where he might have met Tenison for whom, as a supporter of the Bills of Residence and Division, Swift entertained a strong antipathy.

² i.e. the Irish Parliament, so called from the situation of its houses on a green then fronting Trinity College.

³ The manuscript and Dodsley read 'Brutes', Faulkner has 'Members'.

⁴ 'At Cavan I fear. A devil is in it. At present I am afraid. A cursed quean I mean. Oh rather a thousand virile Lyons!' This passage is struck through with perpendicular lines.

⁵ This word was accidentally missed by Swift.

⁶ Faulkner has a note: 'Called now the Poddle Guard; and kept within the Liberties of St. *Patrick's*; to suppress Riots.' The Poddle was the name of a stream on which the cathedral stood.

⁷ *Scarronides: Or, Virgile Travestie. In Imitation of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Aeneis in English, Burlesque*, by Charles Cotton, 1665, p. 87.

⁸ At this point Faulkner's text of the letter ends.

⁹ Helsham.

15 and 16 June 1735

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

16. Here has no body been hanged, marryed or dead that I hear of, 'Dr Grattan is'¹ confined by a Boil,² if you ask him where; he will sell you *ab erga in* My chief Country Companion now is Philosopher Webber;³ for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad except Robin who can not stir a foot.⁴ Yesterday I had for my *Messalina* mutton.⁵ I hear *you ray lisp writt I fine*. I set *Thebes tin Cave Anne*⁶ . . . I hope you will in every Letter give me a new list of new boys and old Guineas *a ten Trance*.⁷ I am *ass you red*⁸ you are a very good subject to the *Govermin*.⁹ Do you know the Gentlemen about Newry? How far do you live from thence? Because my Cozen Kendal¹⁰ whom you have seen at Dunlary has got a better Post, and is made Surveyor at Cavan,¹¹ and I would have him be recommended to the honest Gentlemen there, I mean the Whigs at whose mercy he must lye, and he is a good one himself—The Momen^rt I writ¹² this came in poor Kendal, and s^d the Employ^mt offered him ^rwas at¹² Carlingford, and but 5¹¹ p ann better than what he has now at Dunlary, so you see how little People are baulked as well as we their Betters. Here have been five and fourty devils to do about Doctor Copes¹³ Daughter who ran away with a Rogue one Gibson and the Doct^r caught them in a field with a Hedge Parson in the act of Coupling; and Dunkin¹⁴ is said to have helpd on the Match . . . And one M^r Hatch's¹⁵ niece is run away with a Hedge Attorney's Clerk. And Will Vesey¹⁶ was like to fight with one Ashe commonly called Sprig of Ashe, for an ugly rich Trollop, one Widow

¹ The words within half-brackets are missing owing to a defect in the paper. The third of the Grattan brothers was a physician.

² Forster 552 begins with 'confined by a Boil', and the whole sheet, thence to the end, is struck through by several lines.

³ Samuel Webber, Prebendary of Howth.

⁴ Dodsley's printed text ends at this point.

⁵ 'Yesterday I had for my mess a loin of mutton.'

⁶ 'I hear your ale is pretty fine. Is it the best in Cavan.'

⁷ 'At entrance.'

⁸ 'I am assured.'

⁹ Possibly the Corporation of Cavan, whose head was known as the Sovereign.

¹⁰ A son of Swift's cousin, the Rev. John Kendall.

¹¹ By a slip Swift has written 'Cavan' for 'Newry'.

¹² Words in half-brackets missing owing to a defect in the paper.

¹³ Henry Cope, a leading physician in Dublin, later Regius Professor, Trinity College.

¹⁴ The poet.

¹⁵ In subsequent letters Hatch is mentioned as the Temples' man of business.

¹⁶ A son of the Archbishop of Tuam who subsequently became a Master in Chancery.

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

15 and 16 June 1735

Dickson: But Vesey the last comer as Your Friend Mr^s Whiteway jandiciously observed from experience, carryed of the Prize: although Ash were the younger, and has the Advantage of being a great Rake, which Mr^s Swanton¹ denyes, and they are telling so many lyes about me, that I would not have you believe a word. And Miss Molly² though she says nothing thinks more lyes than either. I have been fool enough to sit for my Picture at full length by Mr Bindon for My L^d Howth.³ I have just sate 2 hours and a half.

Address: To | The Reverend Doctor Sheridan | at his House in | Cavan⁴

Postmark: ? 17 IV

Deane Swift 1768

The Earl of Oxford to Swift

Dover-street, June 19, 1735.

Good Mr. Dean,⁵

I could not suffer Mr. *Jebb* to pass into *Ireland* without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to enquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. *Pope*. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction

¹ See Swift's letter, 12 July 1733, to Mrs. Swanton.

² Mrs. Whiteway's daughter by her first husband, the Rev. Theophilus Harrison, and afterwards married to Swift's biographer, Deane Swift.

³ The Howth portrait by Bindon. See Sir Frederick Falkiner's essay, *Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, xii. 25-27.

⁴ On the covering sheet has been copied, apparently in Sheridan's hand, at right angles to the address, the quotation from Tasso which appears in his letter to Swift of 23 June 1735.

⁵ A draft of this letter is preserved among the Harley Papers. Duke of Portland. Significant variants are noted.

and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.¹

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to give you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well;² desires your acceptance of her humble service; she, among others,³ would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long.⁴ His son has, this spring, put to *Westminster-school* two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. *Thomas Harley* has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in *Herefordshire*.⁵ The Duke of *Leeds* is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through.⁶ My nephew *Robert Hay* travelled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to *Oxford* to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders.⁷ My two youngest nephews are still at *Westminster-school*. Lord *Dupplin* has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises.⁸ My sister lives in *Yorkshire* with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c., &c.⁹ Now

¹ In the Portland draft the sentence from 'I hope you will . . . to make use of' is written on the verso of the second leaf, on which also is written: 'A copy to Dean | Swift by mr Jebb | June. 19. 1735.—'

² The words 'is pretty well' are omitted in the draft.

³ 'Among others' omitted in the draft.

⁴ Oxford's uncle, Edward Harley, Auditor of the Imprest, died on 30 Aug. His eldest son, Edward, succeeded his cousin in 1741 as third Earl of Oxford.

⁵ Oxford's cousin, Thomas Harley, a Secretary of the Treasury, and during the reign of Queen Anne M.P. for Radnorshire, lost his seat on the change of government, and thereafter lived in retirement. He died in 1738.

⁶ Thomas (Osborne), fourth Duke of Leeds. He was the son of Peregrine Hyde (Osborne), third Duke, by Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford. She died in childbed, 20 Nov. 1713.

⁷ The Hon. Robert Hay Drummond was a younger son of Oxford's brother-in-law, Lord Dupplin, who had succeeded in 1719 to the earldom of Kinnoul. He became successively Bishop of St. Asaph, 1748, Salisbury, 1761, and, in October of that year, Archbishop of York. *Fasti Eccl. Ang.* i. 78, ii. 610, iii. 119; *D.N.B.*

⁸ Lord Dupplin held various government offices.

⁹ After '&c., &c.' the Portland draft has 'my Ld Kinnoul I never hear from', struck out. Lord Kinnoul, who had succeeded to his father's title in 1719, was Ambassador at Constantinople, 1729-34. A profligate, he had brought himself

I ask your pardon, dear Sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master *Pope* is pretty well: he is under persecution from *Curl*, who has by some means (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of *Pope's* private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.¹

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, | Oxford.

Please be so good as to make my compliments to lord *Orrery*.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Ah Miss cell a knee.²

Cavan, June 23, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter with the formidable accounts of your *Lings*,³ no less than 160 in ash hole,⁴ enough to bear down awe hale.⁵ What a Change ling⁶ was I to prove oak yew by Grove ling⁷ in the dark as I did? I should rather have minded the Cop ling⁸ of Timber for an old house, which I am two reap air.⁹ I am now dale ling with a march aunt for boards, a Droll ling Logg or he add. His nay miss *φως ter*, It hinc. Buy these aim to ken his toll a fat ling lamb from our Butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studij. Now fora new e si style. 'Ευ νω "Ινω εὔρ μῆνιν ἄς τό Dye a bless Inn Fern ale, bee cause ^{stand}_{eye} *French*. A very good name for sue chaw help meet.¹⁰

and his family to destitution. Pope links his name with those of debauchees like Chartres and Tyrawley, *Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated*, ll. 118–21.

¹ Cf. p. 344, n. 2.

³ Above, p. 346.

⁵ A whale.

² A miscellany.

⁴ A shoal.

⁶ A changeling.

⁷ To provoke you by grovelling.

⁸ The coupling.

⁹ To repair.

¹⁰ I am now dealing with a merchant for boards, a drolling loggerhead. His

Mice cool encreases, and wood faster, butt that eye will not a bait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye.¹ I do not yet hear of Master *Lucas* from *Castle Shane*,² for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. *Coghill*, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sayle commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from *Dublin*, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of *Arabia Felix*, you draw in nothing but balsamick aromattick air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits. Mrs. *Sheridan* began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her mistress, with instructions to kick and cuff again; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever since. I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of *German* shoes. To my great grief I hear that my lord *Orrery* is landed, and I fear will not be in *Dublin* at my *August* vacation. You are too happy while

name is Foster, I think. By the same token he stole a fattling lamb from our butcher. This sentence, I fear, is a difficulty, and you may make it out by a little study. Now for a new easy style. You know I know your meaning as to *diabliesse infernale*, because I understand French; a very good name for such a helpmeet.

¹ My school increases and would faster, but I will not abate of my rates. I have refused above a score already.

² He was probably a son of Francis Lucas, who represented for over thirty years in the Irish Parliament the borough of Monaghan. Castle Shane, the family seat, is in that county.—Ball.

he is in *Dublin* for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our *Elysium*. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at *Cavan* upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my *Mullan's* wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at *Virginia*; and be pleased to be there on a *Saturday*.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as *Tasso* did in a letter to his friend *Antonio Constantini*, *Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguirlo*.¹

Doctor *Cope* was a fool to trouble himself about his rampant daughter; for he may be assured, although he secures her from the present lover, since the love fit is upon her, she will try either his butler or coachman. And poor sprig of *Ashe* I pity. He may now mourn in sackcloth and ashes. I suppose he is so much Ash aimed,² that he is worn away to Ash add dough;³ Vesey, it seems, was Ash harper,⁴ and played him Ash hitten trick.⁵ He must have been Ash allow⁶ fellow, to lose that beautiful Trollop so easily; I beg pardon, I should have said so Veasily. If he had been Ash hay rid Ann,⁷ he would not have lost her so easily.

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun⁸ is, that you may not Ralph use⁹ it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come plea ment¹⁰ to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and tell her no one in *Ireland* shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to haul her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or

¹ *Opere di Torquato Tasso*, 1724, v. 40.

² Ashamed.

⁴ A sharper.

⁶ A shallow.

⁸ This caution.

¹⁰ I beseech you to make my compliment.

³ A shadow.

⁵ A shitten trick.

⁷ A Sheridan.

⁹ Refuse.

23 June 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

July 5th, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I received your two receipts, *i.e.* race eats, or ray seats, and as soon as I can hear of *Higginbotham*, he shall get you the money.¹ The bishop of *Kilmore* has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last *February*. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt.—The moment I can raise the Devil among the tenants, I will *secure your poor* money. At present I have not a souse but a guinea and an half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one *William Sheridan*, cousin to Counsellor *Sheridan*, has run away three-score and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to *Drumcor* and *Blenycup*, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to Counsellor *Callaghan* about him,² and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One *Smyth*, a rich grazier, would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I sent to Mr. *Hale* for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have *Sheridan's* article and *Carter's* bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may show them to Counsellor *Robert Callaghan*; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of *Marahills*, *Drumcor*, and *Bleny-cup*, and to set the two latter at

¹ Details of Swift's loan to Sheridan and the nature of the security are unknown.

² There were about that time three eminent lawyers of that name, Cornelius O'Callaghan and his two sons, Robert and Cornelius. Robert had been Sheridan's pupil, and it was in his house that Sheridan died. Through a third son Cornelius was an ancestor of the Lords Lismore.—Ball.

forty-two pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that runaway villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses.—To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Ass awe interr inn Dubb Line an damn well play said two fine dimn inn ass teat off Mare he meant: All ass Ice he knot ass mile inn knack wart her: These Quires he rare sow stow eye call. Ann they par Suns sow dam nab lye in sup port able Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know sea see, butt adge, use't is sack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum: Ho! Rum! say dye.¹

I have no news from *our parts*, but that my man *Pat* (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, By my soul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He presents his humble service to your *Jo*. For God's sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather and everything is good. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Deane Swift 1768

Lord Howth to Swift

Kilfane, July 6th, 1735.

I am very much obliged to my good Dean of *St. Patrick's* for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture,² and have wrote to Dr. *Grattan*³ to give Mr. *Bindon* strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you gave me of your health, but dont in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of *Cashel* told me he would wait on you the day after he went to *Dublin*; and does mightily

¹ I rejoice exceedingly to find my Lord Orrery stops a winter in Dublin, and am well pleased to find him in a state of merriment. Alas! I see not a smile in a quarter. The squires here are so stoical, and the parsons so damnably insupportable, I cannot bear 'em. 'O rare Rum,' said I to one, 'are you a vicar, or a prebendary, or a curate?' 'No,' says he, 'but a justice o' Quorum.' 'Ho-Rum, Ha-Rum, Ho-Rum,' said I.—Ball.

² The Howth portrait. See p. 352, n. 3.

³ The Grattan brother who practised as a physician.

6 July 1735

Lord Howth to Swift

admire he has not seen you oftener.¹ I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions, and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the Baboon² is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant will use her endeavours to make Lord *Bacon* a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four.³ I am very sorry Mrs. *Acheson* is so much out of order:⁴ she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and lady *Acheson*, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this *Summer* I design drinking *Ballyspellan* waters for a month.⁵ As for news we have no such thing here: only the Baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler *Sykes* how long they have been coming? So long, says *Sykes*. Aye, replies the Baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant, | Howth.

Orrery Papers

Lord Orrery to Swift

Egmonte, near Charlesville, July 11th, 1735.

Dear Sir,⁶

Falkner will ever make his Letters acceptable when He sends me the good News of your being well. Our journey hither and our

¹ Bolton.

² Tenison, Bishop of Ossory, 'the Baboon of Kilkenny' (*Poems*, iii. 803).

³ The giant was a niece of Lord Howth, the only child of Edward Rice, of Mount Rice, co. Kildare, by his marriage to one of Lord Howth's sisters. In addition to inches the young lady was heir to a large estate in co. Tipperary.

⁴ Mrs. George Acheson, formerly wife of Philip Savage and thus mother of Lady Acheson.

⁵ For Ballyspellan Spa and Sheridan's and Swift's verses see *Poems*, ii. 437-43.

⁶ Orrery crossed from England to Dublin towards the end of June. On 1 July he wrote from there to a friend in Westminster, 'You'l rejoice with me that the

Residence here have been attended with so little variety that Nothing but your Commands and the dull hours of a rainy Day could force from me a Letter. In these parts we live under a perpetual Terror that Lord Clancarthy's Thunderbolt will destroy half of our most wealthy Neighbours.¹ Like Chickens in a Farm Yard we tremble at the Kite above Us, and are running for protection under the broad spread wings of the Law. I am not like to suffer should his Lordship's Victory be as compleat as the Marlborough Arms could make it *Sed Homo Sum et Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Of what infinite Service might Thomas Hearne have been in this Cause: possibly he could have found some dusty Settlement among Lord Noah's Papers that would have put all to Rights, unless Duke Adam had made over these very Lands to the Duchess of Eve. I hear so much of this Affair all day long that I rejoice when Bed-time comes, chearfully submitting only to dream of the Clancarthy Family for six hours together.—I am, dear Sir, Your ever obliged and faithful Servant, | Orrery.

Huntington Library HM 14384

Swift to John Barber

[Dublin, 12 July 1735]

Dear Mr Alderman

I write to you at the Command of a Gentleman for whom I have a perfect Friendship and Esteem, and the Request He desires me to make appears to me altogether reasonable The Gentleman I mean is Doctor Helsham, the most eminent Physician of this City and Kingdom. There is a person of quality an intimate friend of the Doctor, My Lord Tyrone, formerly Sr Tristram Beresford, who is a Tenant to the London-Derry Society.² His Lordship is going to Dean of St. Patrick's is in high health; the same inimitable Man I left Him' (*Orrery Papers*, i. 131). Subsequently Orrery went to the south of Ireland.

¹ The fourth Earl of Clancarthy had been attainted at the Revolution. His son was bringing ejectments to recover his estate in the county of Cork. The Duchess of Marlborough was said to be bearing the whole expense of the legal proceedings.

² Lord Tyrone was a half-brother of Lady Howth. His Christian name is incorrectly given as Tristram by Swift. It was Marcus. Their mother, Nichola Sophia, younger daughter of Hugh Hamilton, Baron Glenawley, was the lady of the famous ghost story. See G. E. C., *Complete Peerage*, vii. 452.

12 July 1735

Swift to John Barber

build two houses upon their Estate, and to assist him in so good a work, I desire, that when the Particulars of the request shall be laid before the Society, you who are the Governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as it lyes in Your Power, by which you will much oblige me, and severall worthy Persons particularly my friend Doctor Helsham.

Do you sometimes honor poor M^{rs} Barber with a Visit. We are afraid here that the gout hath got too strong a Possession of her. And pray let me have some account of your own health; I wish we three valetudinarians were together we should make excellent company; but I can drink my Pint of Wine twice a day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a Week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old Disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from Conveniency, and I dare not so much as travel here, without being near enough to come back in the Evening to lye in my own Bed. These are the Effects of living too long; And the publick miseries of this Kingdom add to my Disease. I am Dear S^r with true Esteem and Friendship Your most obedient humble Servt. J: Swift.

Dublin. July 12th 1735.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

London | 12 July 1735

I have not answerd y^{rs} of 15th June¹ so soon as I shoud, had not the Duke of Dorset answerd all yours, ere your Letter came to my hands so I hope all causes of Complaint are at an end, and that he has show'd himself as he is, much your friend & humble servant tho he wears a Garter [and] had his original from Normandy if Heralds dont lye, or his Granums did not play false, and whilst he is Lord Lieu^{nt} which I heartily wish maynt be much longer, I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him, thus far I will answer for his Grace tho he is now in the Country & cant subscribe to it himself, Now to quite another affair, The Countess of Suffolk whom you know I've long had a great esteem and value for, has been so good and gracious as to take my Brother

¹ Presumably Swift's letter of 8 June was not posted till the 15th.

George Berkeley for better, for worse, tho I hope in God the last wont happen, because I think he is an honest good natured man,¹ the town's surpris'd, & the town talks, as the town loves to do on these ordinary Extraordinary occasions, she is indeed 4 or 5 years older than he, and no more, but for all that he has appeard to all the world as well as me to have long had, (that is ever since she has been a Widdow) so pray dont mistake me a most violent passion for her as well as esteem & value for her Numberless good qualities, these things well considerd I dont think they have above ten to one against their being very happy, & if they shoud not I shall heartily wish him hang'd because I'm sure twill be wholly his fault, as to her fortune tho' she's been twenty year a Court favourite yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it as others woud have done, & Sr Robert² her greatest enemy do's not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pound I wish, but fear, tis not near that sum but what she has she never told me nor I never ask'd, but whatever it is they must live accordingly, and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily & genteely, in this hurry of Matrimony I'd like to forgot to answer that part of yr letter where you say yu never heard of our being in print together, I believe twas about twenty years ago, Mr Curl set forth letters amorous satirical & gallant between Dr Swift La: Mary chamber:³ La: Betty Germain & Mr^s Anne Long & several other persons,⁴ I'm afraid some of my people used them according to their desert for they have not appeard above ground this great while, and now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you,⁵ I have Bruisd my finger prodigiously & can say no more but Adieu

Endorsed by Swift at head of page 4: Lady B: Germain

¹ Lady Suffolk's first husband died 28 Sept. 1733. In the following year she retired from court; and on 26 June 1735 she married Lady Betty's fourth brother, the Hon. George Berkeley, with whom she lived happily till his death in 1746. Berkeley represented Dover in the last parliament of George I, and in the first of George II.

² Walpole.

³ Lady Mary Chambers, Lady Betty's sister, and mother of her 'saucy niece'.

⁴ See p. 342, n. 3. The names do not appear on Curl's title-page.

⁵ To 9 July 1733 Lady Betty wrote a small hand in pale ink. Beginning with 2 March 1733-4 she wrote a larger hand with better ink.

15 July 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Julii 15, 1735.

De armis ter De An,¹

Urit tome sum time ago an diam redito anser it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it is more fit fora puppi.

¹ The following interpretation of this letter, which is evidently a rejoinder to Swift's *ling* one (June 1735), is supplied by Sir Walter Scott:

'July 15, 1735.

'Dear Mister Dean,

'You writ to me some time ago, and I am ready to answer it thus. Alack-a-day, my ill ink, deuce is in it, is not a bit fit for a Dean; it is more fit for a puppy. I'll use it to Tighe. I writ a Tory pamphlet, and Dick Tighe tore all, every bit. Dick is a beast. Dick is a serpent, I say, Dick is a turd, I say. Dick is a farter. Dick is pist, I say. Dick is a vixen. Dick is a squittering, nasty, fusty, musty cur. Dick is a ranter. Dick is a baboon, I say. Said I to Dick Tighe, can't you come in as a dancing-master, and dance a bory or a minuet? Damme if I do, said Dick. K— my a—, said I, you puppy. You're a sturdy ruffian, said I. You're a Tory villain, said Dick. You're fit for a gallows, said I, and you may die a-dancing. You're a rascally cur, said Dick. Dick Tighe, said I, your rage is a fart to me.

'Tantivy, said I, tantivy,
Hy! for a Dick in a privy.'

'I made Dick as tame as a mouse for all his anger. I recollect a piper, said I, and a trumpeter, and a shoemaker, and a drummer, and a squire, and a blackamore in your company, and a deal more making a jest o' you, Tighe. It is all a lie, a damme, said Dick, as sure as I stink. Since you say so, I say no more.

'I come here for money. It is apparent I can't have my May-rent, my tenant is tardy. I curse him every day, not a penny can I raise. I am bit. My stomach is a cormorant, ever ready to digest a meal every minute. I eat no lamb, no ram, no ducks. I generally eat a quail carbonaded at supper, and a quail is as fine a bit as a rabbit. Yesterday I eat a trout at a bit. Devil is in my appetite. A crust is my delight. I knew you, many days ago, eat twenty times more. A' Sunday I eat of a buck as fat as my — is; on a Monday I eat some peas; a' Tuesday I eat a puddin' my grannam made it; a' Wednesday I eat some pasty; Post-day not a bit; a' Friday a bit of bread; a' Saturday, some tripes.

'Lewis is mustering an army, and designs carrying it as far as Italy, some say Germany. It does alarm us; devil part 'em. If any news is fit to write, you may direct to me at Cavan in Virginia. My service to my daughter Anne, Captain Parry, Doctor Delany, Major Ffolliott; and my compliment to my dear mistresses, especially Worrall. I am at your Reverence his service for ever and ever.'*

* Sheridan regarded as his enemies the persons mentioned here in conjunction with his lately married daughter. The sponsorship of a rival school in Dublin by Delany gave him natural cause for resentment. Ben Parry, a Whig Privy

I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as turdi rufi an sed I. Ure a tori villa in sed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus sed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur sed Dic. Dicti sed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi sed I tanti vi
Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I re collecta piper, sed I, an dat rumpetur, an da sume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a me sed Dic, as suras istinc. Sensu caeso I caeno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi maerent, mi tenentis tardi. I cursim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nôram, no dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat super an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at abit. De vilis in mi a petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more.) As unde I eat offa buccas fatas mi arsis. On nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A Satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de sines carri in it as far as I tali, sum se germani. It do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is fito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miser vice tomi da ter an, Capta in Pari, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de armis tresses, especiali WRLL.

I amat ure re verens his cervice for ever an de ver.

Councillor, who died six months later leaving a fortune, was abhorred by the Tories. Ffolliott is described by Mrs. Delany (*Correspondence*, i. 324) as 'six foot odd inches high, black, awkward, ramping, roaring'.

16 July 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

July 16th, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I received your twenty pounds from Lord *Lanesborough's* agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on *Saturday* next, by one *John Donaldson*, one of our nobility.¹ You will get it, I believe, on *Monday*. You have nothing to say to the 28*ol.* you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of *Drumlane*, which I owe the Bishop, and which will be paid him *August* 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ some body else. There is a long walk begun: stones a drawing home for an addition to my house: the school-house repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel walk from the market-cross to my house, at the town's expence: *item*, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at *Quilca*, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My Lord *Orrery* writ to me, that he would come from *Munster* to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him; and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next *Monday* when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus: to Dr. *Helsham*, four cuts, Dr. *Delany*, four, Mrs. *Helsham*, one and a-half, Mrs. *Whiteway*, ditto, Lady *Acheson*, because of her good stomach, three scruples, Mr. *Worrall*, a pound and a quarter. Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

¹ The money was Mrs. Ridgeway's annuity, and the messenger was probably the husband of a Mrs. Donaldson, by whom the inn in Cavan was then kept.—Ball.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to *Cavan*. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in *Dublin*, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to clubb and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (free-stone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison, such mutton, such small beer, such chickens, such butter, such trouts, such pouts, such ducks, such beef, such fish, such eels, such turkeys, such fields, such groves, such lakes, such ladies, such fruit, such potatoes, such rasp-berries, such bilberries, and such a boat as Mr. *Hamilton's*, were never yet seen in any one country yet!

Owe for tune a toes knee me 'um bone gnaw sigh shoe awe knower in't Cave Ann eye.¹

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our *Elysium*. My service to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and to every body in *Dublin*, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

July 17th 1735.²

My Lord.³

I am like a desperate debtor who keeps out of the way as much as he can; and want of health in my case is equall to want of money or of honesty in the other. I have been some months settling my per-

¹ O fortunatos nimium bona si sua norint Cavani. Adapted from Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 458.

² Endorsed by Lord Orrery 'No 7'. This letter is an answer to Orrery's of the 12th.

³ Craik, *Life of Swift*, ii. 343-5, with some omissions, printed a large part of this letter from the original then in the possession of the Earl of Cork; and Ball took his text from Craik's extract. The original is now in the Pierpont Morgan

17 July 1735

Swift to Lord Orrery

plexed affairs, like a dying man, and like the dying man pestered with continuall¹ Interruptions as well as difficultyes. I have now finished my will in form, wherein I have settled my whole Fortune on² the City, in trust for building and maintaining an Hospital for Ideots and Lunaticks, by which I save the Expence of a Chaplain, and almost of a Physician;³ so that I now want onely the Circumstance of health to be very idle, and a constant Correspondent, but no further than upon Trifles: As to writing in Verse or Prose, I am a real King, for I never had so many good *Subjects* in my life; and the more a King; because like all the rest of my Rank (except K. George) I am so bad a Governor of them, that I do not regard what becomes of them, nor hath any single one among them thrived under me these three Years past.⁴ My greatest Loss is that of My Viceroy Trifler Sheridan: 'You ought to Envy me, I have turned off a Worse-ham than Your Badham, Mine hath half ruined me, and I have still a worse but in a lower degree, for he hath less to cheat me of, and that is onely every peny he received. The weather you brought over with you hinders me from riding or walking: I can not afford a chair, and I dine ten days a week alone, to save charges: All this is your Lordship's fault.' Our Bp Rundle is not yet come over, and I believe his Chaplain Philips⁵ is in a reasonable fright that his Patron may fall sooner than any living in the Diocess; I suppose it is Trim Tram betwixt both; for neither of them have three peny worth of Stamina. If there be any merry company in this Toun, I am an utter stranger to the Persons and Places; except when half a score come to sponge on me every Sunday evenings. Dor Helsham is as arrogant as ever, and Dr Delany costs two *thirteens* to be visited in wet weather, by which I should be out of pocket nine pence when I dine with Him⁶—This Moment (Wednesday six a clock

Library. Maxwell B. Gold, *Swift's Marriage to Stella*, pp. 156–8, printed Ball's omissions from the Morgan manuscript. These omissions are here enclosed within half-brackets.

¹ continuall] continued, *Ball*.

² on] in *Ball*.

³ A committee of the Corporation reported in favour of Swift's proposal, and approved the site suggested near the Blue Coat School, on Oxmantown Green, at a peppercorn rent (Gilbert, *Ancient Records of Dublin*, viii. 177).

⁴ For poems written by Swift between 1732 and 1735 see *Poems*, pp. 801–21.

⁵ The Rev. Marmaduke Phillips, vicar of Raheny, who had been appointed his chaplain by Rundle. See his letter to Swift, 2 Nov. 1734.

⁶ That is to say Swift's dinner cost him one shilling and fivepence and the fare to Delville was two English shillings.

evening July 16) Mr Philips sent me word that he landed with his Bishop this morning, and hath sent me 2 Volumes of Poetry just reeking, by one John Hughes Esqr. 'Your Lordship may know that I never begin to write a lett^r when it is post day, but when I have time. However, I will let you wait till to morrow, and hope to pick up some fine things from Mr Philips. So adieu my Lord; till to morrow which will be Thursday the 17th—Stay my Lord, it continues Wednesday still, and¹ I have been turning over Squire Hughes's poems, and his puppy Publisher one Duncomb's Preface and Life of the Author. This is all your fault. I am put out of all Patience to the present set of whiffers, and their new fangled Politeness. Duncombs Preface is 50 Pages upon celebrating a fellow I never once heard of in my Life, though I lived in London most of the time that Duncomb makes him flourish. Duncomb put a short note in loose paper to make me a present of the two Volumes and desired my pardon for putting my Name among the Subscribers I was in a rage when I looked and found my Name; but was a little in countenance when I saw Your Lordships there too. The Verses and prose are such as our Dublin third rate rimers might write just the same for nine hours a day till the coming of Antichrist. I wish I could send them to you by post for your punishment.¹—Pray My Lord as you ride along, compute how much the Desolation and Poverty of the people have encreased since your last Travells through your dominions, Although I fancy we suffer a great deal more twenty miles round Dublin than in any of the remoter parts, except your City of Cork, who are starving (I hope) by their own Villany. Since you left the Toun there hath not been one Ryot either in the Uni-

¹ William Duncombe (for whom see Nichols, *Lit. Illustr.* iii. 454, 458, and *D.N.B.*) edited John Hughes's *Poems on Several Occasions* in two duodecimo volumes, 1735. Pope, who wrote favourably of Hughes (Elwin and Courthope, x. 124–6), subscribing also to the volumes, seems to have sponsored their presentation to Swift. The two volumes appear in the sale catalogue of Swift's library, lot 323. The first volume of the Dean's copy of Hughes's *Poems* appeared in the Panter sale at Sotheby's, 16 July 1929. On the verso of the portrait appeared in Swift's hand: 'Sent me by Mr. W. Duncomb, the Publisher, 1735. The Author is a mediocre Poeta. But seems to have been an honest man. Jonath: Swift'; and later, after a second reading: 'March 13th 1737/8 Upon the whole this writer hath not shewn one single Quality of a Poet in his two volumes. J.S.' The cataloguer missed noting that lot 323 was annotated and failed to mark it with a star. See *Dean Swift's Library*, p. 59. It should be noted that the letters printed by E.C. as if addressed to John Duncombe were in fact addressed to his brother William (Sherburn, iii. 437).

17 July 1735

Swift to Lord Orrery

versity nor among the Cavan Bail,¹ which causeth a great Dearth of News, nay not so much as a Review, and but two or three bloody Murders., 'My Lady Acheson is undone for want of Quadrille: As for my own Domestick. My old Woman can hardly roast my Chicken, she hath so many pains in her bones, and my favorite Dog, your Acquaintance is in the same condition by his own fault, by pursuing one of his fellow servants round the Vineyard field, who yerked him a kick in the back, which forced him to keep his bed for some days, but is now better. His Physician is a Cobler of ninety two, who is likewise a Dog-Doctor—Thursday 17. This being Post day I have a great mind not to finish my Letter, but defer it as usuall; onely my head being tolerable, and my [periwi]g on, being invited to dine with the Lord Mayor, as Fre[ind of the]² Drapier and builder of a future hospital, I will rid my self of your Lordship, although you and some other Business have prevented me from seeing Mr Philips, I suppose he is before this time attending on his Patron the Bishop. However I will carry this Lettr with me in hopes of new additions.³ I called at my Lady Acheson, and in came Philips very hearty and has some excellent Storyes piping hot from London, which I have intreated him to send You: His Bishop is full of Disease, but Philips pronounces him the best man alive, and he does not value the Chaplainship the thousand part so much as the agreeable manner that it was given. This you will agree to be a compliment perfectly new, as new as any of my polite Conversation. I will keep you no longer, but remain My Dear Lord with more expression than the remainder of this paper will hold | ever Your &c J. S.

Deane Swift 1768

Lord Orrery to Swift

Limerick, July 18, 1735.

³Off break to forced and, interrupted! Alas! alas! *Bays* quoth i' faith simile good a. *Paris* at *Victoire de Place* the round driving

¹ St. Patrick's lay in the parish of St. Kevin, and by Kevan Bayl was meant the liberty of the cathedral and deanery. See *Poems*, pp. 814–17.

² A defect in the paper.

³ This letter is to be read backward from the conclusion.

Berlin a of noise the like, brains my round rowl that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I so and: sex or person of distinction either without, about promiscuously ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer small with myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied be to learn will I but: again sun the see never shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, *English* writing of sample new a you offer here I, *Latin* writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and atchievements of search in far thus come am and, *Mancha la* from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good, | great so ever be | you from hear to desire | My Let.

Deane Swift 1768

Benjamin Motte to Swift

[London, 31 July 1735]

Honoured Sir,¹

I have not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. *Lancelot's* business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term.² I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. *Barber* was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. *Hyde*³ to deliver this to your own hand,

¹ This letter apparently did not reach Swift till 13 Sept. See Motte's next letter of 4 Oct.

² Motte had been taken in charge early in 1734 following upon the publication of the *Epistle to a Lady* (*Poems*, ii. 629). Though released upon a determination that the poem in fact contained nothing subject to legal punishment Motte had apparently been kept under observation.

³ Widow of Swift's bookseller John Hyde, whose will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Dublin in 1728.

31 July 1735

Benjamin Motte to Swift

and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. *Pilkington* had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him,¹ the *Life and Character* was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine.² When I found, by your advertisement, and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about *Norton's* will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. *Gilliver* about the copy of verses for which we were all brought into trouble, and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named *Gilliver* as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against *G.* and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet *G.* early the next morning at a certain tavern, to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in *Cork-street*,³ and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. *G.* was gone to *Westminster*, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to

¹ On Swift's instruction 9 Jan. 1732-3.

² On this complicated subject consult the annotation to *The Life and Genuine Character of Doctor Swift* (*Poems*, ii. 541-3).

³ i.e. Erasmus Lewis.

him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. *Yalden's*,¹ of all that he knew, and more too, naming Mr. *Pilkington* first and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary: only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what past three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. *Barber*. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. *Pilkington's* hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. *Faulkner's* impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves;² in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me, I beg leave to

¹ Thomas Yalden was one of the four poets included in the *Lives* on Dr. Johnson's recommendation. At the time of Layer's Plot he was taken into custody as a friend of Atterbury and conversant with Kelly his secretary. No evidence of any weight was adduced against him and he was set at liberty. See Johnson's *Lives*, ed. Hill, ii. 297; and *D.N.B.*

² Faulkner published the *Works* in four volumes 12mo dated 1735; and thereafter 12mo sets appeared more or less step by step with the 8vo volumes.

31 July 1735

Benjamin Motte to Swift

assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in *England*; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in *Ireland*, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr. *Pope* has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes; and speaks of these *few* things as *inconsiderable*.¹ I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he received, but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it.² *I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it.*

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. *Pope*, I suppose you have seen.³ They were taken notice of in the House of Lords, and *Curll* was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. *Pope* to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the rascal has no knowledge of those *Letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge* has.⁴ Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; besides that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.⁵

Mr. *Tooke*, who desires me to present his most humble service to you,⁶ acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an Hospital for Lunatics and Idiots. I am glad to find, by the newspapers, that so noble a design proceeds; for besides the general bene-

¹ *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope. Volume II* appeared in folio and quarto about 24 Apr. 1735 (Griffith, nos. 370-2). In his preface Pope refers to the four volumes of *Miscellanies* in which he had joined with Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay, stating that he considered his own contributions 'too inconsiderable to be separated and reprinted here'.

² Motte evidently preferred to refrain from referring to the information Swift had given him in his letter of 9 Dec. 1732.

³ See p. 344, n. 2.

⁴ See Swift's letters to Motte of 4 Nov. 1732 and 1 Feb. 1732-3.

⁵ George Lyttelton, *Letters from a Persian in England to his Friend at Ispahan* of which four editions appeared in 1735.

⁶ It is uncertain to whom Motte can be referring. Benjamin Tooke the elder died in 1716. His son, also Benjamin, died 24 May 1723. A younger brother, Andrew Tooke, was for many years Master of the Charterhouse School.

fit to mankind that is obvious to everybody, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of publick hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive; and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the publick, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, | B. Motte.

London, July 31, 1735.

Upon second thoughts, I have enclosed Mr. *Pilkington's* two notes; for I dont see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

Scott 1814

Swift to the Rev. John Towers

[1735.]¹

Sir,²

I cannot imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400*l.* more expence. I am sorry it should cost you two-pence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were

¹ The general references of this letter suggest 1735 as probable.

² John Towers held the living of Powerscourt.

well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him.¹ It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and sponge upon you as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know any thing of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing.² I am, Sir, with great truth, your obedient humble servant, | Jon. Swift.

Address: To the Rev. Mr. John Towers, Prebendary of St. Patrick's, at Powerscourt, near Bray.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

August 13, 1735.

Dear Sir,

Because of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23rd of this

¹ Tobie Matthew (1546–1628) won the favour of Queen Elizabeth when she visited Oxford in 1566. He was equally esteemed by James by whom he was raised to the Archbishopric of York in 1606. Yearly rumours of his death excited on the episcopal bench anticipations of succession.

² Archibald, eldest son of Sir Arthur Acheson, born 1 Sept. 1718. He was created Baron Gosford in 1777 and Viscount Gosford in 1785. Seventeen years old at this time he was probably reading with Towers, who coached young men.

month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On *Saturday* se'n-night, the 23d, I set out for *Dublin* to bring you home: and so, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be stript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. *Belturbet* fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end—*Regis Opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at *Quilca* are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar loaf to an *Egyptian* pyramid. We had a county of *Armagh* rogue, one *Mackay*, hanged yesterday: *Griffith* the player never made so merry an exit.¹ He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a chearful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he would give him a single night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your *Englishmen*, if you can. I have no more news from *Cavan*, but that you have all their

¹ Thomas Griffith was a prominent actor on the Dublin stage during the early part of the eighteenth century. It was he who recited, 1 Apr. 1721, Swift's *Epilogue . . . In the Behalf of the Distressed Weavers* (*Poems*, i. 273). In 1736, heavily in debt, Griffith appealed to Swift for help (see 8 Feb. 1735-6). A long account of the circumstances attending the execution of Mackay, or Makkin, appeared in the newspapers of the day. See Ball, vol. v, Appendix X, pp. 455-6.

13 August 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to Archbishop Bolton

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,

The Bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, our famous Printer, goes in an Hour to see *Kilkenny* and *Cashel*, to gather up his Country Debts. Ten to one your Grace may owe him a Dozen Shillings, and your Town Coffee-House (if you have one) a Dozen more. But, his Pretences to me for Writing, are the Honour of being admitted to your Grace by a Line in my Hand. I am not in Fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your Manuscripts scattered about your Room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next Winter in four Volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the Name of an honest Man, and hath good Sense and Behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a Prelate, an Architect, a Country Gentleman, a Politician, and an Improver; and to bring me a faithful Account when he returns; but chiefly about your Health, and what Exercise you make Use of to encrease or preserve it. But, he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude. | I am, with the greatest Respect, | my Lord, your Grace's | most obedient humble Servant, | J. Swift.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to Lord Howth

Dublin, August 14, 1735

My Lord,

The Bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, came to me just an Hour before he was taking a Journey to *Kilkenny* and *Cashel*, and desired I would write by him to your Lordship and the Archbishop, only to let your Lordship know, that he is an honest Man, and the chief Printer,

and that I know him, and treat him with Indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the Consent of my Friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopeth, as a Citizen, to be admitted to you Lords and Ladies in the Country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no Manuscripts in his Hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the Works of the Right Hon. &c. and of my Lady and the Giant,¹ neatly bound, next Winter. My Lady *Acheson* hath not been well since she left the Town; but her Mother is almost perfectly cured, except the Loss of her Eye. I owe my Lady *Howth* a Letter, I believe.² I desire my most humble Service to her and the Giant. I have Time to say no more, but that I am, | Your Lordship's most obedient Servant, | J. Swift.

Portland MSS., B.M. First Deposit

Swift to Lord Oxford

[Dublin, 2 September 1735]

My Lord.

I received the Honor of Your Lordship's Letter from the hands of Mr Jebb,³ who is gone to his Church living in a remote Northerly part of this Kingdom, yet Worth 450¹¹ per ann. which will maintain him as well as twice the value in England; he told me he had got a wife with a fortune that will here be considerable, but I think she is still in England, and he intends to go fetch her. As to my health, My Lord, it is of very little consequence at my time of life, neither dare I venture a Journy to England. I have here a large convenient house, I can afford to keep three horses, and ride a dozen miles two or three times a week, but dare not go further for fear of that Vertigo which allways pursues me more or less: And I can not now bear the common hardships of travelling, nor live in a dear scurvy London lodging, nor afford to keep three horses and two servants there, nor give any evening friends a bottle of wine, nor have any friends to give it to. The Miseryes of this Country have sunk my

¹ Daughter of Edward Rice and niece of Lord Howth. See p. 359, n. 3.

² No letter from Swift to Lady Howth has been preserved, though her last letter, 15 Aug. 1734, suggests that correspondence had passed. There are only two further letters from her to Swift, 6 Aug. 1736, 26 Dec. 1737.

³ Lord Oxford's letter of 19 June delivered by Jebb to Swift.

2 September 1735

Swift to Lord Oxford

little revenue 300^l a year; yet with good Management I still make a shift to keep up; and am not poor, nor even moneyless. I converse with three or four men of Worth, but I do not stoop so low as to be visited by Irish Lords, or Bishops. I dine often like a King, by my self. My Chicken and Pint of French wine is my dinner, and costs me eighteen pence; yet I spend six hogsheads every year, which some of my Prebendaries and a few other chearful Clergymen, and two or three honest learned or ingenious laymen sponge from me at noon or Evenings. I often ride out in fair weather, with one of my servants loaden with a Joynt of meat and bottle of wine, and Town bread, which attend me to some rural parson five or six miles round this Town. And thus I patch up life; and will not desire Your Lordships pardon as you do mine, for telling me of Your domestick affairs, wherein I have a very good Title to be informed, on account of the constant favors I have received from My Lord your Father as well as your self and My Lady Oxford. I had always the greatest esteem for My Lady Kinnoull, and yet mingled with the greatest Commiseration, because I never was so deceived in any man as in her Lord, whom I exceedingly loved in the Queen's time. But without offence to your Lordship, my opinion of him for severall years past hath been wholly changed. I hope, my Lord Duplin will have it in his Power and his Resolution to comfort his Mother. I can tell from report that my Lady Dutchess was safely brought to bed of a Daught^r. The Auditor¹ I think was always of a weak constitution, but he is very happy in a son, and his Grandchildren. Does your Lordship hear that M^r Tho. Harley keeps his former chearfulness? We old Batchelors are used to grow peevish in Solitude. The account you give of the Duke of Leeds pleaseth me extremely; and upon the whole I believe there are not three Familyes in England so generally blessed from Heaven, as Your Lordship's; nor more deservedly. I pray God continue those blessings both here and hereafter.

This letter will be given to you by Faulkner the Printer, who never sees me without overflowings of Gratitude for your Lordship's great Condescension and favors to him. I was indeed a little angry, but more grieved to see four volumes called my works printed at all in Ireland; but as the man assured my friends, and as it was generally known that some hedge Printer would have done the like, and mix them with other peoples Trash; my friends advised him to it, and he

¹ Edward Harley, Oxford's uncle.

Swift to Lord Oxford

2 September 1735

submitted to all their Corrections, and to leave out what they thought proper, for I could not hinder him: But I am ashamed of your H. of Lords, who could not, or perhaps would not, punish such a profligate Villain as Curll,¹ who hath murdred so many Poets for thirty years past. Neither was it wise in Your Lords House to provoke a Person of Mr Popes genius, if he had a mind to be satyrical, and, in his heart, I believe he is as little fond of the age as Your Lordship or my self. I desire to present my most humble Service to my Lady Oxford, I carry in my Pockets the Presents her Ladyship made me, and which at least are worth a hundred pounds, all given in absence, which circumstance from such a lady makes them worth at least an hundred times More. Your Lordship must also present my most humble service to the Duke of Leed[s] and the Dutchess of Portland. I saw and knew the Duke of Leeds at Oxford nine years ago,² and he was then allowed to be a very hopefull Lad, rather than Youth. Pray God preserve Your Lordship, and all your Family, Kindred, and Allyes. I am, with the truest Respect My Lord | Your Lordship's most obedient and | most obliged humble Servant | Jonath Swift.
Dublin Sep^{tr} 2^d | 1735

Huntington Library HM 14385

Swift to John Barber

[3 September 1735]

S^r

The Bearer Mr Faulkner tells me, he hath the Honor to be known to You, and that I have credit enough to prevayl on you to do him all the good offices that lye in your way: I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own Calling, which would be of little value to him here if he were not the Printer most in vogue, and a great Undertaker, perhaps too great a one, whercin you are able to be the best adviser . . . provide[d] he be not too sanguin by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly enslaved Country. To my great grief my Dis-

¹ See p. 344, n. 2.

² As the Duke of Leeds did not matriculate until 1731, at Christ Church, Oxford, Ball suggests that Swift was confusing him here with his cousin Lord Dupplin, born 1710, who was also educated at Christ Church.

3 September 1735

Swift to John Barber

orders is of such a Nature, and so constantly threatning that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from [home]. And yet when the weather is fair I seldom fayl to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true Journall of my life, that I generally dine at home and alone, and have not two Houses in this great Kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a Year, that I very seldom go to Church for fear of being seised with a Fit of Giddyness in the midst of the Service. I hear you have likewise some Aylments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner even than you; But I have one Advantage, that Wine is good for me, and I drink a Bottle to my own share every day, to bring some heat into my Stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a Number of dear and great Friends have we buried, or seen driven to Exil since we came acquainted. I did not know till six months after that my best friend My Lady Masham was gone;¹ I would be glad to know whether her Son be good for any thing, because I much doubted when I saw him last² . . . Tell me, do you make constant use of Exercise: It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to Life but to Health; I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of Matter in Conversation and Writing. My Thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to dye in, and how to dispose my poor fortune for the best publick Charity; But, in Conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give three pence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a Year.—

Well, God bless you and preserve your Life and Health as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because if I were younger, I should probably outlive the Liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousand now alive will see governed by an absolute 'Mon'arch.³

Farewell Dear Sr, and believe me to be with | true Esteem | your most obedient humble serv^t | J: Swift.

Sept^{br} 3^d 1735.

¹ See p. 325 n.

² Samuel, the second son, to whose christening Swift refers in the *Journal to Stella*, 30 Aug. 1711. When last seen by Swift, 1726 or 1727, he was still, therefore, only a boy. He succeeded his father as second Baron Masham in 1758.

³ The half-brackets mark a hole in the paper.

Faulkner 1741

Swift to Alexander Pope

Sep. 3, 1735.

¹This letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me.² Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politicks, or Satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of one John Hughes, Esq: They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and I think

¹ For a longer text see the following letter printed from a draft in the Portland Papers.

² This sentence in all Pope's London editions of 1741-2 is placed in quotation marks to indicate its relevance to the history of the publication (1741) of the Swift-Pope letters. Swift's intention to burn letters hardly agrees with the statement of Faulkner (signed 'Dublin, March 25, 1767') printed in volume xiii (pp. v-vi) of Swift's *Works* (1772) who says that 'above thirty years ago' Swift offered Faulkner a chance to print his letters. 'Above thirty years ago' would be perhaps 1735. For one reason or another it was natural Pope should worry about Swift's *cache* of letters.—Sherburn.

3 September 1735

Swift to Alexander Pope

among the *mediocres*¹ in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle, he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every Oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: But, Oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink; nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Revenues. | Adieu.

Portland MSS.

Swift to Alexander Pope

[Dublin, 3 September, 1735]

Dear S^r²

This lett^r will be delivered to you by Faulkner the Printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is in answer to yours of two months ago which complains of that profligate Rogue Curl, 'although I believe I answered it already, and yet my memory decays so fast, that every day I less & less depend upon it.' I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I, 'who detest abominate & abhor every Creature who hath a dram of Power in either Kingdom . . . Yet I may say as David did 'to God; I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Qu— nor the next in Power, 'I mean the K— although your thoughts of them all are the same with mine.' For you are a Man of Virtue, and therefore must abhor vice & all Corruption, although your discretion holds the reins . . . 'Therefore, you merited a better Treatment from the H. of Lords, than that they should let so infamous & so abandoned a Rogue

¹ *mediocres*] *mediocribus* 1740.

² This is a lengthier text than that printed by Pope, or by Faulkner 1741, under the same date. It is here printed from a transcript found among the Portland Papers. The omissions of the abbreviated text are indicated by half-brackets.

triumph over you in so publick a manner.¹ You need not fear any Consequence in the Commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroy'd one of your Letters. But my Executors are Men of Honor and Virtue, who have strict orders in my Will to burn every Letter left behind me.¹ Neither did our letters contain any turns of Wit or fancy, or Politicks or Satyr, but meer innocent friendship; yet I am loth that any Letters from you & a very few other friends should dye before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our Head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your Youth and my middle age, & from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, & it is very earnest as well as in hast to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when Wit and Wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago 'one' Will^m Duncombe sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of one John Hughes Esqr, 'and makes me a subscriber, with an Apology sent me in a short Letter.' They are in Verse & Prose. I never heard of the Man in my life, yet I find your name as a Subscriber too, 'However neither you nor I are numbered among his acquaintance in that short sketch of his life, where Addison, Garth, Steel, Congreve, & some others who are all dead are mentioned.' The Man is too grave a Poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in Prose as well as Verse. 'Tell me whether you know any thing of him; for his Publisher Duncombe absolutely decides for him, as the best Lyrick Poet of the Age.' I have the honor to know Dr Rundle, 'and at his desire went to wait on him.' He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your Character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy Clergyman of this Kingdom as his Chaplain, which was a very wise & popular Action. 'He is to dine with me when I get a healthy day.' His only fault is that he drinks no Wine, and I drink nothing else. 'When do you expect my L^d Bolingb: back from France? Will his Estate hold out as long as his life? & is his worthless Father immortal? Is Mr Poultney often your Neighbor? I write to him by the same bearer with [t]his; and to my Lord Oxford,

¹ Pope was in full hope of recovering his letters. Later, in publishing them he carefully suppressed all mention of requests for return: he desired the letters should appear as if printed in Ireland.

3 September 1735

Swift to Alexander Pope

who is surrounded with happiness & great Alliances . . . We have a Bishop dead Dr Bram¹ of Cork, the most speculative writer of his Age, and as Scholars tell me, excellent in his way, but I never read much of his works. I hope the D. of D.² now the Parlm^t here is to meet will find a successor for once among the Whig Divines here, & yet those they named for Candidates are the very worst they could pick up.¹ This Kingdom is now absolutely starving; by the means of every Oppression that can possibly be inflicted on mankind.—shall I not visit for these things sayth the L^d. You advise me right, not trouble my self about the World: But oppressions torture me, & I can not live without meat & drink, nor get either without Money; and Money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonell, or a Commissioner of the Revenue; 'Patty Blunt wrongs me, or the wrong lyes at your door, for I never sent you a letter wherein she is not remembred, with hearty Professions of Service and Friendship . . . Mr Faulkner tells me that he hath an Intention to print all your works, (except Homer) in two or three volumes in duodecimo, which although you cannot hinder, yet he desires you will not take ill, & he is ready to submit himself in all points to you. Here you are in my case, for it will be done by some other Printers who may add spurious things, and make many blunders; whereas Mr Faulkner hath many learned and ingenious Gentlemen who befriended him, & therefore I think you had better indulge what you cannot prevent. I am ever Dearest Sr yours, &c.¹

'Dublin Sep^{tr} 3^d 1735. where and in what health are my Lord Bathurst and Msham and Mr Lewis?'¹

Address: To | Alexander Pope Esq^r

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[4 September 1735]

If you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse³ and if you are angry, then I woud not willingly

¹ i.e. Dr. Peter Browne, previously Provost of Trinity College, became Bishop of Cork and Ross in Jan. 1710. He gained distinction by his able reply to Toland's *Christianity not Mysteriorious* and by later works of a metaphysical character. He died 25 Aug. 1735 (*D.N.B.*, *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 231-2).

² Duke of Dorset.

[For note 3 see overleaf.

make you sorry too, which I know you will be when I tell you that I was laid up at Knole with a severe fitt of the Gout, and since that infallible cure for all diseases (that all great fools & talkers wishes¹ joy of), I have never been quite well but have had continually some disorder or other upon me which made my head & spirits unfitt for writing or indeed doing any thing I shoud and still am so much out of order that I'm under great apprehensions that I shant be able to go next week part of the journey to Ireland with their Graces,² which is also part of the Road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferr'd its coming till I was there, for I'm sure hitherto we have had little but winter weather, I'm very glad matters are settled between his Grace of Dorset & you, and I dare answer as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but small explanation between you, since I that am the go between can easily find out that he has as sincere a value for you as you have for him, I do assure you I am extreamly delighted that since Lady Suffolk woud take a Master Commonly cal'd a Husband that³ she chose out my Brother George, for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I dont know that I am, his sincere Value Love & Esteem for her, must make him a good one, We are now full of expectation of his R Highnesess wedding,⁴ she has jewels bought for her, and Cloaths bespoke, and a Gallery of Communication makeing between his apartment & St James, but as I dont love to pry into Misterys of State I dont at all know when the Lady will come over, yr friend Mr^s Floyd is grown fat & well under the D^{ts} of Dorsets care & direction at Knole, & my saucy Neice⁵ is gone for a few days, (and I verily believe as few as she can decently help) to her fathers, our friend Curl has again reprinted what he cald our letters as a proper third part of Mr Popes, he shoud have made those bitter silly verses on me to [have] been his too instead of

¹ *Sic* manuscript. Ball prints 'wish us'.

² The Duke and Duchess of Dorset landed in Ireland on 24 Sept.

³ that] *om.* Ball.

⁴ The wedding of Frederick Prince of Wales and Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe Gotha, to which allusion is made, did not take place till the following April.

⁵ Miss Mary Chambers, daughter of Lady Betty's eldest sister, who married Lord Vere Beauclerk.

³ It may be presumed that Swift had soon dispatched a reply to Lady Betty's letter of 12 July.

4 September 1735

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

S^r W^m Trumbals whom they¹ just as much belonged to but you Patriots are so afraid of suppressing the Press, that every body must suffer under that and the lies of the newspapers without hopes of redress, | Adieu My Dear Dean

4 Sep: 1735

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} E. Germain | Rx Sept^{br} 10th 1735 | Answrd.

Orrery Papers

Lord Orrery to Swift

Ballynorte, September 8, 1735

Dear Sir,

The happy Israelites had not more Joy when They escap'd from Pharoah and his Hosts, than I have on my Arrival from Kerry. To come thence with whole Limbs is an escape little less miraculous than that of the Man's who rode over Rochester Bridge in the dark, when only a single Plank was laid over a broken Part of it. But they tell me I may congratulate You also, upon sitting your Horse while the humane School Master was shooting at Larks and aiming at your Life.² My Dog Hector bids me ask You if it is not hard that Bad Men should be call'd Beasts and Dogs when there are no instances to equal their Inhumanity among the whole brute Generation.

I hope Sheridan has been with You; his Letter says he intends to be at Dublin this month: His Reverence seems much pleas'd with

¹ For these verses see *Poems*, iii. 1069–70.

² There was an account of this incident in Faulkner's Dublin newspaper and in the *London Daily Post* of 9 Sept., as follows: 'On Monday the 25th August the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, with a young gentleman, his relation, went to ride on the strand, which the said Dean often does for his health. As they were got near the Warren House, two persons stood on the sea side with guns, just ready charged to shoot at some sea-larks; the Dean advancing first, as he passed by the said man, perceiving their guns charged, and the owners going to shoot, said thus: "Gentlemen, my life and limbs are of more value than any bird you can kill here; therefore I desire you will not shoot, at least for one minute, till I and my companion are out of danger by the starting of the horses." Notwithstanding this request the Dean was not gone ten yards before one of them discharged his gun, at which the horses were so affrighted, that they narrowly failed to cast both him and his friend. The Dean's servant told his master that the person who made the shot was one Butler, a clergyman who keeps a school in Dick Street, near Great Butter Lane.'

my new Method of teaching Dunces. I sent you a Sample of it,¹ but was not honour'd with your Approbation, which mortified Me extreamly: because under your sanction I would have ventur'd to compose a Grammar & would have dedicated It to . . .

I have stolen a moment's Time from Rent-Rolls and parchments to write to you, only to assure you that I rejoice at all Instances where Providence protects You.—May You live till good Men wish You dead or I offend You.² Orrery.

Dodsley Miscellanies 1745, x. 127-9

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Sept. 12, 1735.

Here is a very ingenious Observation upon the Days of the Week, and in Rhime, worth your Observation, and very proper for the Information of Boys and Girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: *Sunday's a Pun-day, Monday's a Dun-day, Tuesday's a News-day, Wedn'sday's a Friend's-day, Thursday's a Curs'd-day, Friday's a Dry-day, Saturday's the Latter-day.* I intend something of equal Use upon the Months: As *January, Women vary.* I shall likewise in due Time make some Observation upon each Year as it passes. So for the present Year:

*One Thousand seven Hundred and Thirty-five,
When only the D— and B—ps will thrive.*

And for the next:

*One Thousand seven Hundred Thirty-six,
When the D— will carry the B—ps to Styx.*

Perge,

*One Thousand seven Hundred Thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake Hell for Heav'n.*

I will carry these Predictions no further than to the Year 2001, when the Learn'd think the World will be at End, or the fine-all-Cat-a-strow-fee.³

¹ Orrery to Swift, 18 July 1735.

² In imitation of Castalio's speech in Otway's *The Orphan*, 111. i. 59-60.

³ Final catastrophe.

12 September 1735

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

*The last is the Period, two Thousand and One,
When M—s and B—s to Hell are all gone.*

When that times comes, pray remember the Discovery came from me.

It is now Time I should begin my Letter. I hope you got safe to *Cavan* and have got no Cold in those two terrible Days.¹ All your Friends are well, and I as I us'd to be. I received yours. My humble Service to your Lady, and Love to your Children. I suppose you have all the News sent to you. I hear of no Marriages going on. One Dean *Cross*,² an eminent Divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork. — Stay till I ask a Servant what *Patrick's* Bells ring for so late at Night—You Fellow, is it for Joy or Sorrow? I believe it some of our Royal Birth-Days.—Oh, they tell me it is for Joy a new Master is chosen for the Corporation of Butchers. So farewell.

Deane Swift 1768

Lord Bathurst to Swift

Cirencester, 13 Sept. 1735.

Dear Dean,³

Though you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an *Irish* cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one *Butler*, a shooting parson, be true or not;⁴ secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off. In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send

¹ Sheridan's last letter to Swift is dated 13 Aug. Evidently he had since paid a visit to Dublin.

² William Cross, Dean of Ferns, 1719; Dean of Lismore, 1720; Dean of Leighlin, 1723. *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* ii. 351. He was not further advanced to the bishopric of Cork. In his verses 'On Dr. Rundle' Swift describes him as 'witty Crosse' (*Poems*, iii. 821).

³ It may be presumed that Lord Bathurst's last letter to Swift was that of 29 Mar. 1733. It is improbable that a letter from Bathurst should not have been carefully preserved.

⁴ Cf. note 2 of previous letter—Orrery to Swift—p. 387.

it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go anywhere without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of *Ireland*—such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he wont venture into *England* when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in *Holland*, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he would soon find out, that Doctor *Swift* (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In *France* he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into *Spain*, he would find that Don *Suifto* is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from *Miguel de Cervantes*, by a daughter of *Quevedo*'s. Perhaps he may think to be safe in *Poland* during the time of these troubles;¹ but I can assure him, from the mouth of a *Polish* lady, who was lately in *London*, by name *Madam de Monmorancy* (for she was married to a *French* gentleman of that great family) that Dr. *Swift* is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a *Stanislaist* or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in *Europe*, and therefore slip into the *East Indies* in some *Dutch* ship, for a *Dutchman* may be found who would carry the Devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprized to find that Dr. *Swift* is known in *China*, and that next to *Confucius* his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several *European* books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the *Chinese*, who are a very ingenious people, reckon *Sif* the only author worth reading. It is well known that in *Persia* *Kouli-Can* was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotsman,² he understood them

¹ The contest for the throne of Poland was at this time terminated through the support of Augustus III by Austria and Russia. Though a weak and incapable man he was chosen king. His rival Stanislaus Leszezynski received the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar.

² Presumably Bathurst means that the famous Nadir Shah, 1688–1747, exhibited the characteristics of a Scotsman.

13 September 1735

Lord Bathurst to Swift

very well, and I am credibly informed that he read *The Battle of the Books* the night before he gave that great defeat to the *Persian* army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at *Constantinople*; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an *English* renegado slave translated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the *Mahometan* religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into *America*, he will not be received into any *English*, *French*, or *Spanish* settlement, so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild *Indians*, and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense, therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stript off his back, and the boys of *Dublin* have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Cavan, Sept. 17th, 1735.

Dear Sir,

Ei kan not butt reap rhyme and *€d* for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge *€d* cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. *Μυσήρ Δήν* what *is €p μήνιν τὸ πλέονος* in

e veri epistolas εἶδω, Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood as I do εἰ νὼ εἶ ἀρ ᾧ πόνηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?¹ The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you a ᾧ δοῦς Inn the chops.²

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks, and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can pass in *Dublin*? that I may pay you some money which I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a famished weezle. I long much to see it have an alderman's belly; but *Quando*, Mr. Dean, *Quando*. We cannot say that our weather is the Devil here; for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like *Noah*, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux.³ My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to *Dublin*, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. *Whiteway* to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she,⁴ for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum

¹ I cannot but reprimand you for writing so long an epistle about business [12 Sept. 1735], when to my knowledge you could as easily write upon nothing. Mr. Dean, what is your meaning to play on us in every epistle as you do in Anglo-Latino? Cannot you write in a plain method as I do! I know you are a punner on all occasions. But cannot you get another subject to satirize beside my wife? See pp. 346–52, 388–9.

² I know you say it is every day of her life, but I say it is not true, for it is only every hour of it. She swears if you come to Cavan, she will give you a dowse in the chops.

³ Et pone linquatur conjux.

⁴ Make up for that deficiency.

nomina (minime nostratium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into Dean Crosse's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire generale Des pais-bas*,¹ I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. How the world is altered since! But you must know, that *Charles the Great* lived in that age, alias *Char Lay Main*.² Now for the great scholars I promised you. Among those, who became Bishop of *Antwerp*, you will find *Philippe Nigri*, *Aubert vanden Eede*, *Jean Ferdinand de Beughem*, *Pierre Joseph Francken-Sierstorff*. Among those of *Bois-le-Duc*, *Clement Crabbeels*, *Gisbert Masins*, *Michel Ophove*, *Joseph de Bergaigne*. In the same town you will find among the *Vicaires Apostoliques*, *Henri van Leemputte*, *Josse Houbraecken*, *Martin Steyaert*, *Pierre Govaerts*, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with those names, and silence even *Robin Leslie*.³ But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico*.

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, viz., *Hermannus Conringius*, *Lucas Schröchius*, *Melchior Sebizi*, *Sebastian Schefferus*, *Guernerus Rolfinckius*, *Hoffmannus Altorfi*, *Sebastian Jovius Lugani*, *Petrus Dapples*, *Theodore Kerckringius*, *Regnerus de Graef*, *Swammerdama*, *Antonius Scarellius*, *Hieronymus Copelazzi*, *Jacobus Gonzato*, *Bernardinus Malacreda*, *Johannes Petrus Lotichius*, *Christianus Keekins*, *Julius Richeltus*, *Joannes Christophilus Vaganseilius*, *Jacobus Kerscherus*, *Antonius Magliabechius*, and many others. Pray ask *Grattan* how many of these he has read.

You say (I thank you for that) that you know nobody. No matter

¹ *Histoire Générale des Pais-Bas contenant la Description des XVII Provinces* [par le Chancelier Christyn] à Brusselle 1720.

² Charlemagne.

³ Son of the famous non-juror Charles Leslie. Swift in his poem 'Robin and Harry' commemorates his talkativeness—'Robin from noon to night will prate' (*Poems*, p. 877). For some account of the two brothers, Robert and Henry Leslie, see *Poems*, iii. 877-9, and Dr. William King, *Anecdotes of his own Times*, pp. 137-40.

for that; so much the better for me, because I know everybody knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool.¹ Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,² | Thomas Sheridan.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.³

Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

Deane Swift 1768

William King to Swift

London, 20th Sept. 1735.

Sir,⁴

Soon after I came into *England* I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into *France*, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in *Ireland*, I shall expect the *paper* with the greatest impatience.⁵ While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you enquire, is a member of

¹ My school.

² Servant.

³ My service to all my friends.

⁴ William King, 1685–1763, elected Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, 1718, had visited Dublin years before the date of this letter to rescue his uncle, Sir Thomas Smyth, from the clutches of Lady Bellew, who, borrowing lavishly, had reduced him to his last resources. In the course of a protracted lawsuit Sir Thomas Smyth died, 20 June 1732. King proceeded, while the lawyers wrangled, to murder the character of his enemies in *The Toast, An Epic Poem*, 1732, a shabby octavo running to two books. In 1736, expanded to four books, it was published as a handsome quarto. See Harold Williams, *The Toast*, Odd Volumes xciv, 1932. At the time of this letter King's friendship with Swift had probably not been of long duration.

⁵ *The Four last Years of the Queen*. Afterwards entrusted to King for publication.

20 September 1735

William King to Swift

our hall; but I have never yet seen him.¹ He had left *Oxford* about the time I came from *Dublin*, to spend the Summer vacation in *Herefordshire*.² My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall: and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I don't know whether my law-suit will force me into *Ireland* again the next term: as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next *Spring*, for *Dublin* is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention.³ It is now in such forwardness, that, as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest Doctor⁴ hath good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*? and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am with great truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, | W.K.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

Sep: 25th 1735.⁵

My Lord.⁶

You are the Reverse of 99999 out of a million among mortals in every thing; but I did not suspect you were so in your letters, when

¹ Deane Swift, who in the previous October had matriculated at St. Mary Hall. Although he returned his age as only twenty-four, he was then just twenty-eight. He had entered Dublin University in 1723. Whether he had taken a degree there or not is uncertain.

² At Goodrich.

³ *The Toast*.

⁴ Sheridan.

⁵ *Endorsed by Lord Orrery*: N^o 8.

⁶ Only about one-third of this letter was printed by Ball, who drew his text from extracts made by Craik in his *Life of Swift*. The original was then in the possession of the Earl of Cork.

I received one a month ago, with which I puzzled Dr Sheridan and Helsham and my self. You have affronted Pharaoh grievously by your odious comparison of his Ægyptian Majesty to the Kerry Nimrods. Sheridan staid here not above ten days, all which he passed abroad, and onely lay at the Deanery. He boasts in every Letter of the fine air and meat and ale of Cavan, and the honest merry neighborhood. He writes me English latinized, and Latin Englyfyed, but neither of them equal to mine, as my very enemyes allow. It is true indeed, I am gone so far in this Science that I can hardly write common English, I am so apt to mingle it with Latin. For instance instead of writing, *my Enemyes* I was going to spell it *mi en emis* . . . This is Munday but to morrow is Post Day, and then I am to tell you that the D. of Dorset landed this morning. The Dutchess was sick at some place in Wales—Where a mischief is Ballimorte, I will address this to Egmonte as I was taught . . . I had yesterday a very long humorous Letter from My Lord Bathurst all about the Hedge Parson and his gun, as he found it in some News paper.¹

Tuesd. afternoon; Now I can tell Your Lordship that the Duke is not landed, nor expected till to morrow. I was to sign a Report of a Committee at the Blue-coat Hospital just now; but would not do it till the Words *Mobb* and *behave* were alter'd to *Rabble* and *behaved themselves*. Curse on your new fangled London wits, *mistilis*² corrupted, and you out of spight will in your next letter torment me with sho'dn't wodn't te'en't can't cudn't. In your former letter you told me your success by forty ejections or some such names. I want onely the circumstance of a great Estate to prefer Your Lordship to be my Agent, for I my self have been half ruined by two Badhams, and neither of them of Bacon. *Cantu bime a horsum decene, atro ter ime an*³ . . . I beg pardon, My Lord, I thought I was writing to Sheridan. Pray make hast to be at the Play the 30th of next Month to shew your Loyalty, it is to be at a new playhouse⁴ where the walls are almost finished, and onely the Timber to put up, and the Slates nailed, and the inside plaistred and the Box pit and Gallery begun and ended . . . I am serious, for Dr Helsham one of the subscribers assures me it is true, and the Toun reckons upon it. I hope the Poet

¹ Bathurst to Swift, 13 Sept. 1735.

² My style is.

³ Can't you buy me a horse some day soon, a trotter I mean.

⁴ A theatre had existed in Dublin, in a thoroughfare known as Smock Alley, from the Restoration. In opposition to it another was opened in Aungier Street at the time this letter was written.

25 September 1735

Swift to Lord Orrery

who is to write the play makes hast to buy his Paper—Wedned. 24 The Duke and Dutchess landed this morning, and by eleven they got to the Castle where I saw the Dutchess, and stayd with her four whole Minutes, but would not see the Duke till his Rabble has done with him. We shall have another English Peer at the Club¹ this Sessions besides your Lordship, for I visited My Lord Thomond this morning, who complains of Badhams, and designs to pass the Winter here, and the Summer at his Estates in Clare. I think the poetical fevor is over in both Kingdom[s] this Autumn, for, I have not been pestred for some Weeks either by Pacquets from England, or by Verses here from unknown hands. I hope we have done with it till your Club Session will be over. All our evening Meetings here have been long broke up, the Grattans are never to be found, Dr Delany is wholly a Countryman at a mile and half distance, We have no hopes but in your *August* October Assembly with a P—. I would give a peny to know how much the Ink of this Letter adds to the weight of the paper while it was blank, which is a curiosity that I hope never came into the fancy of any man before, and yet I conceive, may be of great us[e] and I have heard, that some times Words are of much weight, except they be *heavy*. My Lord, you need not be angry, for if you have not as great fools to converse with as I, you have greater knaves, and of more witt, (at least what is the best and most usefull Witt), than Y^r Lordship can pretend to. And, do you think I will keep company with you my Lord, when you come out just reeking from that abominable Club; no, I will hide my self at Cavan with Sheridan, or go to the Bath My dear Lord whom I love and esteem above all of your Quality, I have tired you enough, and remain ever entirely yr most obedient &c.

Dublin. Sep^{tr} 25th 1735:

Dodsley Miscellanies 1745, x. 130

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Sept. 30, 1735.

Yesterday was the Going-out of the last Lord Mayor, and To-day the Coming-in of the New, who is Alderman *Grattan*.² The Duke³

¹ The Irish Parliament.

² Richard Grattan, the sixth of the well-known brothers.

³ Of Dorset.

was at both Dinners, but I thought it enough to go To-day, and I came away before Six, with very little Meat or Drink. The Club¹ meets in a Week, and I determine to leave the Town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the Air of such Rascals; but whither to go, or how far my Health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my Mind misgives me, that you are neither in Humour nor Capacity to receive me as a Guest. I had your Law-letter. Those things require serious Consideration: In order to bring them to a due Perfection, a wise Man will prepare a large Fund of Idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent Hand; and, except our *Latino Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental Part of human Learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful Precepts for the Direction of human Life, particularly for instructing Princes, and great Ministers, distributing our Praises and Censures with the utmost Impartiality and Justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my *inferior Abilities* for such a Performance. I begin with *Lady*; and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle Terms, before we write upon any Subject, I describe a certain Female of your Acquaintance, whose Name shall be Dorothy. It is in the following Manner: *Dolis Astra per, Atra mel, A sus, A quoque et; Atra pes, an id Lar, alas i bo nes, a præ ter, At at Lar, Avi si ter, Age ipsi, Astro lar, An empti pate, Aræ lar, Aram Lar, An et, Ades e ver, Ast rumpet, Ad en, Agam lar, Agrum lar, Ac ros pus, Afflat error, Ape e per, As noti nos, Ara ver, Ahuc stare, Asso fis ter, Avi per, Ad rive Lar, Age lar, Apud Lar, a fis lar, A fis ter, A far ter, As hi ter, Anus Lar, A mus Lar, Arat Lar, Aminximus, A prata pace, A gallo per, A sive.*² Most learned Sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar Language) that in the above forty-three Denominations for Females, many of them end with the domestick Deity *Lar*, to shew that Women were chiefly created for Family Affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other Author hath made the same Remark. I have likewise begun a Treatise of *Geography*, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call

¹ The Irish Parliament.

² Doll is a strapper, a trammel, a souse, a coquette, a trapes, an idler, a lazy-bones, a prater, a tatler, a visitor, a gipsy, a stroller, an empty-pate, a reeler, a rambler, a net, a deceiver, a strumpet, a den, a gambler, a grumbler, a cross-puss, a flatterer, a peeper, a snotty-nose, a raver, a huckster, a sophister, a viper, a driveller, a gaoler, a puddler, a fizzler, a fister, a farter, a shitter, a nuzzler, a muzzler, a ratler, a minx-imus, a prate-apace, a galloper, a sieve.

it erroneously *Jog Ralph I*). *Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an Dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here.*¹ I have a third Treatise to direct young Ladies in Reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine histori, an Dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an Dor so ne Isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, Ac at, Arat, Amasti, fanda Lædi: Imæ ad amo usto o; A lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*²

I believe some evil Spirit hath got Possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any Power with the D— of D—,³ or with any one Bishop or Man of Power. I did but glance a single Word to the D— about as proper a Thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other Discourse. You say one Word of my Mouth will do, &c. I believe the Rhime of my Word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present Persons and Proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the A. Bp. of *Dublin* to give him the best Prebend of *St. Patrick's*. Let Bishop *Clayton* allow the Resignation, since Mr. *Donnellan* is provided for.⁴ I mentioned to the Duke that *Donnellan* should be Dean of *Cork*, on purpose to further the Resignation of old *Caulfeild*, but it would not do, tho' *Caulfeild* seems to have some Hopes, and it is Bishop *Clayton's* fault if he doth not yeild, &c.⁵

¹ May I quote some of it? 'Astracan is a mighty city, and yet Alicant is as big as it. Barbadoes is more populous. Antigua is a desert, I hear.'

² *Amadis de Gaul* is a fine history, and yet *Belianis* is a better. Some assure us *Valentine and Orson* is the most elegant of them all to be sure. I can name four domestic animals of a like nature; namely, a cat, a rat, a mastiff, and a lady. I may add a mouse too. A lady, indeed, I might except as a beast I ever meet a rambling out. Pray, is my comparison odious, or no?

³ Duke of Dorset.

⁴ Christopher Donnellan, brother-in-law of Bishop Clayton, resigned his fellowship, and was appointed to a living near Cork.

⁵ Tobias Caulfeild, grandson of the second Viscount Charlemont, became Archdeacon of Killala, and died in 1735. Cotton, *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* iv. 111.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

[September 1735]¹

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, I did just know him. What he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops, and a disgrace to one Bishop,² two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation, he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: No Body can be more wasted, no Soul can be more alive.³ Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

¹ Elwin, vii. 335, and Sherburn, iii. 508, print this letter together with three additional paragraphs, which must belong to a later date, as one letter under the conjectural date of Nov. 1735. The three paragraphs printed above are clearly only a part of a letter. The remarks about Hughes and Rundle are prompted by Swift's letter of 3 Sept. The next two paragraphs, as printed by Pope, Elwin, and Sherburn, must have been written after the death of Peterborough, which occurred at Lisbon on 25 Oct. The news reached London about 12 Nov. As Sherburn observes, iii. 508, n. 3: 'This seems a peculiarly obvious example of conflating two letters.' In this edition of the correspondence the latter paragraphs, following Ball, are printed under [Dec. 1735].

² Rundle's advancement in England had been thwarted by Gibson, Bishop of London.

³ See Pope's letter to Martha Blount, 25 Aug. 1735 (Sherburn, iii. 487), in which, after a visit to Peterborough, he gives a similar account of his condition.

4 October 1735

Benjamin Motte to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Benjamin Motte to Swift

London, Oct. 4th, 1735.

Honoured Sir,

Mrs. *Launcelot*, who dined with me to day, and desired me to present her humble service, shewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. *Fenton's* money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth.¹ I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. *Hyde* delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. *Launcelot*:² and as to Mrs. *Fenton's* annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of *Nov.* and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. *Fenton*, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprized to find by Mrs. *Hyde*, that my last, which was written the latter end of *July*, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of *September*.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, | B. Motte.

Orrery Papers

Lord Orrery to Swift

Corke, October 1735.

Dear Sir,

There is a Custom in Corke, of which I must beg leave to inform you; with all its hideous Consequences; and to know from You

¹ Swift's annuity to his sister appears to have been £15 a year. See his letter to Gay, 19 Mar. 1729-30.

² Referred to in Motte's letter to Swift of 31 July 1735. That letter apparently did not reach Swift till 13 Sept.

whether my Behaviour has been wrong or right, that I may amend or continue it for the future according to your Decree.

On the day that a new Mayor is to be chosen for this City, the black Guards assemble themselves in the High Street, and come there charg'd with their Pocketts full of Meal and Flower, which they throw into harmless Peoples Eyes as plentifully as Beggars at Paris bestow holy water in Churches. My ill Fate forc'd me from home on this important Day, and I had not gone many Paces beyond the North-Gate, before a ragged Groupe of Shoe Boys blinded me in a most furious Manner with this Emblem of Snow. I open'd my Eyes as soon as Oat-meal and Consternation would give me leave, and seeing a most despicable Sett of Wretches attacking a Person for whom Mr. Hawkins¹ the Herald has a particular Regard, I gave loose to the Passions of an Irish Earl, and was going to try the Sinews of my Arm and drive the ragged Regiment into the Scamander of Corke. Butt as I degenerate from my Ancestors in nothing more than in their military Atcheivements, Native Peace returned to my Breast and conquer'd: so I putt on a Countenance between an ill-natur'd Grinn, and a good-humoured Smile and pass'd on with the utmost haste, shaking my Ears and bowing at the same time; not perhaps unlike my Dog Hector, who, when he is corrected, growls, fawns and wags his Tail. The black Guards pursued me with their flowry honours, but I slipt down the first Alley on my right hand, having first had the consolation to see a primitive Quaker (who had a cleaner and a finer Coat on than myself) in the same Miller-like Condition.

These Mayoralite Honours have been paid to all Christian Souls from Time immemorial. The higher your Rank, the greater your Quantity of Meal: so that if his sacred Majesty was to walk on this day from North-Gate to South-Gate in his black velvet Coat, his black Cravat and his black Feather, He would only fulfill the Merlinian Prophecy of the white King. Now, Sir, Pray tell me if I acted right or wrong? Should I have fought, or should I have retreated? Surely if my Courage is dubious, my Prudence is establish'd, but your Answer will determine this Matter.—I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours, | Orrery.

¹ William Hawkins was at this time Ulster King of Arms.

5 October 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

October 5th, 1735.

Dear Sir,

In the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter,¹ for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next *Saturday*; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on *Thursday* next, and then I shall go as far as *Virginia* to meet you. Leave *Dublin* on *Wednesday*; ride to *Dunshaghlán* that day, 12 miles; from thence to *Navan* on *Thursday*, 11 miles. A *Friday* to *Virginia*, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in *Ireland*, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A *Saturday* morning we set out for *Cavan*, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival.² Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection.) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. Andi me quis mi molli as I ples.³ As for your jogg Ralph Eye,⁴ I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick,⁵ next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of Can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap.Rick

¹ 30 Sept. 1735.

² In Wilson's *Swiftiana*, i. 2 (see also Scott, *Memoirs*, p. 64 n.), four lines are printed which Swift is said to have written after journeying on foot to Laracor, following his presentation to the living in Feb. 1700.

Dublin, a city, *Dunshaughlin* for a plow,
Navan for a market, *Ardbracken* for a cow,
Kells for an old town, *Virginia* poor,
Cavan for dirt, and *Belturbet* for a whore.

Ball, v. 247, n. 2, suggests that he may have composed the lines in Nov. 1735. The attribution to Swift is questionable, *Poems*, p. 1072.

³ Your Doll is a devil, I think. My Moll is a beauty, an angel I see. Anne has fine eyes, a fine face, a breast as snow, a belly for a Queen. And I may quiz my Molly as I please.

⁴ Geography.

⁵ Arctic, Antarctic.

horn,¹ the twelve signes Are I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the *Scotchman*) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is,² together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c.³ In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of Lord Peterborough's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisb on* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain; he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh*, in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its King upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a Fryar's Cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in*. Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a *G—amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the Ds in *Christendom* for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for anything but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on *Monday*, which is the next day after *Sunday*, the very day you will receive this, the day before *Tuesday*, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere

¹ The meridian, the equator, the horizon, the ecliptic, the tropic of Cancer, the tropic of Capricorn.

² Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Sagitarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

³ Colures, zones and climates.

5 October 1735

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, |
Thomas Sheridan.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[19 October 1735]

My Lord¹

I own I have received many very friendly and entertaining Letters from you during your absence, and never answered one of them; And what of all that? Am I bound to acknowledge your Favors? Is it not enough and too much that I do not burn without reading them? Are you not entirely obliged to me for Your Titles, your Estate, your Health, your Wit, your Generosity, your Learning, your good Nature; Your every thing? It is a strange Thing the Ingratitude of the World; But I make no Reflections. Thus much for Business; And now, my Dear Lord be pleased to know, that from the Time you left us, I never enjoyed one minutes health, the want of which added to publick Vexations hath sunk my Spirits so much that they are grown as the Poet observes (I forgot whom) *are duller than Dun in the Mire*. Faulkner was commanded to give Your Lordship this account of me, but I find he half forgot it. I have treated you no worse than I have all my Dear Mistresses in England, the Dutchesses Countesses, Lady Maryes and Bettyes and etcetera's. We hear often of Your Lordship's Fame in Faulkner's Advertisements; of selling your Lands and Mannors, which I am very sorry for if your Affairs have made it necessary, otherwise, since you are not to live with us, I could wish all your Estate were in Engl^d. Pray My Lord if you have any midling bit of Land worth about 200¹¹ a year, I would desire to be a Purchaser, because I design to leave my whole Fortune to a publick use, for endowing an Hospital for Lunaticks and Ideots, and settling it in Trust on the Lord Mayor and Aldermen here . . . But how to pay you I am at a Loss, all my Money being out upon Mortgages, some at 5 and some at 6 per cent. I believe one of my Debtors would be ready to pay me, about or near 3000¹¹ pounds, and I could scramble or borrow the other Thous^d. If this could stand with your conveniency, it would remove

¹ Ball prints about one-fifth of this letter.

a great Load from my Shoulders, and be an ease to my Mind, since years and ill health have got possession of me, and I cannot long struggle with either.

I think the Ode of Pyrrha¹ is very well translated, onely some things may be altered a little, which you have marked with your Pencil, but your Amendments I can not read, and wish they had been done with Ink. I will transcribe them, and pick out your Alterations for I think the whole conveys the very Ideas of Horace.

I say, that in spite of your Letter to Faulkner, Your Friend the Translator of Rollin² runs too much into false polite Style and Cant, with his *Behave, Turn out, Give into, &c*: in some hundred places usque ad fastidium, although I have yet read but five Volumes, and I am angry with them, and I have s^d P— take him every time I meet him at it. Therefore your Lordship is under the necessity of quarrelling with him or me.

And, when are you to return hither? We have often expected you, although I had rather you would go home by Bristow than keep me in the *desiderium* of losing you altogether, I must read over this Letter to mend the Numerous Blunders in letters, Syllables and words: that my giddy tottering head will have misled me into. | I am ever with the greatest Sincerity | Esteem and Respect | My dear Lord Your most | obedient and obliged Ser^{vt} | J: Sw:

Dublin. | Oct^{br} 19th

I scorn to spell it *Quay*,
but *Key* upon Littleton.
vide Littl^{tn} Dic^{ry}

Blunders 19³

Endorsed by Orrery: N^o 9.

¹ Horace, *Odes*, 1. v.

² The *Histoire Ancienne* of Charles Rollin (1661–1741) extending to thirteen volumes (1730–8) attained great popularity and was widely translated, despite its manifold limitations. An English translation in ten volumes appeared in 1734–6.

³ The nineteen blunders enumerated by Swift are not easy to find. The first two pages of the letter are comparatively well written. When he reached the third and last page his pen called for mending.

21 October 1735

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

Portland MSS., B.M. List 2

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

[Dublin, 21 October 1735]

My Lord

You did me the Honor to recommend the Bearer Mr Jebb to me, and upon as good a Title I recommend him back to Your Lordship: He appears to me as worthy and modest a Man, as least as ever England sent me, and, I know not how or why, hath succeeded better than I could expect from his good Qualities, his onely fault is his marriage, unless you will call it a worse that he is going over to bring his wife; but his Children will be all Irish, while a Thief transported to Jamaica, and married to a battered Drury-lane hackney Jade shall produce true Britains. I congratulate with Your Lordship upon the fair Prospect of Liberty in England, and a most uncorrupt Administration, of which we every day feel the good effects in this flourishing Kingdom. I long ago acknowledged the honor of a Letter Your Lordship sent me on the marriage of My Lady Marget,¹ and I will ever during my life demand the continuance of a constant Historical account of every important event in Your Family, because I look upon it as an hereditary Right; I have examined Mr Jebb very strictly concerning the Duke of Portland, for fear of Your Lordship's partiality and good Nature; but he confirms me in every thing you say of His Grace, so that I have nothing farther to do on this article than to wish and hope for a continuance of blessings on Your Lordship, My Lady Oxford and your whole future family. I have commissioned Mr Jebb to send me a constant account of every thing material that relates to Your Lordship and every one who is dear to You, and I lay a particular injunction on your Lordship to present my most humble service to my Lady Oxford and the Dutchess her Daughter. I remember Her Grace very well, and desire her to be no better than I left her. Mr Jebb will tell you how little I am good for, and am daily battling with years and disorders by walking and riding, how few friends I have, and how many Enemyes; He is a very civil Whig, takes the best handle of the world, and is beloved by all who know him; in this last article endeavouring to imitate your Lordship. I hear you love London summers, and therefore expect you will suffer me to live six hot months at Wimple

¹ Swift to Oxford, 30 Aug. 1734.

Swift to the Earl of Oxford

21 October 1735

with as much wine and meat and as many horses and Servants from April to October next as I shall think fit. My Ever dearest Lord, I am with the greatest Respect, Truth, and Love | Your most obedient and | most gratefull humble Servant, | J: Swift.

Dublin, Oct^r 21 | 1735

Address: To | The Right Honorable the | Earl of Oxford.

Endorsed beneath the address: R by Mr Jebb Nov: 6. 1735

Faulkner 1741

Swift to Alexander Pope

October 21, 1735.

¹I answered your letter relating to Curl,² &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the publick view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting. Now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spight of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day,³ yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night: My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord—?⁴ methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of last year—‘You

¹ This letter was printed by Faulkner, 1741, vii. 292, with insignificant variants from Pope's 1741 London folio.

² 3 Sept. 1735.

³ In company with Sheridan.

⁴ Bolingbroke. He was in France.

21 October 1735

Swift to Alexander Pope

need not apprehend any Curll's meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my Executors to do that office.¹ I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitæ est garrula* but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time,² which I spend to tell you so; I am ever dearest Sir, Your, &c.

Forster copy

Swift to Lord Bathurst

[October 21, 1735]

My Lord,

What have I to do with a letter from Cirencester where Mr. Pope, poor John Gay, and I were forced to lodge at one of your farmers & walk two miles to dinner with your 2500 acres of garden and not a codling to eat?³ My Lord, your proposalls for banishing the shooting Parson out of this present Globe, have been maturely considered by my Friends. It was wisely observed among them that the thieves and robbers here are grown so skilfull to commit such Actions as will onely leave them at the Gallows foot, and onely sentence them to be transported, which is justly looked upon as a mark of favor, and an Encouragement to these rogues to pursue their Vilanyes, because they cannot change this Country for another so bad. And accordingly we often see whole Boats-full go off with Pomp and Mirth and Music and Drink as a Governor sent to the West Indyes. My Lord, you are entirely mistaken in the politicks of this Country, where I have no friends but Citizens and the rabble. For I have reason to think that if the Parson had not sent me a letter of humiliation, and employed some Friends to Entreat my pardon [to] him, the Folks in Power would have certainly solicited the Government to make him a Bishop: at a Promotion which is now depending; where the two fairest candidates are seven times worse than him.⁴

My Lord, you are to know that this kind of proceeding is a practice I have followed some years, for if a tradesman cheats me, I put him immediately into a newspaper, with the bare matter of fact, which

¹ Quoted by Pope.

² Before the departure of Jebb, who was to carry the letter.

³ Cf. Mrs. Pendarves to Swift, 24 Oct. 1733.

⁴ The reference is to the succession to the bishopric of Cork, vacant through the death of Peter Browne.

the rogues are grown so afraid of, that they are often ready to fall on their knees for pardon.

I began this scheme with a long record upon a large peice of black marble in my own Cathedral, on the north side of the Altar, whereon I put a Latin inscription which I took care to have published in 7 London news papers.¹ The granddaughter of the old Duke of Schomberg w^d not send me 50¹¹ to make him a Monument over his burying-place; upon which I ordered the whole story to be engraved, and you must have seen the writing several years ago to the scandall of the family; particularly because his present M——² said, G— d— D^r S. whose design was to make him quarrell with the K. of Prussia. Thus I endeavour to do justice in my station, and give no offence.

I am extremely obliged by your Lordship's remembrance, and I will tell you one thing that may possibly make you angry; but what care I? When I receive a letter from you, I summon a few very particular friends, who have a good taste, and invite them to it, as I would do if you had sent a haunch of venison.

I hope to write you no more letters about Appeals, because I think you are generally on the other side, either to cure me, or out of perverseness. What have you done with my Lord Bolingbroke? Our wise folks here imagine he hath no intention to return.

I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Bathurst, and pray God continue his blessings to all your numerous fireside. I wish I knew how many they are with their names and sexes. I am ever, my dear Lord, with great respect yr L^dship's most obed^t and most humble serv^t | J. Swift.

Oct. 21 | 1735

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Benjamin Motte

[Dublin, 25 October 1735]

Sr³

Yours of the fourth instant I had not till very lately.⁴ Here lives one M^r Hatch who is a manager for the Temple family, he came

¹ Ball omits '7'.

² Majesty.

³ The text of this letter is here printed from the original manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library. It first appeared in print in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S., xliv. 233.

⁴ Motte's letter of 4 Oct. 1735.

25 October 1735

Swift to Benjamin Motte

lately to the Deanry and talked with great melancholy of Mr^s Fenton not having received any money from me in a long time whereupon I payd him ten Guineas for her use, and took his Receipt, for to say the Truth . . . having not heard of you in a long time, nor caring one Straw whether that woman had received one Penny, or what became of her who had during her whole life disoblged me in the most circumstances of her conduct, I did not employ one thought upon her except to her disadvantage; and I heartily wish you had demanded your money of me as you payd it because then it would not have been such a Load upon me as now it will . . . I desire therefore you will please to let me know how far I am got in Your debt, and I will discharge it as fast as I can get any money in, which is almost as impossible to find here as honesty, so that I am hardly able to subsist for want of receiving any rents or Interest. I desire therefore you will pay her no more, but onely send me how her account lyes, including the ten Guineas I sent by Mr Hatch, who was to send her a Bill. It is not above three weeks ago. I would much rather assist my poor Cozen Launcelot if it were in my Power, for She was always kind and obliging to me. I did not know Mr^s Fenton had a Son, nor will ever believe such a Breed had either worth or honor. My Service and love to Mr^s Launcelot, I hope you and your Family are well, as to my own Health, it is very indifferent, and fretting my self in vain about the Villany of others. I am with great Truth, | Sr | Your most humble Servant | J: S.

Dublin. Oct^{br} 25th

1735

Address: To | Mr Benjamin Motte, | Book-seller, at the middle- | -Temple gate
in Fleet-street | London

Postmark: 31 OC

Rothschild

Swift to the Rev. James King

[Deanery House, 27 October 1735]

Sr^r

I am so very much a Monk and of so severe an Order, that I hardly know what an Invitation is. But in recompence I dine like a King,²

[For notes 1, 2 see overleaf]

Swift to the Rev. James King

27 October 1735

always alone; However, I know not how, it hath come to pass that I long apprehended you would have the power to corrupt me. I shall therefore un-Stoick my self to attend you, if my health (which is very uncertain) will permit me. I am with very great Esteem | S^r | Your most obedient | and most humble | Servant | J: Swift

Deanry-house | Oct^b 27th | 1735

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Christopher Donnellan to Swift

Cloyne, Oct. 31, 1735.

Sir,

Though I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgements for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgement and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your shewing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

¹ This letter was no. 255 at Sotheby's in the Joseph Cottle sale, 13 Mar. 1865, and was sold to Ellis for £1. 16s. *od.* It passed into the possession of Mrs. King, of Proby Park, Dalkey, co. Dublin. It again came up for sale at Sotheby's (W. Marchbank), item 245, 20 Dec. 1948, erroneously stated to be addressed to Alderman John Barber, and is now in Lord Rothschild's collection, 2299. There is a transcript in the Forster Collection, F. 44. E. 3.

² The recipient of this letter, whose name Swift thus makes use of, was son of the Rev. Thomas King of Swords, near Dublin, a living to which Swift aspired in 1708. James King held the cure of St. Bride's. Swift held him in esteem, appointing him one of his executors, and bequeathing him a 'large gilded Medal of King Charles the First, and on the Reverse a Crown of Martyrdom, with other Devices'.

31 October 1735

The Rev. Christopher Donnellan to Swift

I suppose, Sir, you have heard what an handsome mark I have lately received of the Bishop of *Cloyne*'s favour, and how handsomely it was given, unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application.¹ It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300*l. per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was t'other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantick. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to *Corke* (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I can't say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The Bishop of *Cloyne* desires you will accept of his best services; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir, Your most obliged and obedient humble servant, | Chr. Donnellan.

Bathurst MS.²

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Dublin. Nov^r. 1^t. 1735

S^r3

I had not received your Letter three minutes nor opened it, for, I was going abroad when Mr Faulkner stopped the Coach he was in, (for he was coming to see me) So I called at his Neighbors a friend

¹ Berkeley had been consecrated Bishop of Cloyne on 19 May 1734, and spent the next eighteen years of his life in his diocese until his retirement in 1752. The parish of Inniscarra, to which Donnellan had been presented, is noted for the beauty of its scenery.

² This letter first appeared in print in abbreviated form in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S., xliii. 260-1 (Mar. 1855), together with other letters then in the possession of Arthur Preston of Norwich. This particular letter is now in the possession of Lord Bathurst, Cirencester Park. It was printed in full form in the Bathurst H.M.C. Volume. Ball took his text from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

³ Apparently Swift's letter of 25 Oct. had crossed one from Motte complaining of the circulation of Faulkner's edition of the *Works* in England.

of mine, and he came in to me. In the mean time I read your Letter, and gave it to him to read; he had many things to say in his defence, with which I cannot charge my Memory, but have advised him to answer. I know he passes for a perfectly honest man here, and a fair Dealer; And I confess that the many Oppressions we suffer from England sower my temper to the utmost. Besides the best Lawyers, even those who come from England say there is no Law against importing into England any Books that have been printed here. For, Books are not yet among prohibited Goods, unless they contain in them some thing against Law and Loyalty. Upon the whole I think you had better suspend your Suit, till you hear what Mr Faulkner hath to say, and as to my private opinion, it is that you will not find your Interest in going farther. Mr Faulkner in printing those Volumes here, did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my Power to hinder; and all my Friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what Manuscript copies they had occasionally got from me. And he hath always behaved him self so decently to me that I cannot treat him otherwise than as [a] well-meaning Man, although my desire was that those Works should have been printed in London by an Agreement between those who had a Right to them. I wrote you a letter some days ago in answer to yours relating to Mrs Fenton. | I am | Sr with great Truth | Your most humble | and affect Servant | J: Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Paradise,¹ Nov. 8, 1735.

Sir,

I think I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind,² I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had

¹ Sir John Stanley's villa at Fulham.

² The last paragraph of this letter shows that Swift had replied to her letter of 16 May, but evidently she had not previously replied to it.

8 November 1735

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

not time to disgrace myself with you.¹ I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in *England* or *Ireland*. If Mrs. *Donnellan* is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. *Donnellan* for her character, and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. *Delany's* retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. *Donnellan* is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in *Dublin* than in *London*; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on *English* ground; I have no pretence to fly my country; furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, *Derham's* lectures:² many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. *Donnellan* does not see you often; she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often;

¹ Her first meeting with Swift took place less than three years before this date.

² *Physico-Theology: or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God from His Works of Creation*, 1713, the Boyle Lectures of William Derham of St. John's College, Oxford.

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

8 November 1735

and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing anything that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant, | M. Pendarves.

Deane Swift 1768

*Swift and the Rev. Thomas Sheridan
to Mrs. Whiteway*

Nov. 8, 1735.

SWIFT

Madam

*Nov. 3, to Dunshallan, twelve long miles, very weary; Nov. 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Cross-keys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: Yet I baited every day, And dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the Doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland.*¹ Let the Doctor do his part.

SHERIDAN

Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my

¹ Dr. Ball, in annotation, quotes a passage from the younger Sheridan's *Life of Swift*, p. 386. He states that at this time Swift's 'memory [was] greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline'. From Swift's letters, and from what we otherwise learn, this must be accounted an overstatement for some years to come. At the time young Sheridan was only sixteen years old.

wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now, the Dean is to proceed.

SWIFT

In short, but not literally *in short*, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it *Spanish* liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My Beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanry, and see how the world goes there. The Doctor is philosopher above all æconomy, like philosopher *Webber*.¹ I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it *Well* roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he hath a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother *Helsham* this post for his. Write me no news of the club,² and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.

SHERIDAN

Dear Madam, I beg you may rather think me like the Devil, or my wife, than *Webber*. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in *potentia*. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. *Harrison*³ will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing any thing wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my Ay Con O my;⁴ but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean.

¹ See p. 269, n. 3.

² Parliament.

³ Her eldest son, Theophilus Harrison, who died in February of the following year.

⁴ Economy.

SWIFT

It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the Doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the Doctor hath any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours,
Gc.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor *Sheridan's* in Cavan; but let a club-man frank it, as I do this. Mr. *Rochfort* is my franker:¹ yours may be general [Wynn], or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpupped their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.

SHERIDAN

The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog *Lampey* cracks them; the Dean is my witness.

B.M. Add. MS. 38671

Swift to John Rochfort

[Cavan, 8 November 1735]

<Sr²

Pray do me> a favor as a Club-man³ <to send the enc>losed to Mrs Whiteway <who lives not far> from you in Abby-Street over <against the Gl>ass-house, but nearer to your <end of the> Street. I hope your Lady <and you are> well. I am here with

¹ John, otherwise 'Nim' or 'Nimrod', Rochfort, the son of Robert, M.P., despite his Toryism, retained his seat for Ballyshannon on the accession of George I. On the accession of George II he was elected one of the representatives of Mullingar, co. Westmeath. He was one of Stella's executors and a member of Swift's Lunacy Commission.

² A torn scrap of Swift's autograph. The damaged portions are shown within angular brackets.

³ Member of Parliament.

8 November 1735

Swift to John Rochfort

Doct <. . . Sherid>an to avoyd hearing of your <. . . I endur>ed
a dirty weary Journy, but <. . . >re than within the <. . . >
hearing of your Brethrens Villanyes. I <am eve>r | Y^r &c. | J.S.

My love to the Grattans

My humble Service to y^r Lady and M^{rs} Staunton.

Cavan Nov^r—8th 1735

Address: To | John Rochfort Esq^r at | his House in Jervas-street | Dublin.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

Nov. 8th, 1735.

Sir,

I know the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, Pox on all *Irish* writers, and *Irish* letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lye? How does Dr. *Sheridan*? How do you like *Cavan*? And how do all the good victuals Dr. *Sheridan* promised you *turn out*?¹ And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleased to suppose, that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. *Sheridan* would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now, to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. *Waller* has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. *Throp*.² I don't know whether you

¹ A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.—Deane Swift.

² Lieut.-Col. John Waller, 'that Hell-featured Brawler', as Swift describes him in the 'Legion Club', savagely persecuted the Rev. Roger Throp, rector of Kilcorman, co. Limerick. The cause between them was referred to the Committee of Privileges, which in effect decided against Waller. Throp, however, barely outlived his success. His death, 23 Jan. 1735-6, was popularly attributed to the persecution he had suffered. Robert Throp, his brother, published in

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

8 November 1735

heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanry, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of *Curll*. Dr. *Sheridan* has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from *Molly* never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, unless you command otherwise, you shall hear once a week from, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, | Martha Whiteway.

Molly is just come from the Deanry: everything is in good order. She saw Mrs. *Ridgeway* there. Young *Harrison* and his sister¹ present you their most obedient respects.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Mary Moran to Swift

Castletown, Nov. 9, 1735.

Hon. Sir,²

Excuse a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem,³ being the product of a woman's pen. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion, and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction,

1739 *A Narrative of the Case of the Rev. Mr. Roger Throp*. Swift had interested himself in Throp's case, but the extent of his participation is unknown. See further *Poems*, iii. 834-5, and notes.

¹ Molly, daughter of Mrs. Whiteway by her first husband Harrison.

² Deane Swift heads this letter 'From some unknown LADY to Dr. SWIFT'.

³ The poem is lost.

9 November 1735

— to Swift

since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your most humble servant, | M.M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. *Mary Moran*, at *Castle-town*, near *Gorey*, in the County of *Wexford*.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

London | 13 Nov. 1735

I honestly confess I was honourd with yours above a month ago,¹ which ought in all love and reason to [have] been answerd a great while since, but I know your Sauciness as well as y^u know my neices with this difference that as age is to mend hers that makes yours grow worse and the answer to mine had been, oh she can give a quick reply to mine now the Duke & Dutchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how & what they do, I can tell you no story of the ring which y^u want to know, but that it came into my hands thro proper windings and turnings from an Earl of Peterborough² and the Connoisseurs say tis an antique and a pretty good one, and I am very well pleasd and happy if it ever serves to put y^u in mind that I am your Humble servant &c tho I came but last week from my house in Northamptonshire I cant say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad, but as that house is large the necessary steps the mistris must make is some, and I never lost any time I coud get to walk out and some times drove out in a chair with one horse, for as I'm a very bad rider that I approve much more of than mounting my Palfrey, and whether twas this or Country Air or chance I know not, but thank God I am at present as well as ever I was in my life, I am wholly ignorant who is or will be B^p of Cork, for his Grace is such a conceited silly man that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom, I only know that I wish heartily for D^r

¹ In reply to hers of 4 Sept.

² Lord Peterborough was brother of Sir John Germain's first wife.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

13 November 1735

Whetcomb because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man, and that besides by y^r commands I was the thorough fare for a st[e]p to his preferment before,¹ and therefore if I was his Grace since there can be no objection against him in this, he shoud have it, but as these matters are above my capacity I do assure you I dont in the least pretend to meddle with them, I hope whenever you ask me about the Countess & George I shall be able to answer you as I can safely do now, that as yet theres no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing, Mr^s Composition² is much y^r humble servant and has not yet got her winter cough, God bless you and Adieu

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} El. Germain | Nov^r 13th 1735 | Answered | Other Letters.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Sican to Swift

Nov. 15, 1735.

Rev. Sir,³

A gentleman, who is just arrived from *Paris*, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the inclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of *Canaan*. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor *Throp* has justice done him in *College-Green*. The trial lasted till midnight, and two thirds of the house were for him:⁴ he is now going to petition the house to oblige Colonel *Waller* to waive his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady *Acheson* came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord *Orrery* is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation.⁵ Our *Irish* ladies

¹ See p. 284, n. 2.

² Biddy Floyd.

³ Mrs. Sican was the subject of Swift's poem 'Psyche', *Poems*, ii. 579.

⁴ For the case of the Rev. Roger Throp see p. 419, n. 2.

⁵ On 26 Oct. 1735 Orrery wrote to Pope: 'The Dean is my *dulce Decus*: All

15 November 1735

Mrs. Sican to Swift

made a fine appearance the birth-day¹ at the Castle; nothing about them *Irish* but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. *Sheridan*, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord *Clancarty* drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended.² I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. *Whiteway* and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, | E. Sican.

[Enclosure]

Deane Swift 1768

John Sican to Swift

Paris, Oct. 20 [O.S. 9], 1735.

Honoured Sir,³

Mr. *Arbuthnot*'s absence from *Paris* was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days;⁴ but upon the reception of it he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which

the Moments I steal from Attorneys, Agents, and Sollicitors are pass'd when I am at Dublin, with him. I propose to be there next month and to stay till Spring' (*Orrery Papers*, i. 141).

¹ That of George II on 30 Oct.

² See p. 360 n.

³ The writer of this letter was Mrs. Sican's son, John, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a doctor of medicine. It was he who presented the Dean with a copy of Pine's *Horace* (Sale Catalogue, no. 503) accompanied by a paper of verses (*Gentleman's Magazine*, iv. 699, 1734). In 1753 he was murdered when travelling in Italy. Deane Swift, in a footnote to another letter, tells us that he was killed 'in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way'. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, recording his death, says that he was shot near Naples.

⁴ Robert Arbuthnot (1669–1741), brother of Swift's friend, like many other Jacobites, left the country. He became a merchant-banker operating successfully in France; and a financial agent of Jacobite designs. On 17 Aug. 1716 he was created a baronet of Scotland by James III.

was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at *Paris*, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any *English* gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at *Paris*, or should proceed to the south of *France*; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the Chevalier *Ramsay*, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city, but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. *Arbuthnot*'s friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, postchaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I can't mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in *Ireland*, before you lose sight of *Versailles*. I am persuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the *French* noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the *Houyhnhnms* meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that *Lewis* the Fourteenth has built are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the Palace of *St. James's*: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the Duke of *Bourbon* at *Chantilly*, which lies in a strait line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of *Yahoos* are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of *Marly*, by means of which, water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to *Versailles*, to supply the water-works. *Lewis* might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading *Boileau's* account of the *Petit Maison*, or *Bedlam*

20 October 1735

John Sican to Swift

of *Paris*,¹ I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hopital des Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of *France*, since they have been so excellently painted by *Julius Caesar*, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, Sir, that Mr. *Arbuthnot* inquired very kindly after Mr. *Leslie*,² but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your most obliged humble servant, | J. Sican.

¹ Satire IV.: *Les Folies Humaines*.

² Robert and Henry Leslie were sons of the famous non-juror Charles Leslie. The allusion here was probably to the younger brother Henry who had served in the Spanish army, but lost his commission upon a resolution against the employment of Protestants. He lived with his wife, a Spanish lady, at Market Hill. Scott (*Works*, i. 389-90) says, 'Swift appears to have been his guest for about six months in 1730'; but this conjectural visit may be due to confusion with Swift's last visit to the Achesons. Swift contrasts him thus with his brother:

'Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing
Gives them a peny, and God's blessing
But, always carefull of the main,
With two pence left, walks home in rain.'

Poems, iii. 878.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift and the Rev. Thomas Sheridan to
Mrs. Whiteway

Cavan, Nov. 15, 1735.

SWIFT

Dear Madam,

* * * * *
* * * * *

I writ the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey.¹ I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. *Rochfort*, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the Doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where *Sheill*, my wine-merchant,² lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left *Dublin*: for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and *Kendrick* and *Land* must assist,³ and the carrier must take them from *Shiell*'s cellar, ready packt up.—My service to miss *Harrison*. Pray send her hither by the first carrier, and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges, of which I will pay three-pence, and the Doctor intends to add another penny. By the conduct of this family, I appre-

¹ In his letter of 8 Nov.

² Cf. John Shiell to Swift, 6 June 1735.

³ Roger Kendrick was verger and Henry Land sexton of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Kendrick was also master of the charity school. He was a witness to Swift's codicil. We learn from Swift's will that Land occupied a house 'in Deanery-Lane, alias Mitre-Alley'. After Swift's death he married Mrs. Ridgeway, and continued in the office of sexton till his death in 1757.

15 November 1735

Swift and Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway

hend the day of judgement is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain, and you shall change my name to Doctor *Shift*. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the *Summer House*, and make the way passable to it; whereupon *Boreas* was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The Doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier [Tisdall].¹ As to *Waller's* advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to Miss *Harrison* and the Doctor,² and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to *John Rochfort*, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. *Morgan*; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club.³ Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

SHERIDAN

Beg a duck! Beg a dozen. You s—hall not beg, but command. The Dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt; and that my stairs, and the poor cleanly maids, know very well. You know that he talks ironically. My wife and I are perfectly easy,⁴ for we never see one another but by chance, &c.

¹ The allusion is, apparently, to some passage omitted by Deane Swift from Mrs. Whiteway's letter of 8 Nov. See Swift's *Works*, ed. Scott, 1814, xviii. 473.

² Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son.

³ Mrs. Morgan was the wife of Dr. Morgan, who represented the borough of Athy in Parliament, 'the club'. His 'heathenish Christian name', in Swift's phrase, was Marcus Antonius. He was appointed chairman of the committee which considered the petition of the graziers for relief from the tithe of agistment. His chairmanship of 'yon damn'd Committee' earned him thirty lines in 'The Legion Club' (*Poems*, iii. 837-9).

⁴ Ball prints 'cosy'.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift and the Rev. Thomas
Sheridan

Nov. 15, 1735.

TO SWIFT

Sir,

I am most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's *Canaan*.¹ The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with *Venice* turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk: if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions.

TO SHERIDAN

You are very rude, Doctor *Sheridan*, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: no wonder I am so bad a listner, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day.

TO SWIFT

Sir, I know nothing of the *Spanish* liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. *Sican*: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; Let Dr. *Sheridan* take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the Deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. *Ridgeway* to get the great chair covered, and *Jane* to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. *Kendrick* desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business.

¹ See Swift to Mrs. Whiteway, 8 Nov.

TO SHERIDAN

The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you Colonel *Waller's* case, that came before the House on *Thursday*.¹ I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. *Throp* so justly by the Col. that he was not ordered into custody; but to the surprize of every body, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning,² and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Col. *Waller's* account and Mr. *Throp's* in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O mys!³ I am no more a lyar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: so I have done with you this time for good and all.

TO SWIFT

Mr. Dean, I am sure *Rochefoucault's* maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My He olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind, for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of *Glubb-dubdrib*, you will find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance.⁴ My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says she is not at all changed by your absence,

¹ For the case of Colonel Waller and the Rev. Roger Throp see note 2, Mrs. Whiteway to Swift, 8 Nov. 1735.

² The Committee met at four o'clock in the afternoon.—Ball.

³ Economies.

⁴ *Gulliver's Travels*: A Voyage to Laputa, chap. vii. Gulliver, gazing on the countenances of the attendants upon the governor of Glubb-dubdrib, felt his 'Flesh creep with a Horror'. In a footnote Deane Swift tells us that, 'Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.'

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift and Sheridan

15 November 1735

for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant, | Martha Whiteway.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. *Dunkin's* that was sent to the deanry, and this letter that I inclose.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

Cavan, Nov. 18th, 1735

Dear Madam,

We were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. *Rochfort* was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from *Dublin* until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way, and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you)-was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a *Grattan* in the gout. I wish I had stayed at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging.¹ Wildfowl is cheap, and all

¹ 'During this visit, it appeared by many instances,' says Sheridan (*Life*, p. 387), 'that avarice had then taken possession of him to a great degree. Doctor Sheridan had prevailed on the Burgesses of Cavan to meet the Dean, in a body,

18 November 1735

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply Deanry conveniencies. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. *Harrison's* countenance. I hope he hath no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many a thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, *Kendrick*, and *Land*, must find out *Shiell*, the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanry [and] be taught to find out *Shiell* with *Kendrick*. *Shiell* must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which hath been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by *Shiell*, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. *Rochfort* will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours; and my love to the girl and boys.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway

[18 November, 1735]

Dear Madam,

To say the truth I am not concerned for the Dean's accident, since my friend *Jacob* says there is no danger in it; because it keeps him from his long walks, by which means I see he is gathering flesh, and

at a place four miles distant from the town to compliment him on his arrival. The Doctor told him in return, he ought to invite them to an entertainment: with which the Dean, after some time, though not without manifest reluctance, complied. He gave them a very shabby dinner at the inn, and called for the bill, before the guests had got half enough of wine. He disputed several articles, said there were two bottles of wine more charged than were used, flew into a violent passion, and abused his servants grossly for not keeping better count.'

The younger Sheridan was, at the time, a mere schoolboy. It is unlikely that he was present at the dinner; and, further, a mean parsimony was not characteristic of Swift.

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway 18 November 1735

I hope will gather health and wealth by being here; for, as the *Scotchman* says, Where there is Muck, there is Luck. I have no news but too much plenty of guttables; if we had agreeable companions as plenty as woodcocks, ducks, snipes, *cum sociis*, this would be a Paradise. I am, dear Madam, with all services aforesaid, your most obedient and very humble servant, | T.S.

Pray write to the Dean to behave himself better to me. I want you to stand by me.

Deane Swift 1768

*Swift and the Rev. Thomas Sheridan to
Mrs. Whiteway*

[Cavan, Nov. 22, 1735]

SWIFT

Dear Madam,

Having answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's additions,¹ I now tell you that a *Monday* next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. *Shiell* has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. *Kendrick* and *Land* and the women will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by *Wednesday* night or *Thursday* morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride, and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your He and [S]he brats. Let *Kendrick*, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and *Land* and the women may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous*.

Cavan, Nov. 22nd, 1735.

¹ The passages addressed to Sheridan in her letter of 15 Nov. Not as Deane Swift's footnote reads: 'Mr. Harrison's.'

22 November 1735

Swift and Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown hath sent me a manuscript of 200 pages for my judgment.¹ Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto, cut like this letter; for the Doctor hath swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

SHERIDAN

I can assure you, dear Madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expences. He pays me but two crowns a week for his ordinary: and I own, that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tare of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the Dean aforesaid.

SWIFT

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he would please abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all *Dublin* cries shame at him for it.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift and the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[22 Nov. 1735.]

TO SWIFT

Sir,

I receive as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post;² nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving

¹ Presumably the allusion is to the poem sent to Swift from Castletown, co. Wexford.

² Swift's letter of 18 Nov.

trouble. But, since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you, but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one, but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on *Tuesday* last in a hogshead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. *Kendrick* and *Land* were by all the time: they and Mr. *Shiell* were here with me that night: they tell me they got large bottles, of which I have a great charge. Mr. *Shiell* desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half-dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore.

TO SHERIDAN

Pray, Doctor *Sheridan*, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

TO SWIFT

My son is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. *Morgan*¹ have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. *Sheridan* hate writing the word *November*; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was in my last I could not recollect it, for I think I forgot it, and watched for some

¹ Marcus Antonius Morgan and wife.

22 November 1735

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift and Sheridan

of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this November 22, 1735. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, | Martha Whiteway.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. *Morgan*, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. *Rochfort* may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

Deane Swift 1768

William Pulteney to Swift

Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

Sir,¹

I have been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you, some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption.² I am now at the *Bath*, where there are at present many *Irish* families, and though I have inquired of them all if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would, every man of them be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the Ministers may get by their peeping; why if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them, and in everything I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to

¹ Deane Swift, 1768, mistakenly heads this letter, 'Lord B—— to Dr. Swift'. Interpreted by Nichols, 1801, as 'Bathurst'.

² The latter part of Pulteney's letter to Swift of 11 Mar. 1734-5.

require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. *Faulkner* delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. *Pape*¹) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Besides this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same Minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish?² His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four and twenty bishops and sixteen *Scotch* lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country,³ besides the west of *England*, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious Driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other

¹ Neither of these letters survives.

² A general election had taken place in the preceding year in which Walpole was returned with a smaller following.

³ i.e. Scotland.

feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended. Besides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause:¹ he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. *Merril*.² He understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and in this respect he was of singular use to me:³ it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after *Bolingbroke*, and when he will return from *France*. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman,⁴ but a very hale one, pleases to dye. I have seen several of your letters

¹ Daniel Pulteney, first cousin of William. He imbibed a deep hatred of Walpole, although he served for some time under him as a Lord of the Admiralty. He died 7 Sept. 1731.

² John Merrill, member of parliament for the Cornish borough of Tregony in 1712, and afterwards for St. Albans. He died in Sept. 1734.

³ After 'any man in it' the words 'and in this respect was of singular use to me' follow in Deane Swift's text. They are omitted by subsequent editors.

⁴ Bolingbroke's father.

on frugality to our poor friend *John Gay* (who needed them not) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought, that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made:¹ if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negociation: the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army. I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of *Wells* the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled:² the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church. The chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain, but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has

¹ The preliminaries for a peace in the War of the Polish Succession had been signed on 3 Oct.

² John Wynne, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1715, translated to Bath and Wells, 1727. He was an active Whig propagandist.

22 November 1735

William Pulteney to Swift

declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am, your most obedient humble servant.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

Nov. 25, 1735

Sir,

I have not known for some years, the pleasure of a post-day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. *Apollo* hath always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. Mr. [Roe],¹ Dr. [Delany's] curate, last week committed another fine exploit: he way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two servant-maids with her, and would have persuaded her to have gone to his lodging; she refusing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-house as strollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs. [Roe] got off by some means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs. *Sican* told me the news, and withal that the Doctor is at last very angry with him. Mr. [Roe]'s great fondness to get his wife home was

¹ See *Works*, ed. Scott, 1814, xviii. 473.

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

25 November 1735

to stop a prosecution she had begun against him in the bishop's court for cruel usage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair must have dropped. I was at the deanry on *Saturday*,¹ though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. *Kendrick*, or Mr. *Land*, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the inclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it.² I must now intreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the *Winter* evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all *Summer* at the deanry. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant, | Martha Whiteway.

Deane Swift 1768

*Swift and the Rev. Thomas Sheridan to
Mrs. Whiteway*

Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.

SWIFT

Dear Madam,

I take advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. *Donaldson* was one.³ My whole journey hath been disappointed by

¹ The 22nd.

² The reference is to the poem submitted to Swift, together with a covering letter, 9 Nov. 1735.

³ Keeper of the inn at Cavan.

this accident; for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the house back and fore-door always left open, which, in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice; Madam as cross as the Devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study) there finishes his meal, and hath share of a pint of wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. *Price*, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. 'Tis true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined *Dublin* Dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on *Tuesday*,¹ but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. *Sican*, and another from her *French* son, an excellent good one;² when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If *Apollo* hath intirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the Muses discard us at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal [Roe] to Dr. *Delany*, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. [Lightburne], when he comes to town, about my *Laracor* agent, to pay me

¹ The 25th.

² See p. 423. Swift so calls him because young Sican was at the time travelling in France.

some money, and to reproach [Godwin] for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and [Lightburne] another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. *Sheridan*, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs. *Donaldson* understands it very well.

SHERIDAN

To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b—h, the firemaker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the Dean had her lugged this evening by the cook-maid; for which he paid her a three-pence,¹ and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lugg her well enough, he gave her a lugging, to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is—

SWIFT

(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. Is it true that the Legion Club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with *England*, and are putting 4*l.* a hogs-head more duty on wine?² The cursed vipers use all means to increase the number of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now *Nov.* 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. *Morgan*'s heathenish Christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. *Sican*; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. *Donaldson* about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the Doctor conclude; I am ever, &c.

SHERIDAN

Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of *Decr.*) excuse a long parenthesis; your most obedient and

¹ A little silver piece current in those days, but the species has long been worn out.—Deane Swift.

² On 15 Nov. 'heads of a Bill granting to his Majesty a further additional duty on Wine, Silk, Hops, China, etc.', had been agreed by the House of Commons, and on 12 Dec. the Bill received the royal assent.—Ball.

29 November 1735

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

Dublin, Nov. 29th, 1735

Sir,

I never was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. *Kendrick* at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to *Cavan*. The inclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of *Cavan* man. I desire Dr. *Sheridan* will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. *Shiell* and Mr. *Kendrick* to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day;¹ were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at *Cavan*, and have left it on *Monday* morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health and happiness to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? the most sincere would be what I desire for myself while I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. *Morgan*'s heathenish name is *Marcus Antonius*; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they would be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of *Ossory*²

¹ The following day which was a Sunday.

² 'The baboon of Kilkenny.' *Poems*, iii. 803. Cousin of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on *Sunday*¹ at the Castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for doctor *Marlay*.²

I am told by some people that lord *Orrery* intends to make you and doctor *Sheridan* a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor *Sheridan*, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, | M. Whiteway.

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

Dublin, December 2d, 1735.

Sir,

I waded this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry; but I place no more to your account than from High-Street.³ I found every thing in great order; your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the woman in good humour, and Mr. *Kendrick* and Mrs. *Ridgeway* on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on *Sunday*. The Drapier's birth-day⁴ was celebrated by Mr. *Land* with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. *Kendrick* gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making Gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint.

¹ The 23rd.

² Ten years later the Rev. George Marlay became Bishop of Dromore. At this time he was rector of Celbridge. He was related to Marcus Antonius Morgan and a brother of Chief Justice Marlay.

³ Mrs. Whiteway lived on the northern side of the river Liffey. High Street is on the southern side, between St. Patrick's Cathedral and the river, to which it runs parallel.—Ball.

⁴ Swift's birthday fell on the 30th of November.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprized you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the *Ladies' Dressing-room*, and *Strephon and Chloe*,¹ who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again; I think I will go down and take the other slice.² I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you shew it at *Cavan*; I suppose your excuse will be at the expence of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. *Sheridan* says, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him. I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo *Socrates* in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for 3s. 4d. that shall outshine *Solomon's* brawler.

Molly and young *Harrison* are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your *Latina-Anglia* treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor *Sheridan's* last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Esq; [Swift] or Mr. [Lightburne] for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my

¹ *Poems*, ii. 524, 584. Mrs. Whiteway writes in jest.

² Here Mrs. *Whiteway* is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. *Whiteway* liked hers so fresh, that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, That she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow.—Deane Swift.

Mrs. Whiteway to Swift

2 December 1735

Oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, | Martha Whiteway.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

Cavan, Dec. 6, 1735.

Dear Madam,

I have yours of *Nov.* the 29th. The Doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting [Mr. *Brooke*,] young Mr. *Price*, Parson *Richardson*, Mr. *Nash*, Mr. *Jacob*, Surgeon of the troop, Squire *Fleming* of *Balhaynockhye*, Doctor *O Neil*, Doctor *Fludd*, Parson *Charlton* of *Evachthonyeul*,¹ beside the rest of our *Cavan* gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expence: but we will wait until a further opportunity by *Marcus Tully*, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to shew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that *Tully* is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry it was on account of some scrub *Drapier*, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from the dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs;² but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expence, I thankfully submit. The Doctor will be with you on

¹ These place names are fabrications of Swift's.

² Mrs. Whiteway's letter of 2 Dec. as well as that of 29 Nov. had evidently come to hand.

6 December 1735

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

Friday next:¹ he goes to see the *Grand Monde*, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on *Thursday* last,² that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in *Europe*, or county of *Cavan*. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lye in may be often aired. The doctor will not lye at the deanry, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club. I will not pay three shillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens.³ Mrs. *Donaldson* is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss *Harrison* gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. *Sheridan* is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. *Price* is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter and remain *entierement a vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer⁴ and his lady. God bless you and your fire side.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

[December 1735.]⁵

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed his

¹ The 12th.

² The 4th.

³ Two English shillings.

⁴ Marcus Antonius Morgan.

[For note 5 see overleaf.]

Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, 'That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him.' It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner case: on the outer, I have put this inscription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Sicilæ, Dux Sabaudiaë, &c. &c., Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit. 1735.*¹

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects which most want our compassion, tho' generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious; done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Deanery House, 30 December 1735]

My Lord.²

Your Grace fairly owes me, 110¹¹ a year in the Church, Which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a Preferment of 150¹¹ p^r

¹ Faulkner, 1741, p. 253, offers the following translation: 'Victor Amadeus, King of Sicily, Duke of Savoy, &c. &c. to Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, made a Present of this Watch. Ch. Mor. Earl of Pet. on his Death-Bed bequeathed it as a Legacy to Alexander Pope.'

² This letter was first printed by Hawkesworth, 1766, from a draft in Swift's hand now in the B.M. 4806 ff. 154-6. A facsimile of this draft is contained in Wilson's *Swiftiana*, 1804, vol. i. The letter sent to the Duke shows many textual variants. The text here printed is that in the Stopford Sackville volume; also

⁵ For a note upon the date of this fragment of a letter see Elwin, vii. 335, and Sherburn, iii. 508.

ann: on a certain Clergyman.¹ Your answer was that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but would grant my Request; However, that Clergyman, for want of good intelligence,² or (as³ the Cant-word is here) being not an expert King-fisher, was forced to take up with 40¹¹ a year; and I shall never trouble Your Grace any more in his behalf . . . But, however; by plain Arithmetick it appears, that 110¹¹ remain. And this Arrear I have assigned to one Mr John Jackson,⁴ no less than a Cousin german of the Grattans. He is Vicar of Santry, hath a small Estate near it, with two Sons, and as many Daughters, all grown up. This Gentleman hath layn severall years as a Weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his Virtue, Piety, good Sense, good nature; and modesty almost to a fault. Your Grace is now disposing the *Debris* of two ^sBishopricks; among which is the Deanry of Ferns worth between 80 and 100¹¹ a year, which will make Mr Jackson easier, who besides his other good Qualities, is as loyal as You could wish. I cannot but think that Your Grace, to whom God hath given every amiable⁶ as well as useful Talent, and in so great a measure; is bound, when you have satisfied all the Expectations of those who have most Power in your Club,⁷ to do something at the Request of others who love you better, and meerly upon your own account, without expecting anything for themselves. I have ventured once or twice (at most)⁸ to drop hints in favor of some very deserving Gentlemen, who, I was assured had been recommended to you by Persons of weight; But, I easily found by your generall answers, that, although I have been an old Courtier, you knew how to silence me by changing the Subject.⁹ Which made me reflect, that Courtiers resemble Gamesters, the latter finding new Arts unknown to the older. And I well remember a principal old Gamester, who assured me that he had lost 14000¹¹ since he left of [*sic*] Play, meerly

used in *H.M.C.* i. 163. The variants of the draft are shown in notes to indicate the nature and degree of Swift's revision.

¹ Stafford Lightburne.

² 'in being' here follows in the draft.

³ or as] after a *draft*.

⁴ Thirty years earlier John Jackson had succeeded his father as vicar of Santry. See Swift's bequest to Jackson in his will.

⁵ The word 'great' before 'Bishopricks' is scored out. The word is not in the draft. The bishopric of Cork had been filled by the translation of Clayton from Killala. An appointment to the deanery of Ferns had already been made.

⁶ 'Quality' and the words 'as well as . . . measure' do not appear in the draft.

⁷ Parliament.

⁸ '(at most)' not in draft.

⁹ changing the Subject] diverting the discourse *draft*.

by dabbling with younger proficient¹ who had found out new Refinements.

My Lord; I will as a Divine, quote Scripture. Although the Childrens meat must not be given to Dogs; yet the Dogs eat the Scraps that fall from the Childrens tables. This is the second Request I ever directly made Your Grace. Mr Jackson is under a necessity of living² on his small estate, part where of is in his Parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a Family-house, more expensive than he intended. He is a Clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished Charact^r. But the misfortune is, that he hath not one Enemy, and consequently I have none to appeal to for the Truth of what I say.

Pray My Lord, be not allarmed at the Word *Deanry*, nor imagine it a Dignity like those we have in England; For, except three or four, the rest have neither Power nor Land as Deans and Chapters.³ It is usually a Living made up of one or more Parishes some very poor, others better endowed, but all in Tythes. Mr Jackson can not leave his present Scituation, and onely desires some very moderate addition, consistent with what he holds.⁴

My Lord, I do not deceive Your Grace, when I say, You will oblige great Numbers of those who are most in your Esteem here, by conferring this favor, or any other that will answer the same end:

Multa — veniet manus auxilio quae
Sit mihi, (Nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te
Judaei cogenus in hanc decedere turbam⁵

I should have waited on Your Grace, and should have taken the Priviledge of staying my usuall thirteen Minutes, if I had not been prevented by the return of an old disorder in my Head, for which I have been forced to confine my self to the Precepts of my Physicians. | I am with the highest Respect | My Lord | Your Graces most obedient | and most humble Servant | Jonath: Swift.

Deanry-house

Dec^{br} 30th 1735

Endorsed: 30th Dec^r. 1735⁶

Dean Swift

¹ younger proficient^s] those who had contrived *draft*.

² under a necessity of living] condemned to live *draft*.

³ have neither Power nor Land as Deans or Chapters.] have little power, rather none as a Dean and Chapter, and seldom any land at all *draft*.

⁴ consistent with what he holds] *om. draft*.

⁵ Horace, *Sat.* I. v. 141.

⁶ No address.

7 January 1735-6

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Bath, 7th Jan. 1735-6.

Sir,¹

I am told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friend is now exploded among our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the *Bath* waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; that is all that can be said of them at the present. I wrote to you from *Paradise*, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me; I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told that I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of; my solace is Mrs. *Barber*,² whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present

¹ Thirty years later (*Correspondence*, Second Series, i. 166-7) Mrs. Delany writing to Miss Dewes, 21 Sept. 1768, alludes to the appearance in print of this letter and the previous one. 'I have got Swift's last three volumes of letters and to my very great mortification find six or seven of Mrs. Pendarves's there. I have searched for what she said of Bath but I do not find anything particularly said of the place; one letter dated from thence mentions her hopes of seeing Swift there and she speaks of living in Ireland as much cheaper than London.' The volumes to which she refers are the three octavo volumes, 1768, edited by Deane Swift.

² After her discharge from 'the hands of the law' Mrs. Barber seems to have taken up her residence in Bath.

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

7 January 1735-6

pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant | M. Pendarves.

Faulkner 1762

Swift to George Faulkner

[8 January 1735-6]

Mr. Faulkner,

I am answering a Letter I had from Mr. *Pope*, when I was at *Cavan*.¹ My Absence and Sickness, since I retired,² have hindred me from writeing to him. He complains of his Unluckyness that you could never find him at Home,³ which he says, since his Mother's Death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a Paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an Answer to it, Time enough for me to send a Letter To-night, and I will insert the Sum of it.

'As to his (Mr. *Faulkner*) Design about my Works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the Duodecimo Edition of them here, with the first Volume published by *Lintot*: For, that joined to the rest by *Gilliver*, will make the compleatest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out about *Christmas*.'

Pray let me know what Answer I shall make to Mr. *Pope*: Write it down and send it by any Messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill Writer at Night. | I am, yours, &c. | J. Swift.

Jan. 8, 1735-6.

I think you may send your Answer by the Bearer, for it need not take above two Lines.

¹ The allusion is doubtless to the letter of Dec. 1735 from Pope of which only the fragment relating to Lord Peterborough remains.

² Is 'retired' a slip for 'returned'?

³ During Faulkner's visit to London in the previous autumn.

13 January 1735-6

The Earl of Orrery to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Earl of Orrery to Swift

13¹ January, 1735-6.

Dear Sir,

I have thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on *Saturday*, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *Et notas audire Et reddere voces*. I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant, | Orrery.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

[Jan^{ry}: 13: 1735: 36.

My Lord²

I am always unhappy, being plagued by those whose sight I hate, and never seeing those whose sight I long for. . You have been of late a busy man, and I ever pestered with Sickness or Teasers. My Visitation is on Thursday, and Preparation for it to morrow, However I will if possible attend Your Commands. I am glad the cold you complain of is but three days old, I have had one this fortnight, and I hope yours will be gone first. You ought to have sent your Servant instead of coming your self to see me: for then I would not have been abroad to have saved what never can be saved; Ireland. I am ever Your most obedient &c J: Swift.

Tuesday evening

Endorsed by Lord Orrery: N^o 10.

¹ Deane Swift mistakenly dates this letter 'Jan. 3'. The 10th of Jan. was a Saturday.

² Ball prints no more than five lines of this letter. Date added by Orrery.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Cavan, Jan. 17, 1735-6.

Dear Sir,¹

I received your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me.* * * *

* * * *

As for my *Quondam* friends, as you stile them, *Quondam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth.* * * *

* * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of *Dorset* does certainly owe me a small living for the expensive entertainment I gave him from *Terence*.² I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord *Orrery* will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord lieutenant.* * *

* * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

¹ This letter suggests that Sheridan had stayed but a short time in Dublin; and that he had gone elsewhere before returning to Cavan.

² The play acted by Sheridan's scholars in Dublin before Dorset. See Swift to the Duke, 22 Mar. 1734-5.

29 January 1735-6

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

Mrs. Delany's Correspondence

Swift to Mrs. Pendarves

Dublin Jan. 29, 1735-6.

Madam,

I had indeed some intention to go to Bath, but I had neither health nor leisure for such a journey; those times are past with me, and I am older by fourscore years since the first time I had the honour to see you. I got a giddiness by raw fruit when I was a lad in England, which I never could be wholly rid of, and it is now too late, so that I confine myself entirely to a domestic life. I am visited seldom, but visit much seldomer. I dine alone like a King, having few acquaintance, and those lessening daily. This town is not what you left it, and I impute the cause altogether to your absence. I fear if your sister mends, as I pray God she will, it is rather due to the journey than the Bath water.

It was impossible to answer your letter from Paradise;¹ the old Grecians of Asia called every fine garden by that name, and besides, when I consulted some friends, they conceived that wherever you resided that must needs be a *paradise*. Yet this was too general a direction if you were in a humour of rambling, unless the post-office had constant intelligence of your stages. With great submission I am sorry to find a lady make use of the word paradise, from which you turned us out as well as yourselves; and pray tell me freely how many of your sex bring it along with them to their husband's houses? I was still at a loss where this Paradise of yours might be, when Mrs. Donnellan discovered the secret; she said it was a place (I forget in what shire) where King Charles the First in his troubles used to ride, because he found good watering for his horse! If that be all, we have ten thousand such paradises in this kingdom, of which you may have your choice, as my bay mare is ready to depose. It is either a very low way of thinking, or as great a failure of education in either sex, to imagine that any man increases in his critical faculty in proportion to his wit or learning; it falls out always directly contrary. A common carpenter will work more cheerfully for a gentleman skilled in his trade, than for a conceited fool who knows nothing of it; I much despise a lady who takes me for a pedant, and you have made me half angry with so many lines in

¹ Sir John Stanley's villa, near Fulham, was called 'Paradise'.

your letter which look like a kind of apology for writing to me. Besides, to say the truth, the ladies in general are extremely mended both in writing and reading since I was young, only it is to be hoped that in proper time gaming and dressing, with some other accomplishments, may reduce them to their native ignorance. A woman of quality, who had excellent good sense, was formerly my correspondent, but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up in a Court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female,¹ and I knew several others of very high quality with the same defect.

I am very glad to find that poor Mrs. Barber hath the honor to be in your favour. I fear she is in no very good way either as to health or fortune; the first must be left to God's mercy, the other to the generosity of some wealthy friends, and I do not know the reason why she is not more at ease in the latter. Her sickness hath made her more expensive than her prudence or nature inclined her; I think she hath every kind virtue, and only one defect, which is too much bashfulness.

Dr. Delany hath long ago given up his house in town. His Dublin friends seldom visit him till the swallows come in. He is too far from town for a winter visit, and too near for staying a night in the country manner; neither is his house large enough; it minds me of what I have heard the late Duchess² complain, that Sion House was a 'hobbedehoy, neither town nor country'.

I believe, Madam, I am mistaken, and think myself to be in your company, where I could never be weary; no it is otherwise, for in such a case I would rather choose to be your silent hearer and looker-on. But whether you may not be tired for the three minutes past is a different question; the surest way is to put an end to the debate by concluding by assuring you that I am, with the truest respect and esteem, Madam, | Your most obedient humble servant | Jonath. Swift.

¹ The allusion may be to the Countess of Orkney.

² Presumably the Duchess of Somerset. She had died in 1722.

7 February 1735-6

Swift to Alexander Pope

Faulkner 1741

Swift to Alexander Pope

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

It is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary¹ told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us hereticks can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickle was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship exprest his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people^r: He is a most excessive Whig, but without any appearing rancor: and his Idol is K. William: besides, 3000 *l.* a year is an invincible sweetner⁷.²

I have no body now left but you: Pray be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembring me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his

¹ Walter Carey, secretary to the Duke of Dorset. He had previously held administrative clerkships in England; and is supposed to be the 'Umbra' in Pope's poem of that name (Pope-Swift *Miscellanies*, 1727, i. 128). He was removed from office in Feb. 1736-7.

² The passage in half-brackets appears only in the 1740 text and Faulkner, 1741.

letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant: 'I have not an ounce of flesh between the skin and bone; yet I walk often four or five miles, and ride ten or a dozen.'¹ But I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese-language as my own. I am as fit for Matrimony as Invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetick, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness: and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour?² Give me also some account of your neighbour³ who writ to me from the Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reasons I ever was able to form, and against the Maxims of all wise christian governments, which always had some established Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

Forster 530

Thomas Griffith to Swift

Jervis-Quay Febr^y 8th 1735.

Reverend Sir⁴

Nothing but the last extremity and your Humanity can plead my excuse for troubling you, with the many Misfortunes, that at present attend me—Having defended my Self from my merciless Creditors,

¹ The passage in half-brackets appears only in the 1740 text and Faulkner, 1741.

² William Cheselden, a surgeon held in high esteem by Pope. He won fame by his skill in cutting for the stone. *D.N.B.*

³ Faulkner, 1741, identifies the neighbour as Bolingbroke; but the allusion is to Pulteney, who is elsewhere spoken of as Pope's neighbour and who wrote to Swift from Bath, 22 Nov. 1735.

⁴ For Thomas Griffith see p. 376.

8 February 1735

Thomas Griffith to Swift

as long as my Circumstances, cou'd possibly protect me, But now they all fall upon me with determin'd cruelty, and resolve to undo me, tho' I am willing to divide the last shilling of my late Benefit Play amongst 'em, but that is not sufficient by forty or fifty pounds, to answer their Demands—my Good friend Council^r B—¹ having pursu'd me with implacable Malice, and run me to such expences at Law, that each original Debt is doubl'd; and Executions taken out against me, and no hopes to save me and my poor helpless family from ruine, unless your charitable known Goodness interposes—therefore Dear Sir, my last and only hope is fix'd on your generous Disposition, who sav'd a whole unhappy Nation from Destruction, will lend your supporting hand to defend me and my little State from Misery and Misfortune; and I will with utmost Gratitude repay it at my next Benefit, or in such other manner, as you shall please to direct. | Sr | your most Obedient | and | most Humble Servant | Tho. Griffith

To the Rever^d Dean Swift

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[10 February 1735–6]

I am sorry to hear your Complaints still of Giddiness,² I was in hopes that woud have mended like my purblind Eyes with old Age, and according to the Custom of all old Wemen I must recommend to y^u a medecin, which is certainly a very innocent one & they say dos great good to that distemper which is only wearing oyl Cloath the Breadth of your feet and next to y^r skin, I have often found it do me good for the head ach, I dont know what ofences the Duke of Dorsets . . .³ commits in your Eyes, but to my apprehension the Parliament cant but behave well, since they have let him have such a quiet Sessions, and as to all sorts of Politicks they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those that has

¹ It seems possible that his 'good kind friend' was Bettesworth, and that his pretext for appealing to Swift was his being a victim of the serjeant.—Ball.

² In reply to her letter of 13 Nov. 1735.

³ Following upon 'Dorsets' are four words scrawled out, apparently 'Club as you call them'. The appellation was used by Swift of the Irish Parliament.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

10 February 1735-6

better skill in them¹ if my neice has been humbled by being nine years older her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the Eyes of many People,² so she may grow proud again upon that, the Countess of Suffolk is your humble servant, and Mr Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose theres no doubt of it, for I will answer for my friends sincerity, and I dont question Mr Popes, And why pray do you fancy I dont desire to cultivate Mr Popes acquaintance, but perhaps if I seek it too much I might meet with a Rebuff as you say her M: did, however we do often dine together at third places, & as to my own House tho he woud be extream wellcome, he has too numerous friends & acquaintance already to spare me a day, without you will come to England & then he might be induced to meet you here, Mr^s Biddy Floyd hast past thus far of the Winter in better health than usual, tho her Cough wont forsake her, she is much your humble servant & so is most sincerely yr old friend E.G.

10 feb: 1735-6

Address: To | The Rev^d Dr Swift | Dean of St Patricks in | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 10 FE

Endorsed by Swift: L^{dy} E. Germain Rx | Feb. 20th 1735-6 and L^{dy} E. Germain | Feb. 20th 1735 | To answer.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

Feb. 18, 1735-6.

My dear Madam,

I pity you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him.³ I count already that you and I and the world must lose him; but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments: I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity,

¹ The session for Dorset had been easy, for the English interest was unaffected; but the noise and haranguing about the tithe of agistment led Swift to write the *Legion Club*.

² Apparently Swift had seen Lady Betty's niece.

³ Theophilus Harrison, Mrs. Whiteway's son by her first husband, twenty-three years of age, was lying on his death-bed.

18 February 1735-6

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient,
Ec. | J. Swift.

Deane Swift 1768

Bishop Hort to Swift

February 23, 1735-6.

Reverend Sir,

I send you the whole piece,¹ such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, Ec. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant, | J.K.²

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

¹ The manuscript contained a skit upon the then fashionable game of cards, called quadrille. The allusion to 'the Faulconer' is to George Faulkner, by whom the piece was published as a single sheet printed on both sides. Bettesworth took exception to a passage in which it was suggested that in cases of dispute between ladies playing the game he should be employed to arbitrate, and 'if any Lady should find herself aggrieved by the decision of the said S-rj-t B—th; it shall be lawful for her to remove her Cause by Appeal before the *Upright Man* in *Essex-street*'. He laid a complaint before the House of Commons. Faulkner was committed to Newgate, 3 Mar. 1735-6. After two apologies he was discharged on 9 Mar. Edward Waters, who reprinted the satire, was also apprehended (*Journals of the House of Commons of Ireland*, iv, part i, 211-16). See also 'On a Printer's being sent to Newgate, by —', *Poems*, iii. 822. The Upright Man was an oak figure which then stood in Essex Street.

² Josiah Kilmore.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Miss Harrison

February 23, 1735-6.

Dear Miss Harrison,

I am in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother *Whiteway*¹ would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother *Whiteway* write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever,
Ec. | J. Swift.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

February 23, 1735-6.

Dear Sir,

I am extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again,² which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. [Rochfort] cannot be so unjust as to let me be above — pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute³ he shook off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally *Irish* solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady *Betty Tattle* and *John Solemn*⁴ (if my money be not

¹ By her second husband Mrs. Whiteway had two sons. The elder of the two received the name of Ffolliott.

² Presumably as told in a letter of reply to Sheridan's of 17 January.

³ The 'profligate brute' was, as subsequently appears, a nephew of Nim Rochfort, one of the sons of his brother George, who had died six years before that time.—Ball.

⁴ That is between the 'brute's' mother, Lady Elizabeth Rochfort, and his uncle Nim.

23 February 1735-6

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a law-suit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may encrease, and once more put me out of a miserable dependance upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the *Cyclades* in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. *Harrison* is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off *Drumcor* last year.

Deane Swift 1768

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

February 25, 1735-6.

Dear Madam,

In the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on *Monday*¹ to Miss *Harrison*, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harrassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will

¹ 23 Feb. 1735-6.

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

25 February 1735-6

make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will always be putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care shall be taken of you, and Dr. *Robinson* will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. *Ridgeway* shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss *Harrison* return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam, your most obedient servant and cousin, | J. Swift.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Feb. 29, 1735-6.

Dear Sir,

I sincerely condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. *Harrison*, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. *Price* cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum;¹ if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

¹ An order in Council for the disposal of money set apart for particular purposes of state; and thence, in a more general sense, the fund from which such payments were made.

2 March 1735

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

W. R. Le Fanu

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Mar. 2^d 1735.

¹Some time before your Letter of Feb. 23^d My Deafness came on me and my head was out of order although not with the violence that you have known it. I am now somewhat better. I rode out yesterday in a most violent cold day, which flattered me till I got on horseback, which I had not been for a month; and yet to day I could hear Mr^s Ridgeways voice, which is none of the loudest. I live still in the old way, *nine* days every week I dine at home, but in revenge I forbid the Sunday spongers, whom in the lump I never loved to see, and cared less to hear when I could not hear at all.—And so you pretend to reproach me for unadvisableness. Teneas Damasippe tuis te.²—How could I stay longer in your Town where there is neither house, nor Country, nor Town nor Garden to walk in—I had a present lately from Cavan with a Letter I suppose in a female hand well writ, and a Present along with it of two Leverets, but no name, I guess it came from dear Mr^s Donaldson³ but fearing it came from another, who might have steeped the Leverets in ratsbane I made Mr^s Ridgeway eat with me, that we might be both poisoned together; And going off safe I am sorry that I injured Diabolisam.⁴ I fully allow one part of what you challenge: I mean your fame of following the worst advice, but the other of giving the best, is not yet come to my Knowledge. I have not yet spoke so fully to Mr J. Rochfort, as I intend to do; but I was too ill to see any company at all. In some days I will let you know the result of his Generosity. I doubt the Rochforts both Male and Female have no very sharp sense of feeling, upon the score of Avarice; but I could wish you could give categorical answers to every single Objection of theirs which I repeated as far as my Remembrance went, in one of my Letters; particularly of L^{dy} B—s⁵ that when the boy had sold his horse, you bought him a pair of Boots: What a mischief had you to buy him a horse, directly

¹ From the original in the possession of Mr. W. R. Le Fanu, Shottesbrook, Boreham, Chelmsford. It was printed in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. xii, together with Swift's letter to the Rev. Philip Chamberlain, 20 May 1731. The two originals were then in the possession of J. Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist.

² Horace, *Sat.* ii. 3, 324.

³ The owner of the inn at Cavan.

⁴ Sheridan's wife.

⁵ Lady Betty's.

against L^{dy} B—s advice; who strictly desired you to hind^r the Townsman from trusting him: Another thing how came you to write a Lett^r to L^{dy} Betty, and commended the Boy above the Skyes for every virtue, as well as excellent parts; not that which you writ when I was with you, onely barely saying that he was something mended and had a little capacity. This I mentioned before, but you answered nothing. As to your Lease-money, which I am to receive in July. 20 next; I am satisfied with it; but pray know that I was tenant, and have a Title to the rent, which, however I give up, if my Money be duly payd. Perhaps you are ignorant that I never was without a good sum of ready money about me, till you stripped me so bare that I am forced to borrow upon Interests. For I have not a Tenant from whom I have not got all my Rent that I can reasonably demand. I have not seen D^r Helsham above once since I got yr Lett^r, and then it was not in my memory to ask him about your Purchaser Jones.

We have lost that poor young Man M^r Harrison to my infinite sorrow and disappointment, and to the very near breaking of his Mother's heart; It proved a spotted fever, which is near as ruinous as a Plague—The Doct^r found no bad symtoms, then out came the Spots then says the Doctr, He does not *lose ground*, and so¹ on till he *got ground*, which was a Grave. I proposed much satisfaction in seeing the young man often and leading him in his own virtuous way. Upon his Death I ordered the account of it with his impartial Character to be printed in Faulkner's news-paper. I have since seen the Mother and Miss Molly once. The latter succeeds to his Estate, which will soften her sorrow much. I have not yet seen M^r Bond, nor do I know any thing of him. Did I tell you, that I much esteem your younger Son, but I thought him a little too much on the *qui vive*, which I would have you reform in him. I know no other fault in him . . He is an English boy, and learned it there.² Pray let me know who sent me the Leverets, and my service to M^{rs} Donellan³ M^{rs} Adreen Mrs every body. I forget their names but do you tell them by name, and to the Barrack Gentleman. I am ever y^r &c.

¹ 'So' written above the line.

² Sheridan had another son called Richard, but the reference here is to Thomas, who was at Cavan while Swift was there. He had been educated at Westminster School.

³ A slip. Swift evidently meant to refer to Mrs. Donaldson, the hostess of the inn at Cavan.

2 March 1735

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

I had forgot your second that Letter wherein you speak of young Harrisons death. I wonder that you should write to me about concordatums for old M^r Price, a dog in your street hath as much Power as I to do any thing for any Friend.

But it is the weakness of all recommenders, and the Duke¹ and I talked much upon the Indiscretion of that kind of People this very morning.

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to Lord Orrery

[9 March 1735-6]

My dear Lord,²

If I were fit for any Company I would have waited on you; but am hindred by a certain return of deafness whenever I venture into the cold Air. I was with the Duke of Dorset last week, who told me your Story, and filled me with anger as well as grief, I should not grieve much if your illness would punish you enough, but never return again except you deserved it by acting a part which does not belong to you nor ever must. You danced till your body was all in a sweat. At half an hour after two, The Duke thought you were gone home; but you stayd till five in an outer Room with a dozen of fellows, enough to kill any body of a much stronger constitution, you are neither fitted in body or Mind, or principles for such a way of living.³ Regularity of Life is what you were destined for by God and Nature, in spight of your being a Lord; and if you throw it off, throw off every good quality besides, that you may better resemble your Brethren. I hope you will take this as you ought, and obey me . . Honor, Health, long life, and the favor of God depend upon it.

¹ Of Dorset.

² Part only of this letter is printed by Ball.

³ In a letter written by Lord Orrery, on 15 May 1736, he describes the serious consequences of over-exertion in dancing from eight o'clock till four at a ball held in Dublin Castle. 'From the 4th of March till the 10th, the Fates did not declare their will, and I waited for their Orders either to stay in this World or go into the next.' Eventually, 'by Milk, Care and Exercise' he recovered; and reports himself as 'likely to Remain among the living'. Swift's stern advice was not without warrant. See *Orrery Papers*, i. 159.

Swift to Lord Orrery

9 March 1735-6

All which in abundance is the Wish of | Your most obedient |
humble Ser^{vt} | J. S.

Mar. 9th | 1735—

Endorsed by Orrery: March 9. 1735./6. and numbered N^o 11.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Charles Wogan

1735[-6]

Honoured Sir,¹

I think you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude: Because, although I were utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country; you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me,² which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother,³ and some near relations in this country, and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy: Although the Court hath thought it better in point of politics, and, to keep the goodwill of Cardinal Fleury,⁴ hath thought it proper, to

¹ This appears to be a belated acknowledgement of Wogan's letter of 27 Feb. 1732-3. Deane Swift gives the date as 1735. The allusion to parliament and the clergy in the second paragraph makes March 1735-6 a probable date.

² Deane Swift has a note: 'These writings are at present in the hands of the editor of these volumes, all of them under Sir Charles Wogan's own hand.' According to a note by Ball they were in 1913 in the possession of the Most Rev. Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh. The Wogan manuscript is a bound volume containing 250 pages, 6 by 8 inches. Above the preface to the volume is written in a different ink: 'Ex libris Caroli Aylmer, Dunsith, Co. Kildare, 1770.' How the manuscript in the possession of Charles Aylmer came into the diocesan archives of Galway is not known.

³ Mr. Wogan of Rathcoffee.

⁴ Fleury was then Prime Minister of France.

make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than those of yours, and have made an universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left.¹ I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: To which you answered in a disinterested manner, That you only desired my Works. It is true indeed that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worse hands: That he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy: That, when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine-countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the South of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates; because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail for want of its usual share of sun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein, if you agree, I will make Mr. Hall, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get. For my disorders, with the help of years, make wine

¹ Dr. Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, used to call this Spanish wine his Hero wine.—Deane Swift.

absolutely necessary to support me. And, if you were not a person of too considerable a rank, (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you descend so low, as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret-drinkers here will be content with. For, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall *Cassalia*) they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for Honest Claret.

Deane Swift 1768

Thomas Carter to Swift

Henrietta-street, March 11, 1735-6.

Sir,¹

I would have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. *Jarvis*.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant, | Thomas Carter.

Rothschild

Swift to an Unknown Lady

[24 March 1735-6]

Madam

I send you a Tribute of some Oranges lately done for me, by a Lady to whom I gave my Receipt. You are to keep them in some

¹ The writer of this letter held a distinguished position in Ireland. Born in 1690, he became Master of the Rolls in 1731, was admitted to the Privy Council in 1732, and was Secretary of State 1755-60. His house in Henrietta Street, Dublin, was a splendid mansion. Several portraits of him were painted by Jervas. How far Swift's regard for him extended is doubtful. A variant reading of line 185 of *The Legion Club* (*Poems*, iii. 837) names him as 'Gallows Carter'. See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 202.

24 March 1735-6

Swift to an Unknown Lady

warm place within the smell of a fire, till they grow dry. | I am
Madam | Your most obedient | humble Servant | J: Swift.

Deanry-House | Mar. 24 | 1735

My most humble service to the Ladyes

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

March 25, 1736.

If ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man,¹ viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human *Reason*, and *Science*. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable, *Arts*. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different *Capacities*: 4. Of the use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram*! My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain: the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find my self but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see what friends I have!² Pray whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conver-

¹ On this project, never realized, see Spence, p. 315, and *Essays . . . presented to David Nichol Smith* (1945), pp. 57-58.—Sherburn.

² The clandestine text of 1740 is here corrupt: it reads 'how friends I have'. Swift edited this, 1741, to read 'what friends I have!'; and the London texts of 1741 and 1742 read 'how few friends I have left'—Sherburn.

sation to obtain by 'em? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Chéselden's.¹ I conclude you were eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? it shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of Chirurgery; and has sav'd the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord Bolingbroke's, since he went to France.² Nothing can depress his Genius; Whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. 'Here are a race sprung up of young Patriots, who would animate you.'³ I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford you room for your self and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home! the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardiner, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me: But gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says *Agricultura proxima sapientiae*. For God's sake, why should not you, (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales Animae Concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

¹ See p. 458, n. 2.

² It is impossible to say which of Bolingbroke's writings were at this time forwarded to Pope.

³ This sentence is omitted in the Pope London texts of 1741-2.

27 March 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

27 March, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I had a pleasure and a grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours,¹ was so odd and out of the way, that if *Artemidorus* were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was; *Imprimis*, I fell asleep (or I could not dream) and what was the first thing I saw, but honest *Cato* in a cock-boat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * * *

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

April 3d, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I would have written last post, but I had such a violent head ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.

¹ A letter from Swift subsequent to that of 2 Mar. may have disappeared. Sheridan's letter apparently refers to his financial straits.

3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. *Whiteway*.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants blunders.
6. Take a chearful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly, and my life for yours we shall see better times in the next century.

I am now sowing some pease and beans, and writing a satire upon Mr. *Fairbrother*,¹ whom I stile *Fowlbrother* the parish-boy. It begins thus;

Thou lowest scoundel of the scoundel kind,
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.

And shall end thus:

I'll make thy dunghill reputation s—k,
Write thee to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints of a softer kind, I beg you may send them by the next post; for I am in haste to whip the rascal through *Dublin*. Present my very humble service to Mrs. *Whiteway*. May angels protect and keep you for the sake of your friends, is the sincere wish of your most obedient and very humble servant.

While footman like he waits in every hall,
His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all.
Graceful and comely she, he scarce a man,
A dire contrast of scald-crow with a swan.

4806

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Brook street 22^d April 1736.

S^r

I am sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath.² I was in hopes you might have been prevail'd with,

¹ Samuel Fairbrother, a Dublin printer, 'In Skinner's Row, over against The Tholsel' at the sign of 'the King's Arms', issued successive *Miscellanies*, 1728-35, in which he pilfered at large from the Pope-Swift miscellany volumes 1727-32, and in 1735 from the Faulkner volumes. The 1735 volume aroused the anger of Swift and Sheridan. See *Poems*, Introduction, pp. xxxvi-xxxviii.

² In his letter of 29 Jan. 1735-6.

and though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your Health took place of it. I have heard since I receiv'd the favour of your last letter that you have been much out of order, I believe we sympathiz'd for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and Cough for a month which oblig'd me to defer answering your letter 'till I came to Town. I left the Bath last Wednesday was senight very full & gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London, all the entertainments of the place lye in a small compass & you are at your liberty to partake of them or let them alone just as it suits your humour. This Town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets in going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was griev'd at parting with Mr^s Barber, I left her pretty well, I had more pleasure in her conversation than from any thing I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes, she is very much recover'd and in town with me at present, but leaves me in a Fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of Town last autumn the reigning madness was Faranelli,¹ I find it now turn'd on Pasquin² a dramattick satire on the times, it has had almost as long a run as the beggars Opera, but in my opinion not with equal merit, though it has humour.

Monstrous preparations are making for the Royal wedding,³ Pearl, gold & silver, Embroider'd on gold & silver Tissues. I am too poor & too dull to make one among the fine Multitude. the news papers say My Lord Carterets youngest Daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford, I hear nothing of it from the family, but think it not unlikely.⁴ the Duke of Marlborough & his Grandmother are upon bad terms.⁵ the Duke of Bedford who has also been very ill

¹ A Neapolitan *castrato* who, after winning fame as a singer in Rome and Vienna, made his appearance in London in 1734.

² Fielding's *Pasquin. A Dramatic Satire on the Times* was a prodigious success and ran for more than sixty nights. It was published on 8 Apr. 1736.

³ The marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to the Princess Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, was solemnized at St. James's on 26 Apr. 1736.

⁴ Twelve years later Lord Carteret's fourth daughter became the wife of the fourth Marquess of Tweeddale. The Duke of Bedford was a widower. His first wife was a sister of Lord Carteret's son-in-law, the Hon. John Spencer.

⁵ The younger Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve's patroness, had died in 1733. She was succeeded in the title by her nephew, Charles Spencer.

treated by her, has offer'd the Duke of Marlborough to supply him with Ten Thousand pounds a year if he will go to Law & torment the Old Dowager. the Duke of Chandos's Marriage has made a great noise,¹ & the poor Dutchess is often reproach'd with her being bred up in Burr street Wapping. Mr^s Donnellan I am afraid is so well treated in Ireland that I must despair of seeing her here, & how or when I shall be able to come to her, I can't yet determine. she is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you. I hope I shall hear from you soon. you owe me that pleasure for the concern I was under when I heard you was ill, I am | S^r | your faithfull & oblig'd | humble servant | M. Pendarves

I beg my compliments to all Friends that remember me, but particularly to D^r Delany.

Address: To | The Dean of St Patrick's | at the Deanary | Dublin

Endorsed by Swift: Apr 22—1736 | M^{rs} Pendarves. | To answr

Faulkner 1741

Swift to Alexander Pope

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which quite discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear, and roar among my friends. As to what you say of your Letters,² since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my Executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my Will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tyed up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more. I have a little repined

¹ The Duke of Chandos married as his third wife Lydia Catharine, daughter of a John Vanhattem and widow of Sir Thomas Davall, M.P. She brought her second husband a helpful fortune in his embarrassed financial circumstances.

² If Swift, as appears evident, is replying to Pope's letter of 25 Mar. the passage to which he alludes has been omitted from it.

at my being hitherto slipped by you in some Epistle, not from any other ambition than that Title of a Friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of Poetry, I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age where Invention still keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity: but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to Verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of Morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said that the loss of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? on your side men of fame start up and dye before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord Bolingbroke's Genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the Author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour, Mr. Pulteney.¹ It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent Understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am as you describe your self, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young wicked Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

¹ In the *London Daily Post*, 8 May 1736, it was reported that, 'William Pulteney, Esq; is so well recovered from his Nervous Fever, that he has rode out twice or thrice this week, and continues at Petersham for the Benefit of the Air'.

*Swift and Mrs. Whiteway to the Rev. Thomas
Sheridan*

[24 April 1736]

SWIFT

I have been very ill for these two Months past with Giddiness and Deafness, which lash'd me till about ten Days ago, when I gradually recover'd, but still am Weak and Indolent, not thinking any Thing worth my Thoughts;¹ and although (I forget what I was going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the Pains, <Your Friend Mrs. *Whiteway*, who is upon all Occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole Sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and though she would drink no Wine herself, yet she encreased the Expence by making me force it down her Throat.> Some of your eight Rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry Fellows.² <Mr. *J. R.*³ — never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a Peal in relation to you, that he must be the D—I not to consider it; I will use him the same Way, if he comes To-morrow, (which I do not doubt) for a pint of Wine. I like your Project of a Satyr on *Fairbrother*, who is an arrant Rascal in every Circumstance.>⁴

MRS. WHITEWAY

Every Syllable that is worth reading, in this Letter, you are to suppose I writ it; the Dean only took the Hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forc'd to tell you this in my own Justification. Had you been worth Hanging, you would have come to Town this Vacation, and I would have shown you a Poem on the *Legion-Club*.⁵ I do not doubt but that a certain Person will

¹ Ball quotes the following passage from the *Dublin Gazette* of 23-27 Mar.: 'The Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, has been for some time past very bad; his disorder has turned to an ague, and it is now hoped that he is somewhat better.'

² For this allusion and for the mention of Fairbrother see Sheridan's letter to Swift of 3 Apr.

³ John Rochfort.

⁴ The two paragraphs within angular brackets, in Swift's opening section of this letter, were omitted by Faulkner in 1746, viii. 436, and later.

⁵ This poem was prompted by Swift's support of the clergy against

pretend he writ it, because there is a Copy of it in his Hand, lying on his Table; but do not you mind that, for there are some People in the World will say any Thing. I wish you could give some Account of poor Dr. *Sheridan*; I hear the Reason he did not come to Town this *Easter* is, that he waited to see a Neighbour of his Hang'd.

SWIFT

Whatever is said in this Page by Goody *Whiteway*, I have not read nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a Lie; for she says you have taught her that Art, and as the World goes, and she takes you for a wise Man, she ought to follow your Practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own Affairs, and of your Health; and when will you pay me any Money? for upon my Conscience you have half starved me.

MRS. WHITEWAY

The Plover Eggs¹ were admirable, and the Worsted for the Dean's Stockings so fine that not one Knitter here can knit them.

SWIFT

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one Answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our Share, and each of us will read our own Part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that Disorder be better.

MRS. WHITEWAY

If the Dean should give you any Hint about Money, you need not mind him, for to my Knowledge he borrowed twenty Pounds a Month ago, to keep himself alive.

attempts of the Irish House of Commons to deprive them of the tithe of agistment. For further details see *Poems*, iii. 827–8.

¹ Mrs. Pilkington in her *Memoirs*, iii. 62–64, tells us that on an occasion when he had no company he told her she would have the honour to sup with him, and that he would give her 'a most kingly Entertainment'. Not until late was the table laid, and then a 'Servant brought up four blue Eggs, on a China Plate'. Whereupon Swift exclaimed: 'Here, Hussey, . . . is a Plover's Egg; King *William* used to give Crowns apiece for them, and thought it Prophanation in a Subject to eat one of them . . . these Eggs cost me Six pence apiece, which is a little extravagant, considering a Herring will cost but a Halfpenny; but I never exceed two; and this is the only Article in which I am luxurious.'

SWIFT

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. *Whiteway* is to be hang'd on *Tuesday* next, for stealing a Piece of *Indian Silk* out of *Bradshaw's* Shop, and did not set the House on fire, as I advis'd her: I have wrote a very masterly Poem on the *Legion-Club*; which, if the Printer will be condemn'd to be Hang'd for it, you will see in a three-penny Book; for it is 240 Lines.¹ Mrs. *Whiteway* is to have half the Profit and half the Hanging.

MRS. WHITEWAY

The *Drapier* went this Day to the *Tholsel* as a Merchant, to sign a Petition to the Government against lowering the Gold, where we hear he made a long Speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite.² God send Hanging does not go round. | Yours, &c.

April 24, 1736.

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Deanery House, 5 May 1736]

My Lord.

Although Your Grace be very soon to leave us; and, that considering my years and Infirmities, I can not reasonably expect ever to see you again; Yet since you have many Preferments in the Church to dispose of, which it is understood, will be done before your De-

¹ Several manuscript copies of the poem passed from hand to hand; but no Dublin publication in 1736, the year of its composition, can be traced. The poem runs to 242 lines.

² 'On Saturday last there was a meeting of the merchants of this city at the Guild Hall in the Tholsel where a remonstrance was drawn up and signed by them to be laid before his Grace the Lord Lieutenant and Council against lowering the gold coin, and among other reasons for the following one: that it would be a cause by lessening the exchange to make the absentees live with better advantage in England. Among the rest the Rev. Dean Swift appeared as a member of the Guild and signed the remonstrance and made a speech which we are told was to the following purpose. . . . ' *Pue's Occurrences*, 24-27 Apr. Swift's speech will be found in a pamphlet printed by E. Waters, *Reasons why we should not lower the Coins now Current in this Kingdom*. The speech, if fully reported, was comparatively brief. See *Prose Works*, ed. Temple Scott, vii. 357.

5 May 1736

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

parture, I cannot but insist, that you will please to think on Mr Marmaduke Phillips,¹ who is the son of a considerable Gentleman some years deceased, of a good estate, part whereof he made over in his life time to this Son, but being an easy negligent Man, careless in his expences, prevailed upon Mr Marmaduke to restore that bit of an Estate, to pay some urgent debt, promising to give him a better, which he was never able to do; by which failure, Mr Philips, who was a younger son, was left wholly unprovided for. He is a loyal subject to K. George, perfectly well educated, and an Ornament to his Profession; In his Travels he had the good fortune to be known to an eminent Commander, My Lady Dutchess's Father,² on which account, I cannot but think he hath some Title to Your Grace's favor, having been recommended by the same Commander, the effects whereof he hath not yet found, which was neither your Grace's fault nor his own, but by the miserable Condition of this unfortunate Kingdom. My Lord, I am very sensible of my unhappyness in thinking differently from Your Grace, both as to Persons and Affairs; and, at what distance you thought fit to keep me, whenever I offered to speak in favor of any one who I thought deserved well. But, whether I am to be believed or no, I protest in the presence of God, that I never moved any thing to Your Grace, which I did not think would be for your Service, and acceptable to those whom you appear most to value, and who have the greatest Veneration for you. Considering the honor I have possessed, of being known to your Grace, and to many of your illustrious family from your early youth, I hope I have not been too importunate or too frequent a Solicitor. To put a great Man in mind of rewarding Virtue and Merit, is indeed not often after the usuall course of proceeding; and perhaps, by the violence of Factions, is less practiced at present, than it hath been for many years past. For, I much doubt whether one Representation of Persons in a thousand, to a Prince, a Viceroy, or a prime Minister, be not more to serve a Scheme, than to reward Virtue, Learning, or good Sense. Besides, My Lord, it is not onely Popularity, but Strict Justice in a chief Governor here, to

¹ Only one letter has survived of any that passed between Phillips and Swift, that of 2 Nov. 1734 written by Phillips. It is not easy to understand the insistence with which Swift urges preferment of Phillips upon the Lord-Lieutenant. He was not in monetary need; nor have we evidence of remarkable deserts as a cleric. In any event Dorset did not respond favourably.

² When twenty-one, and Earl of Dorset, the Duke married Elizabeth, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Walter Philip Colyear.

share part of his favors among those English Inhabitants who lye under the misfortune of being born in this Kingdom; if the latter have equal merit, whereof Your Grace when you are truly informed, will ever be a perfect Judge, and a true Esteemer . . .

Mr Philips is at present in Circumstances unworthy of his Birth, his Virtue, and his Learning. His last Request to me was the meer Result of his long Despondency. It was to desire that Your Grace would please to put him out of Suspence by letting him know whether you had any favorable Intention towards him in the distribution of those Church Preferments now in your gift, because he is much more uneasy under his present uncertainty, than he could be by any Determination.

I have not the least Intention of putting your Grace to the trouble of any Answer to this Letter; but leave the Affair entirely in your own Breast | I am with the highest Respect | My Lord | Your Graces most | dutifull and most | obedient Servant | Jonath: Swift

Deanry-House

May. 5. 1736.

Endorsed: 5th May 1736

Dean Swift

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Bishop Hort

May 12th, 1736.

My Lord,¹

I have two or three times begun a letter to your Lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts

¹ On 23 Feb. Bishop Hort sent to Swift for revision the manuscript of his *New Proposal for the Better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille*. It is not improbable that the paragraph which gave chief offence came from Swift's hand; but the pamphlet was Hort's. The latter, however, refused to admit responsibility in the matter of Faulkner's imprisonment. Swift, therefore, is now writing to him asserting the printer's claim to some compensation. This evidently roused Hort in some measure, but not as far as Swift desired. See his letter to Sheridan of 22 May 1736. Hort's pamphlet appeared in the London miscellany collection *S—t contra omnes*, 1736; it was reprinted by Faulkner, x. 359, by Nichols, *Supplement*, 1779, in Nichols's edition of the *Works*, 1801, viii. 375, and by Scott, 1814, vii. 564.

12 May 1736

Swift to Bishop Hort

upon the affair of the poor printer, who suffered so much upon your Lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; besides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and besides the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common male-factor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your Lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it: And, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: But your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your Lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, that he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss. Indeed, my Lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings apiece, and is a gainer, by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper: Which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordship's commands to me. But, as your Lordship hath since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration, for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad, and particularly from one person too high to name,¹ who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my Lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture

¹ The Duke of Dorset.

to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your Lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings: And, if you shall please to recompence him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And, as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character: For which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your Lordship hath too good an understanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: Because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your Lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordship's credit and service: Because I am, with great truth, Your Lordship's most, &c.

Deane Swift 1768

*The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift and
Mrs. Whiteway*

May 12th, 1736

TO SWIFT

Dear Sir,

I send you an encomium upon *Fowlbrother*¹ inclosed which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good book-seller.¹

¹ Ironically of Fairbrother. See Sheridan to Swift, 3 April.

12 May 1736 *Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift and Mrs. Whiteway*

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Madam,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However I shall not let the Dean know it.

TO SWIFT

Sir,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. *Whiteway* to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Madam,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

TO SWIFT

Sir,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: and you know her to be a good-natured, chearful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman, whereas Mrs. *Whiteway* is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most aukward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Madam,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his

friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

TO SWIFT

Sir,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while, but by the next post you shall have two scholars' notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. [Rochfort] can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. [Ridgeway¹]. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, yours. My tenants are as poor as *Job*, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. *Jones* swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour *Belturbet* as well as *Cavan*. Mr. *Coote*² would give three of his eyes to see you at *Cootehill*. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c., are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull; hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of *Galway* next vacation, I intend to make *Dublin* my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

¹ For her annuity.

² See p. 205, n. 3.

15 May 1736 *Swift and Mrs. Whiteway to Rev. Thomas Sheridan*

Dodsley Miscellanies 1745, x. 137

Swift and Mrs. Whiteway to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[Dublin, 15 May 1736]

SWIFT

Mrs. *Whiteway* and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a Letter since you got to your *Caban* (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean *Cavan*: But, however, we mingled Pity; for we feared you had run away from School, and left the Key under the Door.¹ We were much disappointed, that the Spring and beginning of Summer had not introduced the Muses, and that your (now) walkable Roads had not rous'd your Spirits. We are here the happiest People in the Universe; we have a Year and a half before the Club will meet, to be reveng'd further on the Clergy, who never offended them; and in *England* their Parliament are following our Steps, only with two or three Steps for our one:² It is well you have done with the Church, but pray take Care to get Money, else in a Year or two more they will forbid all *Greek* and *Latin* Schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutchess To-Day. He has prevailed on us to make a Promise to bestow upon *England* 25000*l.* a Year for ever, by lowering the Gold Coin, against the Petition of all the Merchants, Shop-keepers, &c. to a Man. May his own Estate be lowered the other forty Parts, for we now lose by all Gold two and a half *per Cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) Man by 60000*l.* than he was when he came over, and the Nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a Million; besides the worthy Method he hath taken in Disposal of Employments in Church and State. Here is a cursed long Libel running about in Manuscript, on the *Legion-Club*; it is in Verse and the foolish Town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen³ abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one.⁴

¹ Probably Sheridan had been away for the holidays. Easter fell on 25 Apr.

² The allusion is to the bill for the relief of Quakers in the recovery of tithes, which was afterwards rejected by the Lords.

³ Thirteen is the number in the version printed by Faulkner.

⁴ At this point Faulkner, 1746, viii. 439, introduces a long passage: 'I have often given my Opinion that an honest Man never wished himself to be younger. My Sentiment I find ought not to have been universal, because to my Sorrow

Swift and Mrs. Whiteway to Rev. Thomas Sheridan 15 May 1736

What has *Fowlbrother* done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your Provocations; but he was a Fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done I will have it printed; and the Title shall be, *Upon a certain Bookseller (or Printer) in Utopia.*—Mrs. *Whiteway* will be here To-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted Letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one Night.

MRS. WHITEWAY

Sir,

I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil Things you have said to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good Effect of them this Day; when I waited on him, he received me with great Good-humour, said something had happened since he saw me last that had convinced him of my Merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little Distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble Companion, but like a Lady of Wit and Learning, and Fortune, that if he could prevail upon Dr. *Sheridan* to part with his Wife, he would make her his Friend, his Nurse, and the Manager of his Family. I approved entirely of his Choice, and at the same Time expressed my Fears, that it wou'd be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me, but considering the Friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his Good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the Expence of giving three Shillings and Four-pence for a Wife, and he declares that the badness of Pay of his Tythes, since the Resolutions of the Parliament of *Ireland*, puts this out of his Power.

SWIFT

I could not guess why you were so angry at *Fowl-brother*; till Mrs. *Whiteway*, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some Works of yours and mine like a Rogue; which is so I have lived to change. I have seen since the Death of the late Queen (who had few equals before her in every Virtue, since Monarchy began) so great a Contempt of Religion, Morality, Liberty, Learning, and common Sense, among us in this Kingdom; a hundred Degrees beyond what I ever met with in any Writer antient or modern. I am very confident, that a compleat History of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd Proceedings in this Kingdom, would contain twelve large Volumes in Folio, of the smallest Letter in the largest Paper.'

15 May 1736 *Swift and Mrs. Whiteway to Rev. Thomas Sheridan*

usual to their Trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that Mrs. *Donaldson* will let me know what I owe her, not in Justice but Generosity. If you could find Wine and Victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the Summer with you, if Health would permit me; for I have some Club-Enemies that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot; it is a Death I have a particular Aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with Servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my Killers; however, I would have them be the Beginners. <I will do what I can with Mr. *R—*, who (Money excepted) is a very honest Man:>¹ How is your Breathing? As to myself, my Life and Health are not worth a Groat: How shall we get Wine to your Cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing Diaculum to save my Skin as far as *Cavan*; and even to *Belturbet*. Pray God preserve you. | I am, &c.

Dub. May 15, 1736.

May 15, 1736.

Rothschild²

Swift to Mrs. Whiteway

May the 15th 1736

I promise to pay to Mr^s Martha Whiteway for the use of her Son John Whiteway, whenever he becomes to³ some able Chirurgian a Prentice, and six Months after he is bound apprentice to the s^d Chirurgian, the sum of one hundred pounds Sterl, as a Reward or fine, to be given to the s^d Chirurgion for receiving the s^d John Whiteway for his Apprentice, and for teaching him the Art of Chirurgery Witness my hand and Seal this fifteenth day of May 1736

—six | Jonath: Swift

Witnesses presnt

signed and seald in the presence of

Roger Kendrick

Alexd^r Broaders

¹ The words within angular brackets do not appear in Faulkner's text. *R—* is probably John Rochfort. See pp. 462 & n., 465, 478 & n. 3, 486, 492–3 etc.

² This document is now in Lord Rothschild's Library no. 2273. The provenance is from William Mitchell of Ballymullen, Grogan, Leix. There is a copy in the Forster Collection. It was reproduced in *Jonathan Swift, Dean and Pastor*, by R. W. Jackson, 1939.

³ 'Prentice' written above 'becomes to' struck out in the manuscript.

The Rev. John Geree to Swift

Letcomb May 16. 1736

Mr Dean¹

If you have not quite forgot an old Acquaintance, living in a little obscure Corner of the World call'd Letcomb near Wantage in Berks, I beg leave to recommend to you the Bearer, a Gentleman belonging to the Army, son to the Lady Scroggs,² who is my Parishioner, and succeeded the late Mr George Fettiplace in his House & Estate. I have sent some Translations of Horace by this Gentleman; which I beg you would look over, and give me your impartial Opinion of them. You will excuse the Interlineations, &c. because having but just finish'd the revising & correcting them, I had not time to get them transcrib'd. I shall trouble you no farther, than to add that any Favours shewn to Captain Scroggs, shall be very thankfully acknowledg'd by | S^r | Your most obedient | & oblig'd humble | Servant | John Geree

Address: To | The Rev. D^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patrick's

Endorsed by Swift: Mr Geree of | Berkshire. | To answer.

In Swift's hand: Since she is my dearest Parent

But since that she is my Parent,
shall

I must with her be still content.³

Forster 551⁴

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[22 May 1736]

I receivd your Letter yesterday, and your two Receipts to Mr Mac Auley and Mr Lucas;⁵ I writ this morning to M^c Auley who

¹ No letter from Swift to Geree has survived; and no letter from Geree since that of 24 Apr. 1714. In 1734 Geree had been appointed a Canon of Hereford. He lived until 1761.

² Lady Scroggs was the second wife and widow of Sir William Scroggs, a distinguished lawyer of his day, who died in 1695 only twelve years after his father, also Sir William, famous Lord Chief Justice in Charles II's reign. Lady Scroggs died in 1746 at the age of eighty-one.

³ The lines written by Swift on the same piece of paper as the letter, and in part struck through, may, perhaps, be read as amendments of the verses submitted to him.

[For notes 4, 5 see opposite.

22 May 1736

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

owns the debt, and is ready to pay it. I hear he is a most worthy man; and writ an excellent discourse in defence of the Clergy; which I have read with much Pleasure. I writ to Mr Lucas, but he has been gone home this fortnight to the County of Monaghan, so you may fish for him as you please . . . But, pray let me in return employ you as you do me. Mrs Ridgeway hath a whole years annuity due to her since the 10th of March last, settled as you know for life by the late L^d Newtown.¹ You are desired to write to Mr Jones of Belurbet to send it up to me to be payd on my Receipt, because I have purchased it, although I pay it constantly to her. It seems he hath agreed to pay it already. So, you have nothing to do but send to him; it is 20 pounds, and I desire it may be returned to me, upon Mrs Ridgeway and me giving our Receipts. <I will on Monday (this is Saterdy May 22^d as you will read below in the date)² send or talk to Mr Smith: But I distrust your Sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your Justice-ship be fixt, but I shall know nex[t] week and write or act accordingly.³ I battled in vain with the Duke and his Clan against the lowring of Gold. which is just a kind settlement upon Engl^d of 25000*ll* a year for ever: Yet some of my Friends differ from me; Though all agree, that the Absentees will be just so much Gainers. I am excessively glad, that your Difficulty of breathing is over; For what is Life but Breath . . . I mean not that of our Nostrills, but our Lungs. You must in Summer ride every half holyday, and go to Church every Sunday some miles off. The People of England

¹ i.e. Lord Newtown-Butler.

² No date is written below.

³ Subsequent letters show that Sheridan was anxious to be placed on the commission of the peace for the county of Cavan.

⁴ This letter, as here printed, follows Swift's autograph in the Forster Collection, no. 551. Whether, in this form, it was ever dispatched to Sheridan remains doubtful. As printed in the Dodsley *Miscellanies*, 1745, x. 149, and Faulkner, *Works*, 1746, viii. 438, without date, the first fifteen lines and the last twenty, which were struck through with irregular perpendicular lines, are omitted. Furthermore, the last seven lines, beginning with 'I had somewhat more to say', are written with another quill and a fainter ink. That portion of the letter printed by Dodsley and Faulkner is contained within angular brackets.

⁵ It was probably at this time that Swift became acquainted with the barrister Alexander Macaulay, who, when the Bill of Agistment was before the House of Commons, published a tract, *Property Inviolable: Or Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet Entitled Prescription Sacred*. On behalf of the clergy it attacked the Commons, and led to a sincere tribute from Swift in his will. Francis Lucas was M.P. for Monaghan.

are copying from us to plague the Clergy, but they intend far to out-do the Originall. I wish I were to be born next Century, when we shall be utterly rid of Parsons. Of which God be thanked you are none at present, and untill Your Bishop give you a Living, I will leave off (except this Letter) giving you the Title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a Letter with a Witness, relating to his Printer of Quadrille (did you ever see it) with which he half ruined poor Falkner. He promise[s] (against his Nature) to consider him, but interposed an Exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs White[way] gives her self airs of loving you, but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going *for* to get another Favorite. In short she calls you names, and has neither Mr nor Dr, in her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and Pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this, in spite of me; and between our selves she sets up to be my Governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull,¹ and I would have writ to him, but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The Poem on the Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I onely saw the Originall) and so damnably murdered that they have added many of the Club to the True Number. I hear it is charged to me, with great Personall theatnings from the Puppies offended. Some say they will wait for Revenge to their next meeting. Others say, the Privy Councill will summon the suspected Author. If I could get the true Copy I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the Real Author is manifest by the works.—Your loss of Flesh is nothing, if it be made up with Spirit. God help him who hath neither. I mean my self. I believe I shall say with Horace Non omnis Moriar, for half my Body is already spent.> I could live with you a Summer Month or two, if you were not so rank a Beggar, pray leave off that Trade. Besides, I have no flesh to support me so long a Journy. And yet, if a lucky Season of tolerable health and leisure should happen; come I would. Our late [Lord Lieutenant] hath left a damnable stink behind him to all honest men's Noses; but, is a better man (as the World calls it) honestly got by his Governmt. My Friends have all left me except Mrs Whiteway and the Grattans. I wish you would send me a fresh Account of what Mr Rochfort owes you for his hopefull Nephew. The Boy was sent to one of my Prebend^{rys} Mr Towers in County of Wicklow;² but playd

¹ The Lord Chancellor's secretary.

² The Rev. John Towers, rector of Powerscourt.

22 May 1736

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

the Devil as usuall and was sent back, and strolls the Town. Mr Rochfort (I mean John) is gone to his Country house for this Summer, six miles off . . .¹ I spoke earnestly to him on your Demands, but if I get his account, I will write ten times more violent.—I had somewhat more to say, but I went to see Mr^s Whiteway, who got drunk yesterday at the Deanry with eating too much Turbot (for we had a Dean and Chapter dinner) and she was forced to take Laudanum, but is now pretty well. My Service to Mr^s Donalson. I wish she would let me know what I am to pay her for her Thread, or advise me to make her a present, and what it shall be. So adieu & God bless you

Address: To | The Revr^d Doctor Sheridan

Faulkner 1762

Swift to Benjamin Motte

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

Sir,

I lately received a Long Letter from Mr. *Faulkner*, grievously complaining upon several Articles of the ill Treatment² he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous Offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the Fact, having heard but one Side; only one Thing I know, that the cruel Oppressions of this Kingdom by *England* are not to be borne. You send what Books you please hither, and the Booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute Oppression, if I were a Bookseller in this Town, I would use all the safe Means to reprint *London* Books, and run them to any Town, in *England* that I could, because, whoever neither offends the Laws of God, or the Country he liveth in, commiteth no Sin. It was the Fault of you and other Booksellers, who printed any Thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any Advantage. I believe I told you long ago that Mr. *Faulkner* came to me, and told me his intention to print every Thing that my

¹ Nim Rochfort's country house, lying to the north of Dublin, was known as New Park.

² Faulkner has a footnote: '*Motte filed a Bill in Chancery in England, against Faulkner for printing Swift's Works, to stop the Sale of them there, which made the Author write this Letter.*'

Friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it, but when he urged, that some other Bookseller would do it, and that he would take the Advice of my Friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.—But, I am so incensed against the Oppressions from *England*, and have so little Regard to the Laws they make, that I do as a Clergyman encourage the Merchants both to export Wool and Woollen Manufactures to any Country in *Europe*, or any where else; and conceal it from the Custom-House Officers, as I would hide my Purse from a Highwayman, if he came to rob me on the Road, although *England* hath made a Law to the contrary: And, so I would encourage our Booksellers here to sell your Authors Books printed here, and send them to all the Towns in *England*, if I could do it with Safety and Profit; because, (I repeat it) it is no Offence against God or the Laws of the Country I live in. Mr. *Faulkner* hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great Opinion of his Honesty, although I never dealt with him as a Printer or a Bookseller, but since my Friends told me, those Things called mine, would certainly be printed by some Hedge-Bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the Matter. I have some Things which I shall leave my Executors to publish after my Decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in *London*. For, except small Papers, and some Treatises writ for the Use of this Kingdom, I always had those of Importance to be published in *London*, as you well know. For my own Part, although, I have no Power any where, I will do the best Offices I can to countenance Mr. *Faulkner*. For although I was not at all pleased to have that Collection printed here, yet none of my Friends advised me to be angry with him, although if they had been printed in *London* by you and your Partners, perhaps, I might have pretended to some little Profit. Whoever may have the Hazard or Advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in *London* after my Decease, I will leave no other Copies of them here, but if Mr. *Faulkner* should get the first printed Copy, and reprint it here, and send his Copies to *England*, I think he would do as right as your *London* Booksellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few Years, I believe I shall publish some Things that I think are important; but, they shall be printed in *London*, although Mr. *Faulkner* were my Brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my Thoughts on this Matter, and so I remain, | Sir, | Your most humble Servant, | Jon. Swift.

May 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

[May] 1736.

Dear Sir,¹

I am so tormented, and have been for eight days, with the p[ile]s that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I think they begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on *Monday*. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the *Legion Club*. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from *Dublin* on *Thursday* fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer-parks at my command; *Coote's*, *Fleming's*, and *Hamilton's*. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer) geese, turkeys, &c.

My hens are hatching,
My house is thatching,
My geese a gagling,
My wife a dragling,
My corn a threshing,
My sheep a washing,
My turf a drawing,
My timber sawing,
My gravel-walk raking,
My rolling-stone making,
My ale a brewing,
Myself a stewing,
My boys a teaching,

¹ This letter, which is a reply to that of the 22nd from Swift, has been hitherto dated 5 June. That day was the one on which Swift wrote an answer to it, and may possibly have been the one on which he received it.—Ball.

My webs a bleaching,
My daughters reading,
My garden weeding,
My lime a burning,
My milk a churning.

In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as *Kouly Kan* against the *Turk*.

I do not wonder that Mr. *Towers* has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief, would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. *Whiteway* will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and chuse, where I like best. The *Summer* has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our county; the latter I think indeed less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by the help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: she swears by all the dirt about her, which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of peas, which will last you to *October*. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. *Jones* will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

June 3d, 1736.

Dear Sir,

Mr. *Lucas* is now in *Dublin*, who will pay that small bill on demand.¹ I hope Mr. [Jones] will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. [Ridgeway] will be relieved. I must set out soon for *Dublin*.

¹ See Swift to Sheridan, 22 May.

3 June 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in your health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish't,
My money diminish't;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is an hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. *Vesey's* family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the *Legion Club* touching him.¹ Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it: and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of *Dublin* this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the King's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us.² Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor *Walmsley*³ writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to *Armagh*.⁴ *Martin* is quite outrageous

¹ The allusion is to Agmondisham Vesey. A variant version of *The Legion Club* adds the following couplet after line 164 (*Poems*, iii. 836):

‘And that base Apostate Vesey
With Bishops Scraps grown fat and greasy.’

Agmondisham Vesey, Account-General of Ireland, and son of John Vesey, Archbishop of Tuam, who died in 1716. In early days (*Journal*, 4 Feb. 1711–12) Swift busied himself in his favour; but politics later separated them. Agmondisham Vesey was father-in-law of the well-known Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey, the friend of Johnson and Burke.

² In proroguing the English Parliament on the 20th of the previous month the King made a strong appeal for unity, and concluded by saying: ‘My protection shall be impartially dispensed to all my subjects, in the full enjoyment of their religious and civil rights; let it be your care by your conduct, in your several stations, to make my endeavours for your common happiness effectual.’

³ The Rev. John Walmsley who held a living in the diocese of Armagh.

⁴ As Master of the Royal School at Armagh.

mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy;¹ so that if my Lord *Orrery* would only mention me to the lord primate, it would do. I know my lord chancellor² is so well inclined towards me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, *Kouli Kan*, and the emperor will overrun *Turkey*. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says goody *Whiteway* to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but *Sheridan*. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease, are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet:

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Ford to Swift

London, June 3d, 1736.

Dear Sir,³

Though you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord *Oxford* told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well.⁴ Mr. *Cæsar* very lately told me

¹ Richard Martin, schoolmaster of Armagh, bequeathed his property to print 'a new edition' of the Bible for distribution in Ireland.

² Wyndham.

³ The original of this letter is not forthcoming. It was printed by Deane Swift in 1768.

⁴ In actual fact, writing on 21 Oct. 1735, Swift told Oxford that he was 'daily battling with years and disorders'.

3 June 1736

Charles Ford to Swift

the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome law-suit with an *Irish* chairman. Those fellows swarm about *St. James's*, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the *Park*, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an *Irish* solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent councils of our friend Mr. L—,¹ and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against *John Ford*, without any other addition. To shew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assault, they would bring an action of eighty or an hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the *Gate-house*, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his *Irish* solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his was returned *ignoramus*. Then

¹ Erasmus Lewis.

I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had persuaded him that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions &c., and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the *Yorkshire* petition, which has been the chief business of the house of commons this session.¹ Towards the end, indeed, they found a little time to shew their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if Sir *Robert Walpole* had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life.² Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, lord *Bathurst's* two sons. In the house of lords, next to the duke of *Argyle*, your friend *Bathurst* and lord *Carteret* have shewn most rancour against —.³ It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the *Tories*, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the Church.⁴

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here

¹ The petition brought by the defeated candidate of the 'Court Party' against the return of Sir Miles Stapylton for York County in the general election of 1734. It came before the House of Commons on 16 Jan. 1736 and was heard on every Tuesday and Thursday from 24 Feb. to 22 Apr., when, on the eighteenth day, the petitioners summed up. Thereafter the House gave only one hearing a week, and as the evidence for the sitting member promised to be no less extensive, the petitioners withdrew on 11 May. See *Journals of the House of Commons, Political State* for June 1736, p. 585, and for October, p. 407, and *Carlisle Manuscripts*, H.M.C., 1897, pp. 145-73.

² The motion for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Test was lost by 251 votes to 123 on 12 Mar. 1736. Walpole's cautious and conciliatory speech was generally admitted to have controlled the voting.

³ Argyle, Bathurst, and Carteret all spoke and voted in the House of Lords in favour of a bill for giving relief to Quakers in the recovery of tithes. The bill passed the Commons on 3 May and was thrown out by the Lords by 54 votes to 35 on 12 May 1736.

⁴ The great officers of State and the Bishops had opposed the bill.

3 June 1736

Charles Ford to Swift

again, and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, whom am most intirely yours, &c.

Dodsley Miscellanies 1745, x. 141

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Dub. June 5, 1736.¹

「You must pay your Groat (as if you had been drunk last Night) for this Letter, because I am neither acquainted with any Frank Curr,² nor the —— of Frank King.¹³ I am glad you got the Piles, because it is a Mark of Health and a strong Constitution.⁴ I believe what you say of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the Right, that they are not treated according to their Merit. You never writ so regularly in your Life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *Piles*; I mean any *Piles*, except those of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not so bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a dozen Days hence. The Room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times I shall be pestered with you. 「*John R*—⁵ (for he does not deserve the Name of *Jack*) is gone to his six-miles-off Country Seat for the Summer. I admire at your Bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double: Or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a Vengeance: Although except that damn'd Vice of Avarice, he is a very agreeable Man.⁷—As to your Venison, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *Chickens*, and could *lamb* you for your *Lambs*. *Addenda quaedam*. *My Wife a rattling, My Children tattling. My Money spent is, And due my Rent is. My School decreasing, My Income ceasing. All People tease me, But no Man pays me. My*

¹ The text of this letter is printed from Dodsley, *Miscellanies*, x. 141–3, 1745. Faulkner, 1746, viii. 442–4, omits the two passages contained within half-brackets.

² Franker.

³ Franking.

⁴ See Sheridan to Swift, [May] 1736.

⁵ Rochfort.

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

5 June 1736

Worship is bit, By that Rogue Nisbit. To take the right Way, Consult Friend Whiteway. Would you get still more? Go flatter Kilmore.¹ Your Geese are old. Your W— a Scold. You live among ill Folks in a Dunghill. You never have an old Friend at Cavan.—Mrs. Whiteway is ever your Friend, but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My Head is ever bad; and I have just as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouse. Pray do not give yourself Airs of pretending to have Flies in Summer, at *Cavan*; and such a *no* Summer as this: I, who am the best Fly-Catcher in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my Time to show my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your Garden Improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your Leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but Exercise can give) you may be safe with as little Flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your Letter just before this was seal'd;² but I cannot answer it now.

Deane Swift 1765

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

June 15th, 1736.

Madam,

I write this letter to your Ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, That I never proposed any one thing to his Grace wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention.³ I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men:⁴ Two of them are parsons,

¹ Bishop Hort.

² The letter of 3 June.

³ The rectory of Churchtown placed at the disposal of Lightburne.

⁴ Swift to Dorset, 15 Apr. 1735: 'Your army of twelve thousand soldiers are not able to stand against them.'

15 June 1736

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

(as you Whigs call them) another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago.¹ But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish: But he hath four children. He only wants some little addition of 100*l.* a year: For he hath laid out 800*l.* to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave, and we cannot spare him. He hath lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years, and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a most deserving person.² His Grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of small value:³ It was a hedge-deanry (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean) we have many of them in Ireland: But, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanry of Cloyne: He is well acquainted with the Bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reasons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanry to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your Ladyship to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with forty-five thousand pounds to her fortune.⁴ I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so

¹ Dorset dined with the Lord Mayor on 6 May, after which he conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. Within a few days of this letter, following upon a fever, he was dead.

² The Rev. John Jackson. See p. 450.

³ James Ward, Dean of Cloyne.

⁴ Miss Chambers married on 13 Apr. Lord Vere Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Albans. He served in the navy and was created Baron Vere of Hanworth.

Swift to Lady Elizabeth Germain

15 June 1736

bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, |
Madam, your Ladyship's | Most obedient, and | Oblighed humble
servant.

B.M. Egerton MSS. 2805, f. 4

Swift to Charles Ford

Jun. 22^d. 1736

¹I do not allow your Account upon the Article of Letters, for I am sure you did never write above one last Letter to me, except that which I received about a week past. It is true, I have not enjoyd a day of Health for twenty months past, with continuall giddyness though not always violent, yet enough to break my Spirits, and the more, because I am heartily sick of the worst times and Peoples, and Oppressions that History can shew in either Kingdom. I am the most hated person alive by all People both here, and on your side by all Folks in power, and God knows, they give me too much merit, for I am past all abilityes to do them good or hurt. As to your self, I have never lessened a grain of that true Love and Esteem I ever bore you. But I considered, we were never to meet in This World, For I am in no state of Health to go to England, nor will you be ever in a state of mind to visit Ireland. I dare not stir many miles or days from this Town, much less to London, for fear of a tedious Fit of Giddyness, and particularly Deafness, which sometimes lasteth for 6 weeks together. And my Rents are so sunk, that I cannot afford to live with any comfort there. Neither have I three Friends with whom I could converse, or spunge for a Dinner. Here I have a large House, convenient enough for my unrefined taste, and can hitherto dine on a morcel without running in debt: and yet I have been forced to borrow near 200^l to supply my small family of three servants and a half, for want of any reasonable Payments. When S^r A. Acheson returned last from England,² he told me, you had got a swelling in your Legs; that he warned you of it, and advise[d] you

¹ The original of this letter is in the British Museum—Egerton MS. 2805, f. 4.

² In his letter to Ford of 9 Dec. 1732 Swift reported that he had heard from a friend (perhaps Sir Arthur Acheson) 'who came not long since from London' that Ford was pursuing too 'plentiful' a way of eating and drinking, and he admonished him that 'health is worth every thing'.

to go into the Country and take proper Physick for it, but you rejected his Advice, and said, you knew others who had the same disorder, and lived 20 years after, and that you desired no more: But you did not consider that half of the 20 years would have been the Scene of Misery. When I was much younger than You, not above 32 years old, I had by my drinking water, and hating wine, got a swelling in my left Leg; and living in London, I was forced to wear a laced Stockin for that Leg; But I cured my self by perpetually walking; and although the same leg was often troublesome, I at last by exercise grew quite rid of the swelling, and never knew any of it since, and can yet walk 6 or seven miles a day. But I was and am more temperate than You. I do not value long life; but while it continueth, I endeavor to make it tolerable by Temperance. I am extremely glad of your Victory over that Irish Scoundrel, and I wish every Minister of State could do so much for the Service of the Publick: I am angry, but not disappointed, that those Men or Lords I thought well of, have deceived me; I mean Bathurst and Carteret; They have writ to me in another Strain and Style. I have long given up all hopes of Church or Christianity. A certain Author (I forget his name,) hath writ a book (I wish I could see it) that the Christian Religion will not last above 300 and odd years.¹ He means, there will always be Christians, as there are Jews; but it will be no longer a Nationall Religion; and this is enough to justify the Scripture; that, the Gates of Hell shall not prevayl against it. As to the Church, it is equally the Aversion of both Kingdoms; You, for the Quakers Tythes, and we for Grass, or Agisment, as the Term of Art is. Our present L^d Lie^t is a — I say no more.² I have not seen M^{rs} Ford this long time, nor know where to find her; and, the Ludlows have quite forsaken me.³ But, this is talking to you, as Alexander said when he was conquering Darius, that one of his Governer[s] writing to him of petty wars in Greece; to which he answered it was like telling him of a War between the Pigmyes and the Cranes.⁴ The D. of Argyle was allways a Scot, and yet he deceived me for some time;

¹ Not identified.

² On 17 May Swift had headed a deputation to the Duke of Dorset against the proposed lowering of the gold coin.

³ It seems, however, that friendship with the Ludlows had not long ceased. Ludlow was a member of Parliament and Swift's attacks may have led to a discontinuance of intercourse.

⁴ An inaccurate recollection of Plutarch, *Agésilas* 15 (μυνομαχία), perhaps influenced by Strabo, 70 (bk. ii. 9).—Nichol Smith.

Swift to Charles Ford

22 June 1736

and I once loved him much.¹ Where is our Friend Lewis? I always loved him, and am under great Obligations to him; and present him with my hearty Service: But he married like a — and yet I thought him as wise a Man as any I knew. I hope My L^d Masham still continues honest;² if so I desire he will accept my humble Service. Is his Son good for any thing? I always doubted him. Pray God bless [you], I am ever most sincerely Yours. I have not seen Your Steward³ this long time; So I hope he makes you easy.

Address: To | Charles Ford, Esq^r, to be | left at the Coco-tree in | Pelmeil |
London

Postmark: 28 IV

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[23 June 1736]

I ought to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May before I thank you for that of 15 June but I dont question the news papers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my Brother Henry Berkeley,⁴ and what is an addition to the Grief for the best natur'd honest sincere disinterested friendly Brother, is the having left a wife three Daughters & two Sons literally without Bread to eat, tho perhaps that part might soon be made easy if those of his Relations were as willing as they are able to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only found the benefit of from my two Niece's, she that you call the saucy one has bestow'd her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on Lord Vere Beauclerk and had my approbation of her own choice for I think him a very deserving Gentleman and all that knows him gives him a great character, I am now with them in the Country, but shall go in about a fortnight to knole and when I am there will certainly obey y^r commands to the Duke of Dorset, my Br George and La: Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to Lord Berkeley⁵ which I am glad of as I hope twill induce her to go to Spaw & Aix La Chappelle for her health which Im afraid is very necessary for her, and that I truly

¹ See Swift's letters to Argyle of 16 Apr. 1711 and 20 Jan. 1713.

² i.e. a Tory.

³ Crosthwaite.

⁴ The Hon. Henry Berkeley.

⁵ Her eldest brother James who died in France, 17 August 1736.

23 June 1736

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

believe is all she wants to now to make her easy and happy, or else my Brother George is not the honest good naturd man I really take him to be, and she dissembles well if she's not so happy as she makes me believe and I heartily wish her, you order me to write long letters but yu may see by the nothingness of this I'm yet more than ever unfitt to observe your orders, tho in all things and at all times your most sincere | and truly | Humble | servant | E Germain

23 June 1736

Address: To | The Rev^d Dr Swift | Dean of St Patricks at | Dublin | Ireland
Postmark: IU

Endorsed by Swift: Jun: 23^d 1736 | L^{dy} E. Germain | Answd. Jul 3^d 1736

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

June 23d, 1736.

Dear Sir,

If you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at *Cavan*; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices*; but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio*, we shall have more of the *Egyptian* plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastinoventura est in Cavan-niam nostram*. I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint*. The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae*. Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye-witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt*. Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas*. But when the army fires on *Friday*, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et spirabunt*. The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *coelum atque terras miscebunt*.

Grouse pouts are come in,
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din—
—ner, through thick and thin

We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin.
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius*. You may be surprized at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my *English* and *Latin*, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, nec non Italica*. I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui superaret*.

I wish your reverence were *here* to *hear* the trumpets;
Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the Provost, Archdeacon *Wall*, the Bishop of *Clogher*, and —, by way of enlivening the rest.¹ Do not let my Lord *Orrery* come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. *Whiteway*, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

I send you a letter from Mr. *Carte*.²

¹ It is evident from the conjunction of their names with that of Provost Baldwin that Bishop Stearne had failed to reinstate himself in Swift's good opinion by his last letter (25 June 1734), and that Archdeacon Walls was no longer a favourite at the Deanery.—Ball.

² It was in this year that Thomas Carte published in two folio volumes his *Life of James Duke of Ormonde*, a work of valuable research and scholarship despite Dr. Johnson's dictum that it exhibited 'no animation, no compression, no vigour' (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, ed. L. F. Powell, p. 296).

25 June 1736

Swift to John Nichols

Rothschild

Swift to John Nichols

[25 June 1736]

Sr¹

There is a Lady a Cousin of mine M^{rs} Whiteway who hath been scolding me severall weeks for my Ingratitude to you who having sent me two or more vessels of Ale of your own Brewing, without any claim or merit of mine, had never the civility either to get out of your debt, or to thank you or invite you to eat with me, and drink some of your own Ale; she says that she invites you to morrow to dine with her at the Deanry, and there take the Opportunity of exposing me for my ill Treatment of You. This is a misfortune, I can not help but must endure it patiently; and therefore if you be not otherwise engaged, I intreat the favor of you which she commands, and that you will let me know to morrow morning. I write this at her house in fear and dread, therefore pray take pity of me

I am S^r Your most obed^{nt} | humble Servant | Jonath. Swift

Dated at M^{rs} | Whiteways | house.

Jun. 25th 1736

4806

The Rev. Christopher Donnellan to Swift

Corke July 2^d 1736

Sir

I had in a Letter from M^{rs} Sican the Favour of y^r Commands with relation to M^r Dunkin, & in Pursuance of them have wrote to two of my Friends among the Sen^{ior} Fellows, & recommended his Petition, & y^r Request in the best & strongest manner I was able.² I am upon many Accounts oblig'd to execute whatever Orders you are pleas'd

¹ This and two other letters to John Nichols, 6 Sept. 1736, 14 Mar. 1737-8, were first printed by Scott, 1814, xix. 54, 81, 120. He misdates the first letter 5 June, and assigns no year to the third. A facsimile of the first letter appeared in the *Morrison Catalogue*, vi. 220. It came up for sale, Sotheby, 16 April 1918, lot 1127; again Panter sale, Sotheby, 15 July 1929, lot 57; now Rothschild Library, no. 2300. Nichols, mentioned in Swift's will, married the daughter of Thomas Proby, Surgeon-General of the Army in Ireland and surgeon of Steevens's Hospital; and succeeded his father-in-law in both offices.

² For William Dunkin see p. 316, n. 3. It appears from a subsequent letter

to give me, with the greatest Readiness & Chearfulness possible; which I assure you I do on this Occasion & shall think myself very happy, If I can any way promote the Success of an Affair, which you wish well to. But besides the Right that you have to command me, I think Mr Dunkin's Case, as Mr^s Sican has represented it, really very worthy of Compassion, & on that Account likewise, should be very glad I could be of some service to him—To be sure he acted a very silly & wrong Part in marrying, & in the Affair of Doc^r Cope's Daughter¹ & I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the Opinion of the College by his strange Behaviour at the Board on that Occasion; But I hope all this will be got over by y^r Appearing in his favour; & that y^r Request will have all the Weight with the College that It ought. I reminded my Friends (tho I hope they have not forgot it) of the considerable Services you had done their House at different times, & let them know, how much their Compliance in this Point would oblige You; After this, I think they must be very Beasts, if they do not shew their Gratitude when they have so fair an Opportunity, & Idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a Rate.²

My Sister³ & I were very sorry We had not the Pleasure of seeing You the Morning we call'd at the Deanery House; we were just then going out of Town, & had not another Opportunity of taking our leave of You. She desires me to make her Compliments to You in a very particular manner. We are Both exceeding busy in getting our little House ready, & hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble You Sir with a Description of it, but in a few Words, It is really a very sweet little Spot, & tho so near a great Town, has all the Advantages of a compleat Retirement.

Tho I am come among a People, that I think You are not very fond of, Yet this I must say in their favour, That they are not such Brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's Merit; ever since We came down this Town and Country has rung of y^r Praises, for opposing the reduction of the Coin, & they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that Affair, as a second Deliverance they owe You.

that he was in receipt of an annuity from the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, which he was now asking should be increased.

¹ See p. 351.

² Cf. Swift's letter (12 Dec. 1734) to the Rev. Henry Clarke of Trinity College relevant to disturbances and absence of discipline among fellows and undergraduates.

³ Miss Anne Donnellan.

2 July 1736

The Rev. Christopher Donnellan to Swift

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the Recovery of y^r Health—I am sure 'tis what We have All reason to desire the Continuance of, & what I beg You will believe, No One more truly & sincerely wishes with all other Happiness, than | Sir | Y^r most Obed^t & Obligd | Humble Serv^t | Chr. Donnellan

Address: To | The Reverend Doc^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patrick's | Dublin

Postmark: 3? IV

Endorsed by Swift: M^r Donellan. | Rx Jul. 5 1735

Pierpont Morgan Library

Swift to the Earl of Orrery

[Deanery House, Saturday, 3 July 1736]

My Lord.

You are commanded to attend the Dean of S^t Patricks on Monday next, at two a Clock, to dine with him on the s^d Day, on a Haunch of Venison, Your Company shall be Doc^t Helsham¹ and his Lady, and your old friend M^{rs} Whiteway, and M^r Nicholls your and my Surgeon; of which you are not to fayl, as You shall answer on Your Peril: Pray give my Groom a Guinea for attending You, and for the Charges of his Horse. | I am My Dear Lord | Your every way most | obedient &c | The Dean

Deanry-house | July 3^d Saturday

Endorsed by Lord Orrery: N^o 12.

Faulkner 1762

*Swift to the Provost and Senior Fellows of
Trinity College, Dublin*

[Deanery House, 5 July 1736]

Rev. and worthy SIRS,

As I had the Honour of receiving some Part of my Education in your University, and the good Fortune to be of some Service to it,

¹ Doctor Helsham was apparently a favourite with Lord Orrery. In a letter of this same year (17 Jan. 1735–6) addressed to Thomas Southerne, Orrery wrote: 'Helsham is *totus teres et rotundus*, the same jovial Man you left him' (*Orrery Papers*, i. 144).

Swift to Trinity College, Dublin

5 July 1736

while I had a Share of Credit at Court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a Case before you, and offering my Opinion upon it.

Mr. DUNKIN, whom you all know, sent me some Time ago, a Memorial intended to be laid before you, which, perhaps, he hath already done. His Request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his Annuity at present, and that he may have the same Right, in his Turn, to the first Church Preferment, vacant in your Gift, as if he had been made a Fellow, according to the Scheme of his Aunt's Will; because the Absurdity of the Condition in it, ought to be imputed to the Old Woman's Ignorance, although her Intention be very manifest, and the Intention of the Testator in all Wills is chiefly regarded by the Law. What, I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his Pension to One Hundred Pounds a Year, and make him a firm Promise of the first Church Living in your Disposal, to the Value of Two Hundred Pounds a Year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable Medium between what he hath proposed in his Memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I AM almost a perfect Stranger to Mr. *Dunkin*, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed Company, nor should I now know his Person if I met him in the Streets. But, I know he is a Man of Wit and Parts; which, if applyed properly to the Business of his Function, instead of Poetry; (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excells) might be of great Use and Service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that since your Body hath received no inconsiderable Benefaction from the Aunt, it will much increase your Reputation, rather to err on the generous Side, towards the Nephew.

These are my Thoughts after frequently reflecting on the Case under all its Circumstances, and so I leave it to your wiser Judgments. | I am with true Respect and Esteem, | reverend and worthy SIRS, | Your most obedient, and | most humble Servant, | J. Swift.
Deanry-House, | July 5, 1736.

6 July 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

July 6, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I suspect that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission;¹ and therefore I intreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency;² for I had his consent by a recommendation from my lord chief baron *Marlay* and Mr. Justice *Ward*.³ The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds?⁴ We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the *Marahills* and *Drumcor*. I wish you could sail with them hither, to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. *Jones*, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty; our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry,
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From *Phæbus*'s eye?
In bed when I lye,
I soak like a pye;

And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love *Alexandrines*; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to musick; and pray let me have a bass, and second

¹ As a Justice of the Peace.

² Thus styled on account of his then being one of the Lords Justices.—Ball.

³ These judges went sometimes on the north-west circuit, on which Cavan lay. Marlay held the office of Solicitor-General. Ward, an ancestor of the Viscounts Bangor, was a justice of the King's Bench for nearly a quarter of a century, retaining his seat until his death. See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 200 and 201.

⁴ See Swift to Sheridan, 2 March 1735–6.

treble, with what other decorations and graces, you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to *Cavan*, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,	Fat venison,
A clean house,	Small mutton,
A hearty welcome,	Green peas,
Good ale,	Good water,
Good beer,	Good wine,
Good bread,	Young ducks,
Good bed,	Young lambs,
Young turkeys,	Grouse pouts,
Young beans,	Fine trouts,
Right bacon,	Carrots,
Cauliflowers,	Parsnips, <i>Item</i>
Young chickens,	

A LONG GRAVEL WALK—

I must trouble your Reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

REFERENCES.

1 Artichoak.	16 <i>Silesia</i> lettuce.
2 Carrot.	17 Thyme.
3 Parsnip.	18 Sweet marjoram.
4 Raspberries.	19 A <i>Cavan</i> fly, and
5 Gooseberries.	a thousand things
6 Currants, red.	beside.
7 Currants, black.	20 Some of my gravel
8 Purslain.	walk.
9 Kidney beans.	21 Nasturtium.
10 Common beans.	22 Cucumber.
11 Red cabbage.	23 Orange.
12 Common cabbage.	24 Spinage.
13 Turnip.	25 Onion.
14 Cauliflowers.	26 Pea.
15 Coss lettuce.	

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

6 July 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Present my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.¹

Deane Swift 1768

Charles Ford to Swift

London, July 8, 1736.

You cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission.² The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of chearful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of *Grattans* and *Jacksons*? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern, though I believe you would be less subject to them and as well taken care of here; nor need you sponge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years; it is above twelve since *Beaufort*³ gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My lord *Lichfield*,⁴ and other of my acquaintance,

¹ *Dum spiritus hos reget artus. Aeneid*, iv. 336.

² Swift's letter of 22 June. Prior to this the last surviving letter from Swift to Ford is that of 20 Nov. 1733.

³ The physician who was called in to see Miss Kelly before her death. Cf. Ford's letter to Swift of 6 Nov. 1733.

⁴ George Henry Lee, 1690–1743, known as Viscount Quarendon before he succeeded his father in 1716; his son, the fourth Earl, was created Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1762, a position he held to his death, 19 Sept. 1772.

persuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the *Park*, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I don't know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year; and yet I think *Crosthwaite* a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in *Ireland*; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since King *Charles* the first's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is their living much higher than they did formerly; another is, the great number of inclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than *England* contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftner from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrong-headed, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so ill judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt lord *Masham*. I know nothing of his son,¹ not even by sight. Our friend *Lewis* is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, &c.

My lord *Masham* was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

¹ The son (1712-76) succeeded his father as second Lord Masham in 1758.

10 July 1736

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

Dodsley Miscellanies 1745, x. 144

Swift to the Rev. Thomas Sheridan

[10 July 1736]

I Received your two Letters.¹ The first is mingled with *Latin* and *English*, one following t'other: Now I scorn that Way, and put both Languages in one. However, for the Sake of Order, I will begin with answering your second Letter before the first, because it deserves one, on account of your Presents. From Bogs, Rivers, Mountains, Mosses, Quagmires, Heaths, Lakes, Kennels, Ditches, Weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.—Mrs. *Whiteway* was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every *Curiosity*; she swears the Paper of Gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole Artichoak Leaf, shows its Mother to be smaller than a Nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to Censure. Your Raspberry she compared with the Head of a Corking-Pin, and the latter had the Victory. Your Currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your Purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was House-leek. She denies your *Cavan* Fly to be genuin, but will have it, that for the Credit of your Town you would have it born there, although Mrs. *Donaldson* confesses it was sent her in a Box of brown Sugar, and dy'd as it entered the Gates. Mrs. *Whiteway* proceeds farther in her Malice, declaring your Nastartium to be only a P—ss-abad; your Beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten Hogs in *Leicestershire*. In one Thing she admires your Generosity, that for her Sake you would spare a Drop or two of your Canal-Water, which by the spongy Bottom needs it so much. The only Defect of them all, were, that they wanted Colour, Sight, and Smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general Fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your *Cavan* Air.

July 10, 1736.

¹ 23 June, 6 July.

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[11 July 1736]

Since it seems my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female Cousins¹ to her this ought to be addres'd, but that I'm not yet in spirits to joke, I did not do so ill by y^r request as you apprehended by my letter,² for I spoke to the Duke much sooner than I told you I shoud, and did so as soon as twas possible for me or as soon as I could have sent it, but as my answer was that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the Duke could not refuse especialy as my Lord Orrery had been most extreamply obliging and for this whole Session neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his Administration easy, tho at the same [time]³ he assured me he woud otherwise [have] been very glad to [have]⁴ obliged you, and does agree that the Gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also, all this you should have known before had I been able to write but I have been laid up with the Gout in my hand and foot,⁵ so thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary since I'd nothing more pleasing to tell you, I shall alway (*sic*) be extream willing to be employd by you to him nor do I make any question that you will always recommend those that are worth being employ'd as tis y^r own honour as well as his, (no more will I agree that you never did prevail on any *one Occasion*, because the very first you did employ me about was instantly comply'd with tho against a Rule he thought right & I knew before he had set himself,⁶ Lady Suffolk is now at Spaw with my Brother George, for her own health, and as I shall go for my own to the Bath in September I fear we shant meet this great while, and now I must finish this long letter which has not been quite easy to write being still your Gouty but faithfull servant.

11 July 1736

Address: To | The Rev^d D^r Swift | Dean of S^t Patricks | at Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 12 IV

Endorsed by Swift: Ldy Eliz. Germain | Jul. 11th 1736. | To Answer.

¹ Perhaps Mrs. Whiteway.

² 23 June 1736.

³ The word 'time' is omitted.

⁴ 'have' was twice missed.

⁵ Lady Betty's script and her slips give evidence of her difficulty in writing.

⁶ The affair of Mr. Fox.

20 July 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

July 20, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I received yours¹ some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. *Donaldson*, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last *Sunday*. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. *Jones* has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it.² I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife,
2 ladies *Lanesborough*,³
Mrs. *Maxwell*,
Mrs. *Fitzmaurice*,
Mrs. *Hort*,
Mrs. *Hamilton*,
Mrs. *Sanderson*,
Mrs. *Nuburgh*,
Mrs. *Cromer*,
Mrs. *Jones*,
Beauty *Copeland*
Miss *Brooke*, 1, 2, 3, 4,
 Ec. Ec. Ec.

All your *Cavan* mistresses.

News.

Doctor *Thompson*'s servant almost cudgelled him to death

Mrs. *White*
Mrs. *Nesbitt*,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. *Stephens*,
Mrs. and Miss *Clement*,
Miss *Tighe*,
Mrs. *Coote*,
Miss *Pratt*,
Mrs. *Fitzherbert*,
going from a
christening.
Colonel *Nuburgh*'s fine arched
market-house, quite finished
with a grand cupola on the
top, fell flat to the earth. It is
now begun upon again. *Sic
transit gloria mundi*.⁴

¹ The letter of 10 July.

² Cf. Sheridan's letter of 6 July.

³ Swift's old friend Prince Butler had died early that year. The reference is evidently to his widow and her daughter-in-law.—Ball.

⁴ Colonel Brockhill Newburgh, who had served in King William's army,

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison
For my benison.

Leave your st—g town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. *Price* and I will stretch to *Virginia*. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

July 31, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I went to *Belturbet* immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. *Jones* ready for Mr. *Henry's* draught, and glad of it; and so am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of sale a mortgage—Instead of cancelling there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in as formal a manner as if you sold to me—Pray ask advice, and *do* not *do* things hand over-head, as you were going to *do* (observe my style) like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in *Dublin*, except I were to pass through it for *England*, I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not—If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of *Cavan* as strenuously as I invited you to it, for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens—I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear.—As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have

resided a few miles from the town of *Cavan* at *Ballyhaise*. Swift, while staying with Sheridan, had visited him.

31 July 1736

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two *Manks* pence towards it already¹—You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor *King* is in *Dublin*.² I wish with all my soul he would take a frolick to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in *Ireland*.

My collection of witty sayings, &c. is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor *King* promised me his friendship at *Oxford*. If you would speak a kind word to the publick in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But-That-is-neither-here-nor-there—

My son [Richard] I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and, as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My son [Thomas] is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him.³ * * * * *
* * * * * May all happiness attend you is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, | Thomas Sheridan.

Deane Swift 1768

Lady Howth to Swift

August 6, 1736.

Sir,

I don't know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer of my last.⁴ I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend.

¹ Foreign coins of various denominations circulated in Ireland. The Spanish dollar was much used.

² Lady Bellew died 23 Feb. 1735-6; but Dr. King's enemies and the lawyers kept the ball rolling. The young Lord Bellew was put forward to prosecute the suit.

³ Thomas Sheridan, the younger, Swift's future biographer, was then an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin.

⁴ The only previous letter surviving from Lady Howth to Swift is that of 15 Aug. 1734.

I am now in *Connaught*, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of *Connaught*, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps.¹ I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh *Addison* in several of his descriptions of *Italy*; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to *Cavan*, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of *Kilkenny* this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but lord *Athunry*² begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. *Ireland*, who was usher to Mr. *Garnett*, school-master of *Tipperary*.³ Mr. *Garnett* died lately: he has given Mr. *Ireland* a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about *Tipperary* have recommended Mr. *Ireland* to succeed Mr. *Garnett*: as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. *Ireland* all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jaw-bone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant, | L. Howth.

Direct to me at *Turlaghvan*, near *Tuam*. My Lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

¹ The allusion is to the subterranean channel which connects the great Loughs of Mask and Corrib. The principal approach to the channel, known as the Pigeon's Hole, is by a descent of sixty-eight steps.—Ball.

² Francis Birmingham, fourteenth Lord Athenry; born in 1692 he succeeded to the title in 1709, when he conformed to the established church; and died 4 Mar. 1749–50.

³ Tipperary Grammar School was founded under one of the trusts of Erasmus Smith (1611–91) the great educational benefactor. The will of John Garnett is dated 2 July 1736, and is witnessed by William Ireland.

11 August 1736

Thomas Carte to Swift

Deane Swift 1768

Thomas Carte to Swift

August 11, 1736.

Sir¹

Having at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my history of the *Life of the first Duke of Ormond*, and of the *Affairs of Ireland in his Time*, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in *England*, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and constitutions of this nation. *Rapin de Thoyras*, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of *Rymer's Foedera*;² but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, *Rymer's* collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the *Tower*, or in the rolls of Chancery: he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. *Rymer* never made use of that vast collection of materials for an *English* history, which is preserved in

¹ Carte, as appears from Sheridan's letter, 23 June 1736, had been staying with him, and, after leaving, he visited Swift. His purpose was to obtain material in Ireland for his *Life of the first Duke of Ormonde*. Amongst the Carte Manuscripts in the Bodleian there are five letters from Sheridan to him (Carte MSS., vol. 227, ff. 32, 47, 48, 99, 287). The three volumes of Carte's *Life of Ormonde* appear as no. 258 in the sale catalogue of Swift's library under the erroneous date 1636.

² Carte's judgement of Rapin's *Histoire d'Angleterre*, which was published at The Hague between 1723 and 1727, is unjust and misleading. It was the best work on English history which had till then appeared. He made much use of *Rymer's Foedera* and amply acknowledged his indebtedness to that work.

the *Cotton* library: nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any still quoting Bishop *Burnet* for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted, and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the *English* ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of *Edward* the fourth to the revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and [to] my objections regarding the vastness of the expence as well as labour, that to satisfy myself I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in *England*, but even copies of negociations of foreign ambassadors at this court (*e.g.*, of the French; all the negociations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied) they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be compleated this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light: and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.¹

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant, | Thomas Carte.

Mr. *Awnshaw's*, in *Red-lion Court*, in *Fleet-street*, *London*.

¹ Carte's *General History of England* was published in four volumes 1747-55.

14 August 1736 *The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway*
Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway

Cavan, August 14, 1736.

Dear Madam,

Your account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears, and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it.¹ Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for *Ireland*, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in *Dublin* with a good grace—NAMELY, to pay some debts, which I can knot.²

My poor lady *Mountcashell*³ has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanry for another.⁴ I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean) and I am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice—You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my *Siberia* so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted—My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try *England*, where the predominant phrase is, Down with the *Irish*. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will chuse another. In the mean time God bless you,

¹ i.e. his wife.

² Cannot.

³ Edward, third Viscount Mountcashell, had been one of Sheridan's pupils. His death had taken place two weeks earlier. The reference is to his mother.

⁴ Ball suggests that Sheridan's moves were limited by fear of being seized by his creditors.

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway 14 August 1736

and my dearest friend the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant, |
Thomas Sheridan.

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Aug. 17, 1736.

I find, tho' I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me sometime ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionnaire or petitionary Epistles half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, (or rather causes it to seem so to others). I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from Mortals, blind and dull: And you shou'd be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord Bolingbroke because you can hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to ——¹ whatever you might hint to me; was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, shou'd be conceal'd; but it is I assure you absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch

¹ The hidden name is difficult to divine. Elwin hazarded Sir William Wyndham. Ball suggests Ford, but as Sherburn observes, he was a friend of Bolingbroke, and certainly not among the profane. Sherburn himself asks, 'why not Oxford?' The guess has a measure of likelihood.

17 August 1736

Alexander Pope to Swift

yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decay'd. For believe me, great genius's must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my Works, the Universities gave me publick thanks, and the King, Queen and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*.¹ I will not quarrel with the present Age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, nor cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes, and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is join'd with it.

4806

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

Brook street 2^d Sept^r 1736

S^r

I never will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with, don't flatter your self with any such hopes. I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me.² I am really griev'd that you are so much persecuted with a Giddyness in your head. the Bath and travelling would

¹ *Aeneid*, v. 320.

² The last letter addressed to Swift by Mrs. Pendarves was that of 22 Apr. No later letter from Swift to her is preserved. No doubt the allusion here is to some observation by Swift in a lost letter.

certainly be of use to you, your want of spirits is a new complaint, & what will not only afflict your particular Friends but every one that has the Happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, & have no other means for that satisfaction but from your own hand, most of My Dublin correspondents being remov'd to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, & the Lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a Grotto in Sr John Stanleys Gardens at Northend; it is chiefly compos'd of shells I had from Ireland.¹ My Life for two months past has been very like a Hermit's, I have had all the comforts of Life, but Society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagin'd it, the hours I could spend in reading have been entertain'd by Rollin's History of the ancients in French. I am very well pleased with it; & think your Annibal's Scipio's & Cyrus's, prettier Fellows than are to be met with now a days. Painting and musick have had their share in my amusements, I rose between five & six, & went to Bed at Eleven, I would not tell you so much about myself if I had any thing to tell you of other People. I came to Town the Night before last & if it does not a few days hence appear better to me than at present I shall return to my solitary Cell. Sr John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge. I suppose you may have heard of Mr Pope's accident which had like to have prov'd a very fatal one, he was leading a young Lady into a Boat from his own stairs, her foot miss'd the side of the boat she fell into the water & pull'd Mr Pope after her, the Boat slipt away & they were immediately² out of their Depth, & it was with some difficulty they were sav'd,³ the young Lady's name is Talbot, she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman as Mr Pope is for wit, I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her Beauty unless I had nam'd you instead of him. I shall be impatient 'till I hear from you again being with great sincerity | Sr | Your most Faithfull humble | Ser^t | M Pendarves

I forgot to answer on the other side that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I don't know whether you would like her Person

¹ In addition to the paper mosaic for which she was later famed Mrs. Pendarves practised decorative shell-work, for example at Delville and in a grotto for Bishop Clayton.

² The half-brackets indicate a defect in the paper.

³ No mention of this accident is made in any of Pope's letters.

2 September 1736

Mrs. Pendarves to Swift

as well as mine because sickness has faded her complexion but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind for that would Prove a Potent Rival, and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make y^o give me the Preference. I beg my particular compliments to Dr Delany. S^r John Stanley says if y^o have not forgot him he desires to be remember'd as y^r humble servant.

Address: To | The Dean of S^t Patrick's | at the Deanery | Dublin

Postmark: 2 SE

Endorsed by Swift: M^{rs} Pendarvis, Rx Sep^{br} | 6th 1736—To answer soon *and*
M^{rs} Pendarvis | Rx Sep^{br} 6. 1736 | To answer.

Scott 1814

Swift to John Nichols

[Deanery House, 6 September 1736]

Sir,

You attended a monstrous haunch of venison to the deanery;¹ and if you and Mrs. Nicholls do not attend it again to-morrow, it shall be thrown into the streets; therefore all excuses must be laid aside. Mrs. Whiteway and I shall be all your company, and I will give you a pot of ale to relish it.

I am, with true esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, |
J. Swift.

Deanery-House, Sept. 6, 1736. | Monday morning.

Name your most convenient hour to dine, and do not say, when you please.

Huntington Library HM 14329

William King to Mrs. Whiteway

[Edinburgh, 14 September 1736]

Madam

I hope you received a Letter, w^{ch} I wrote to you from Chester immediately after I arrived at that place.² Instead of going directly

¹ Nichols, Swift's surgeon, had married a daughter of Thomas Proby, Surgeon-General, who had a residence in Phoenix Park. Nichols occupied the house; and, as Ball suggests, the venison probably came from the viceregal herd.

² In his letter of 31 July, addressed to Swift, Sheridan alludes to King as still in Ireland. He probably left early in August.

William King to Mrs. Whiteway

14 September 1736

to London as I first proposed, I took the advantage of a fine season, and have since rambled about 400 miles out of my way, as you perceive by the date of this Letter. I have now pretty well satisfied my curiosity, and shall set out for London in 3 or 4 days. Some time in the next month I intend to publish an advertisement for taking in Subscriptions,¹ unless I receive a counter order from you, or the Dean. If he approves of it, I will prevail on Ramsay the author of *Cyrus*² to translate the whole Work into French, so that it may be published at the same time in both Languages. The Dean need not be at a loss how to send me y^e³ Manuscript, since my Servant will go to Ireland the next Term with some papers relating to my Law-Suit. He is a very sober diligent Fellow and one I can trust—If you will be pleased to write to me as soon as you receive this, y^r Letter will probably meet me in London on my arrival there.

I desire my humble service to the Dean & Miss Harrison and that you will believe me to be | Madam | your most humble & | Most obedient Servant | WK

Edinburgh | Sept. 14. 1736

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Swift

Sept. 15, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I received a letter from Mr. *Henry* by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pound were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly.⁴ Indeed if you are pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should, charge only five *per cent.* because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for

¹ For the *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.*

² Andrew Ramsay's *Les Voyages de Cyrus* was published in Paris in 1727.

³ 'my', Ball. The allusion is to *The Toast.*

⁴ See p. 520.

my wife, you may let Mrs. *Whiteway* know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss *Harrison*,¹ to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. *Tully* the carrier (not *Tully* the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does) by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress in *Abbey-street*,² with a fine pair of *Cavan* nut-crackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. O, that some friend would lodge me in *Dublin Marshalsea*!³

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. *Whiteway* rid your mare at the *Curragh*,⁴ and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the primate's lady rid against her; and that Mrs. *Whiteway*, by way of weight, carried the bishop of *Down* and *Connor* behind her.⁵ Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. *Faulkner* writ to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.⁶

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcasses, that our steeple has visibly grown forty feet higher; and, what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon *Wittingham*, or archdeacon *Wall*. I would be

¹ Mary, Mrs. *Whiteway*'s daughter by her first husband.

² Mrs. *Whiteway*.

³ The debtor's prison.

⁴ An open plain in co. Kildare, used as a race-course from early times.

⁵ Mrs. Boulter is alleged to have been a stout and heavy woman; and it is to be presumed that Francis Hutchinson, who then held the sees of *Down* and *Connor*, was the reverse.

⁶ At this time *Faulkner* was engaged in preparing for publication the fifth and sixth volumes of his edition of the Dean's *Works*, which appeared under the date 1738. Five poems passing between Swift and Sheridan were printed on pp. 173-94 of the sixth volume. See *Poems*, pp. 612-28, 987-9, 971-3.

glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will out-live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant | Thomas Sheridan.

Forster 532

Swift to Mrs. Pilkington

[Tuesday, 12 October 1736]

Madam.¹

You are very Captious; for in my last letter I onely said in the beginning; Madam, you lye I have a great deal worse than that to say, when I write to Ladyis, and my fault is, what my Enemyes give out, that I use you too well. I send you some fruit of my own planting; and like a fool, I send the best; though you never give the Bearer a farthing: and, when you do, may you never be worth another. Let me know perfectly the Condition of your eldest Sister. I will wait on you soon, if health will permit me, I am now tolerable which is more than you can pretend to; my humble Service to the little woman's little Man.² | J.S.

Tuesday Oct^{br} 12th 1736

¹ This draft in Swift's hand is written on one-quarter of a folded leaf. The other three-quarters are filled with experiments in 'Lat-Angl'. The words 'give out' are written above 'say', which is struck out; and 'Condition' above 'Health' struck out.

² The concluding words of the letter leave no doubt that it was addressed to Mrs. Pilkington. Both she and her husband were diminutive. Furthermore, it is evident that Swift's relations with them still remained cordial. When Pilkington's term of office as chaplain to Lord Mayor Barber expired in Nov. 1733 he remained in London in the hope that he might receive preferment from Walpole. Unfortunately for him, however, the government, in Jan. 1734, took action against those in any way responsible for the publication of Swift's *Epistle to a Lady*. This was one of the poems brought from Dublin and consigned to Pilkington, who, with others, was taken into custody, where he was detained for some time. See *Poems*, p. 629. After a long interval he returned to Dublin, where, in the belief that he had informed against Swift, 'the whole Kingdom of Ireland' was incensed against him (*Memoirs of Mrs. Pilkington*, London ed., 1748, i. 171). Under stress of her anxieties Mrs. Pilkington's health gave way, and she retired to Mallow, a popular spa at the time. Swift's letter was probably written shortly after her return to Dublin.

14 October 1736

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

Stopford-Sackville MSS.

Swift to the Duke of Dorset

[Deanery House, Dublin, 14 October 1736]

My Lord.

In a former Letter to Your Grace, I taxed you with a Debt of 110^l a year in church livings, being by Arithmetick an Arrear of 150^l a year which Your Grace was pleased to promise me for a Friend, and of which I onely received 40^l a year.¹ I often did my self the Honor of being so bold (which is no great Honor) of telling you that a very worthy Clergyman had been long a weight upon my Shoulders, to get him some addition, and that his Circumstances were such, that the addition I desired must consist with the small Preferment he hath already; There is now a Prebendary vacant, which will answer my Wish: One Mr Williamson dyed about 36 hours ago; He was Treasurer of Christchurch in Dublin, the Place is worth between ninety and a hundred pounds a year, and no more; The Person whom I desire may have it is Mr John Jackson, Minister of Santry three miles from Dublin, and a Relation of the Grattans, he hath been often and earnestly recommended by me to Your Grace, and your answers have been favorable; I have added severall times that you would by such a favor oblige this whole City, and the most honest Gentlemen in the Kingdom, and I hope such a consideration will have weight with You. I do therefore hope and expect, that your Grace will by the next Post, send an Order to have a Patent made out for Mr John Jackson Vicar of Santry, or Rector (which ever he be) to confer on him the Treasur^r ship of Christ-church, Dublin; and at the same time (which is now near the twentyth) that my chief Regard is to your Grace's honor, that you will reward a most deserving Gentleman of this Kingdom, who had the misfortune to be born in it, with one mark of your Favor: Otherwise, I shall think it is very hard, that as I am of some Station, and perhaps of some little Distinction, besides the Honor of being so long known to your Grace and family, I could never have the least Power of prevayling on you to reward Merit, for which no Party will repine. I am with the greatest Respect, | My Lord, Your Grace's | most obedient and | most humble Servant | Jonath: Swift
Deanry-house Dublin. | Octbr 14th 1736.

Endorsed: 14th Oct^r 1736 | Dean Swift.

¹ See p. 448.

Blackwood's Magazine

Swift to the Rev. Patrick Delany

[Deanery House, 22 October 1736.]

Dr Sr¹

The Bearer, Mr. John Lyon,² waits upon you with a humble request. He is a Master of Arts, of some years standing, hath been employed as an Assistant to Mr. Worrall in visiting the Sick of our Liberty, hath a general good character, and is not married.

Hearing that Mr. Row³ is gone to London and designs to quit his cure, I am desired by some worthy Clergymen, particularly Mr. King of St. Bride's, to recommend him to you to succeed Mr. Row as your Assistant-Lecturer for St. Nicholas Within, which I do very heartily, for I have an esteem for the young gentleman, whom I have heard preach for me very discreetly. Need I tell you that I would not recommend my Brother to you, if it were not out of more regard to your Reputation than his Interest⁴ . . . I am entirely | Your most obed^t, &c | J. Swift.

Deanry House, Oct. 22nd, 1736

Address: To the Rev. Dr. Delany.

National Library of Scotland

Swift to William Richardson

Dublin Oct^b 23^d 1736.

Sr⁵

I had the Favor of a Letter from you about two Months ago,⁶ but I was then and have been almost ever since in so ill a State of Health

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1906, clxxx. 676–93. 'Dean Swift in Dublin', by J. H. Bernard, then Dean of St. Patrick's. The letter to Delany appears on p. 685.

² John Lyon graduated in 1732 as M.A. of Dublin University. He served as a curate of the Rev. James King, the vicar of St. Bride's. The care of Swift's person, in his last days, was committed to him. He was responsible for a manuscript list of Swift's library. Cf. Harold Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*.

³ Stephen Roe, whose surname Swift spells as Row, was the reader of St. Werburgh's under Delany, whose interest in the parish of St. Nicholas Within is not apparent.

⁴ Lyon, however, failed to secure the vacant place.

[For notes 5, 6 see opposite.

and lowness of Spirits that I was not able to acknowledge it, and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old Friend upon a Business of Importance. I have long heard of you, and your Character, which as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter hath much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr Warburton and his Widow. I had lately a Letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good offices you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her Children, for I am told her husband left her some . . . He served once a Cure of mine, but I came over to settle here upon the Queens death, when consequently all my Credit was gone, except with the Late Primate,¹ who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevayled to give that Living to Mr Warburton, and make him Surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old Acquaintance, I got him two or three Employmts when I had Credit with the Queen's Ministers; but upon her Majesty's death, he was stripped of them all.² However joyning with Mr Gumly, they both entered into the South-Sea Scheme, and the Alderman grew prodigiously rich, but by pursuing too far, he lost two thirds of his gains; however He bought a House with some Acres, near Richmond, and another in London; and kept fifty thousand pounds which enabled him to make a figure in the City. This is a short History of the Alderman, who in spite of his Tory Principles got through all the Honors of London. I cannot tell

¹ Thomas Lindsay, who died 13 July 1724.

² During his London days Swift used his influence to obtain for Barber the patronage of the Ministry. He became printer of the *London Gazette*, the *Examiner*, and the *Mercator*. His government places were lost on the accession of George I; but by that time he had established himself. Later he acquired wealth as one of the few successful speculators in the South Sea Company. His profit was estimated at £30,000.

⁵ The original of this letter is among the Scott papers in the National Library of Scotland, 582, no. 584. It was first printed in Monck Berkeley's *Literary Relics*, 1789, pp. 34-38. It was next printed by Scott, xix. 84-86. Ball's text follows Scott.

⁶ Swift, writing to Barber, 1 Mar. 1734-5, recommended Richardson to him. In return Richardson appears to have invited Swift to visit him at his house in co. Londonderry; and also to have shown kindness to Swift's old curate Warburton who died about this time.

whether his Office of Governor of your Society be for his Life, or onely annuall; I suppose you can inform me.

Your Invitation is very generous and friendly, and what I would be glad to accept if it were possible; But, S^r I have not an ounce of Flesh about me, and can not ride above a dozen miles in a day without being sore, and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a Giddyness: Yet I ride the Strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till Spring next, and have any Remainders of Health I determine to venture, although I have some Objections; I do not doubt your good Chear and welcome, but you brag too much of the Prospects and Scituations. Dare you pretend to vye with the County of Armagh which, excepting it's cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland. I own you engage for the Roads from hence to your house; but, where am I to ride after rainy weather, here I have always a Strand, or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a Batchelor pleaseth me well; and as to Neighbours, considering the Race of Squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have Books in large print, or an honest Parson with common Sense, I desire no more . . . But here is an Interval of above six Months,¹ and in the mean time, God knows what will become of me and perhaps of the Kingdom, for, I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible: If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your Patience so much again. I am S^r, with true Esteem | Your most obedient and | obliged Servant | Jonath: Swift.

I hear your Brother the Clergyman² | is still alive, I knew him in London | and Ireland, and desire you will present | him with my humble Service.

Address: To | William Richardson Esq | at his house at Summer- | Seat, near Colerain

¹ In the manuscript the words 'six Months' are followed by 'and God knows' struck through.

² His brother was the John Richardson who turned his endeavours to the printing of Bibles and Prayer Books in the Irish tongue.

30 October 1736

Swift to Sir John Stanley

Nichols 1779

Swift to Sir John Stanley

Dublin, Oct. 30, 1736.

Sir,¹

I have had for several months a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you inclosed; and, if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property. But I very well understand the practice of *Irish* tenants to *English* landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. *Wilding* desires is rightly represented, 'That he hath been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular:' you neither must nor shall act as an *Irish* racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend who recommends him to me durst not deceive me; so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or shew me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me upon any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your goodwill. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My *English* friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; *having loved this present world*. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble; and I return their love, because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind! And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, Sir, | Your most obedient and | obliged servant, | J. Swift.

¹ Sir John Stanley, Bt., has been mentioned before. He was connected with Ireland, and owned substantial property in Dublin. He was uncle to the future Mrs. Delany; and this letter is printed in her *Correspondence*, 1st series, i. 575.

Swift to Sir John Stanley

30 October 1736

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

4806

Lady Elizabeth Germain to Swift

[2 November 1736]

I am sorry to be so unlucky in my late Errants between his Grace and you, and he also is troubl'd at it as the person you recommend is indeed what you say a very worthy person,¹ but Mr Malloy² who was Lord Georges second tutor had the promise of the next preferment so he cant put him by this, I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings but I verily believe tis a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often by necessity prevented obliging their friends, and many worthy people goes (*sic*) unrewarded and whether you call this a court answer or not, I am very positively sure he is heartily vex'd when tis not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order or you shoud have heard from me before, and am now litteraly this moment setting out for the Bath, so Adieu Dear Dean

2 Nov: 1736

Address: The Rev^d Dr Swift | Dean of St Patricks | Dublin | Ireland

Postmark: 4 NO

Endorsed by Swift: Nov^r 2^d 1736 | Lady E. G— | to answer

4806

Mrs. Barber to Swift

[Bath, 3 November 1736.]

Sir

I shou'd long since have acknowledg'd the honour of your kind letter but that I found my Head so disordered by writing a little that I was fearfull of fixing the Gout in it so I humbly beseech you

¹ John Jackson.

² Edward Molloy, who had been for six years a Fellow of Trinity College, was then appointed Treasurer of Christ Church Cathedral, but only enjoyed the preferment for a year, when his death took place.—Ball.

to pardon me nor think me ungratefull or in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you which, Heaven knows, are never out of my Mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in enviteing me to return to Ireland and generously offering to contribute to support me there¹—but wou'd it not be base in me, not to try to do something for my self rather than be burthensome where I am already so much indebted.

As to the Friend whom you say Sir is in so much better circumstances I shou'd be very unjust if I did not assure you that Friend has never faild of being extremly kind to me.²

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of *letting Lodgings* your goodness and compassion for my unhappy State of Health, has made you think for me, 'tis impracticible, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish Linnen which I find is comeing much into repute here. in that way my Daughter who is willing to do ev'ry thing in her power can be of service but never in the other

If I shou'd go from Bath I have reason to think that the remainder of my life wou'd be very miserable & that I shou'd soon lose the use of my limbs for ever since I find nothing but the Blessing of God on these Waters does me any good besides this the interest of my children is a great inducement to me for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them my son who is learning to paint goes on well³ and if he be in the least approv'd of in all probability he may do very well at Bath for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of geting more business than he cou'd do let him be ever so indifferent; and I have hopes that Con may settle here⁴ Dr Mead⁵ whose goodness to me, is very great may be of vast use

¹ Mrs. Barber had long been severely afflicted with gout, and Swift had evidently written to her urging a return to Ireland.

² The allusion will be to Delany.

³ Mrs. Barber's second son Rupert, who was taking lessons in painting, attained contemporary recognition. The portrait engraved by B. Wilson as a frontispiece to Orrery's *Remarks*, 1752, was taken from a crayon drawing by Barber of Swift in old age.

⁴ Mrs. Barber's eldest son Constantine who returned to Dublin and became President of the Irish College of Physicians.

⁵ Dr. Richard Mead, 1673-1754, the celebrated physician who attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and was medical adviser to many notabilities of the day, including Pope.

to him, if he finds as I hope he will that he is worthy of his favour and if God Blesses my sons with success they are so well inclin'd that I do not doubt but they wou'd take a pleasure in supporting me if I can make a shift to maintain them and my self till then and I find Mr Barber is very willing to do what he can for them tho' his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are, not I fear, half so good.

But tho' I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings I wou'd willingly take a house a little larger than I want for my self if I could meet with it on reasonable terms that if any particular friend came they might lodge in it which wou'd make it more agreeable, and if I live till my son the painter goes into business he might be with me—as for Con if he does not chuse to settle here good Dr Helsham with his usuall friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection if he returns to Ireland

I have now,—Sir told you my Scheems and hope they will be honour'd with your approbation—and encourag'd by your inexpressible goodness to me I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which if you Sir condescend to grant would make me rich without impoverishing you.

When Dr King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your treatise on *Polite Conversation* and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worsley (who heard of it from Mrs Cleland)¹ and many more of my patronesses press'd me to beg it of you and assur'd me I might get a great subscription if I had that and a few of your *Original poems* if you wou'd give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them this they commanded me to tell you, above a *year ago* and I have had many letters since upon that account, but conscious of the many obligations I already lay under I have thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness, but when I was last in London, they made me promise I wou'd mention it the next time I wrote to you & indeed I have attempted it many a time since but never cou'd till now—I humbly beseech you Sir if you do not think it proper not to be offended with me for asking it, for it was others that out of kindness to me put me upon it—they said you made no advantage for your self, by your writings and, that since you honour'd me with your protection I had

¹ Wife of William Cleland, friend of Pope, for whom see James Sutherland's edition of *The Dunciad*, p. 434.

3 November 1736

Mrs. Barber to Swift

all the reason in the world to think it wou'd be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances that every body wou'd gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. Swift wrote and indeed Sir I believe in my conscience it wou'd be the making of me

there are a great many people of Qality here this season. Amongst others Lady Carteret and M^{rs} Spencer¹ who command me to make their best compliments to you they came on M^{rs} Spencers account who is better in her health since she drank these *Waters*. I dayly see such numbers of people *mended* by *them* that I cannot but wish you wou'd try them as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasion'd by a cold stomach. I believe there is not any thing in this World so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath Waters which are daily found to be a soverain remedy for disorders of *that kind*. I know Sir you have no opinion of Drugs and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine prepared by providence alone if you wou'd not try for *your own sake*, why will you not in pity to your Country. O may that Being that inspir'd you to be its defence in the day of distress influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppress'd people

Before I conclude gratitude obliges me to tell you that M^r Temple² was here lately and was exceedingly kind to me and my Daughter he made me a present of a Hamper of very fine Madera which he said was good for the Gout and distinguish'd me in the kindest manner He commanded me to make his best compliments to you and says he flatters him self you will visit Moor Park once again. Heaven grant you may and that I may be so blest as to see you who am, with infinite respect and gratitude Sir | your most oblig'd | most dutiful | humble | servant Mary Barber. Bath November the 3

Endorsed by Swift: Mrs Barbr | Rx Nov^r 16. 1736 *and*

M^{rs} Barber Rx Nov^r 16—1736 | To answer.

Deane Swift 1768

William King to Mrs. Whiteway

Paris, Nov. 9th, O.S. 1736.

Madam,

As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny.

¹ Carteret's third daughter married to the Hon. John Spencer.

² John Temple, Lord Palmerston's younger brother.

How I was transported from *Edinburgh*¹ to this place requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a *Laplander*,² and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country: for the first man I spoke to in *Paris*, told me, he had the *honour* to live next door to Mr. *Knight's*³ hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from *London*, where I propose to arrive about the 20th of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole *English* nation.⁴ As to the history, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter which is serious, for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in *Scotland*. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found everything as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend *Edinburgh*; and yet the s[tin]ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the *French* say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris*. As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it, and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my lord *Bolingbroke*. When the Dean is informed of what

¹ See King's letter to Mrs. Whiteway of 14 Sept.

² An allusion to King's poem *The Toast*, supposed to have been written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, 'a *Swede*, or, as some say, a native of *Lapland*'.

³ The treasurer of the South Sea Company.

⁴ As will be seen by subsequent correspondence the 'history', that is of the *Four Last Years of the Queen*, was not placed in King's hands until nine months later, and then by Lord Orrery (*Prose Works*, ed. Herbert Davis, vii, Introd., p. xiii). The accompanying 'tracts', *Memoirs, relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710* and *An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry*, were first printed by Deane Swift in 1765.

9 November O.S. 1736

William King to Mrs. Whiteway

that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history.¹ In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the *honour* he hath done me, not in the *French* sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss *Harrison*, and tell Mr. *Swift*² I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant, | W. King.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway

Nov. 21st, 1736.

Dear Madam,

I received the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me,³ and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of *Quilca*; the thieves traced and pursued as far as *Killeshandra*, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into Hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long, to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies. I have been for a week past composing an *Anglo-latin* letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birthday,⁴ which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent; I have

¹ The allusion is to historical writings upon which Bolingbroke was engaged.

² Mr. *Swift* [Deane Swift] was at this time in *Ireland*, but returned to *Oxford* in the *Spring* following.—Deane Swift.

³ See p. 531.

⁴ The letter, if finished and posted, is not known.

The Rev. Thomas Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway 21 November 1736

by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from *Sept.* past, and is to pay me their arrears the next *May*; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire — should keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar — of —, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birth-day poem against *St. Andrew's* day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for *Faulkner* to publish. I do assure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I say it that should not say it) and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you.¹ But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world. I wish Mrs. *Sheridan* were dead out of the way. | Thomas Sheridan.

Deane Swift 1768

The Rev. William Dunkin to Mrs. Whiteway

Nov. 30, 1736.

Madam,

I had proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent head-ach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad.² I have however, as in annual duty bound,

¹ For this birthday poem see *Poems*, p. 1050. No publication of it by Faulkner has been traced.

² The date of Swift's personal acquaintanceship with Dunkin is in doubt. In 1733 Dunkin joined in the attacks on Bettesworth with his poem 'Bettes-

30 November 1736 *The Rev. William Dunkin to Mrs. Whiteway*

attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort however I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam, your most obliged most obedient servant, | W. Dunkin.

Longleat xiii (Harleian Transcript)¹

Swift to Alexander Pope

[Dublin, 2 December 1736]

I think you ow me a Letter, but whether yo do or not I have not been in a condition to write. years and Infirmatyes have quite broke me. I mean that odious continual disorder in my Head. I neither reed, nor write; nor remember, nor converse All I have left is to walk, and ride. The first I can do tolerably; but the latter for want of good weather at this Season is Seldom in my Power; and haveing not an ounce of Flesh about me; my Skin comes off in ten miles riding because my Skin and bone² cannot agree together, But I am angry, because you will not Suppose me as Sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect Charity, although I should not be able to answer, I have too many vexations by my Station and the Impertinence of People, to be able to beare the Mortification of not hearing from a very few distant Friends that are left; and, considering how worth's Exultation', and from about that date Swift began to take an interest in the young man's fortunes. The poem which Dunkin composed to celebrate Swift's birthday on this occasion was presumably that which appears in his *Select Poetical Works*, 1769-70, ii. 211; for the headache is specifically mentioned:

'Though my heart be now sick, quite addled my brains,
And head split asunder with thought-gnawing pains.'

¹ Longleat, xiii, ff. 167-8. The transcript is undated. The date given at the end is in the hand of Lord Oxford. Pope, in printing, omitted passages here enclosed within half-brackets.

² 'me; . . . my Skin and bone'. Pope in 1742 prints 'me, my skin and bone cannot agree'.

Time and Fortune hath ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but your Self. What Horace Says, *Singula de nobis anni prae-dantur*¹ I feel every Month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I Shall think it a Miracle. My Comfort is you begin to distinguish So confounded early, that your Acquaintance with great men of all Kinds was almost as antient as mine, I mean Witcherly, Row, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnel, &c. and in Spight of your Hart, you have owned me a Cotemporary, not to mention Lord Oxford, Bulingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow. In Short, I was to'ther day recollecting twenty Seven great Ministers or men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my Acquaintance within twenty years past² neither have I the Grace to be Sorry, that the present times are drawn to the Dregs as well as my own Life—may my friends, be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity when I consider from what monstors they are to Spring—My Lord Orrery writes to you toMorrow, and you See I Send this under his Cover or at least franck'd by him. He has 3000 a year about Cork, and the Neighborhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid This is our condition in these blessed Times, I writ to your Neighbor³ about a month ago, and Subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my Letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is Still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Borehave⁴ hath restored his health—Can you put me out of pain concerning Lord Bol—I mean partly as to his Health, but chiefly as to his fortune for he hath been so long a Squanderer of both, that I lament him more than I do my Self, who never enjoy a healthy hour. 'I hope you Sometimes See my Lord and Lady Oxford, I love them dearly, but we Seldom correspond of late because we have nothing to say to each other; and it is enough when I desire you to present my humble Service and all good Wishes to them, and the Dutchess their Daughter.' How my Services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your

¹ *Ep.* 11. ii. 55. The scribe, unversed in Latin, gets the ridiculous form 'precedantues' for 'praedantur'.

² Swift's list of distinguished friends is printed in this edition *post.* v. 271-2. The list is divided into friends living and dead. The number of the latter at the time the list was made, 19 Feb. 1728-9, was twenty-two, but before 1736 seven had been added to them.

³ Pulteney.

⁴ Hermann Boerhaave, 1668-1738, perhaps the most celebrated physician of his time. Patients came to consult him from all over Europe.

2 December 1736

Swift to Alexander Pope

Side! yet my Lord Bathurst and Masham and Mr Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I desire when you See them to deliver my Compliments but chiefly to Mrs Patty Blount and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I Saw her last. Have you got a Supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equall to the first? I am afraid it is with Friends as with Times; and that the Laudator temporis acti se puero¹ is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect Retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; For this Town and Kingdom are as much out of the World as North Wales—My head is so ill, that I cannot write a Paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an Inch from you—I had reason to expect from some of your Letters that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality, and I assure you, my Acquaintance resent that they have not Seen my name at the head of one. The Subjects of Such Epistles are more usefull to the Publick, by your manner of handling them than any of all your Writings, and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet Posterity will enjoy the Benefit whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for Virtue and Religion.² Pray God long preserve my dearest Friend in Life and health, and Happyness or rather you may say with Horace, Det Vitam, det opes, animam mihi ipse parabo.³ I am ever entierly yours. &c.⁷

Dublin Dec. 2. 1736.⁷

4806

Lord Castle-Durrow to Swift

Castle Durrow Dec^{br} 4th 1736

Sr⁴

It is now a Month since you favoured me with your Letter. I fear the Trouble of Another from me may persuade you to excuse my

¹ Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 173.

² As printed by Pope the letter here ends, just before the last sentence, which, in the transcript, has the Latin phrase inserted in the hand of Lord Oxford.

³ *Ep.* l. xviii. 112.

⁴ As this letter shows Swift must have reopened correspondence with Lord Castle-Durrow on learning that he had called and been refused admission by his servant.

Acknowledgment of it, but I am too sensible [of the]¹ Honour you do me, to suffer a Correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest Men of this Age have gloried in; how then must my Heart be elated! The Fly on the Chariot Wheel is too trite a Quotation, I shall rather compare myself to a Worm enlivened by the sun and crawling before it, I imagine there is a Tinge of Vanity in the meanest Insect, and who knows, but even this Reptile may pride itself in it's Curls and Twists before it's Benefactors, this is more than the greatest Philosophers can determine, Guesses are the Privilege of the Ignorant, our undoubted Right, and what you can never lay Claim to.

I am quite angry with your Servant for not acquainting you I was at your Door. I greatly commend both your Oeconomy and the Company you admit at your Table, I am told your Wine is excellent, the additional Groat is I hope for sewet to your Pudding, I fancy I am as old an Acquaintance as any you have in this Kingdom, tho it is not my Happiness to be so qualified as to merit that Intimacy you profess for a Few; it is now to little Purpose to repine, tho it greives me to think I was a Favorite of Dean Aldrich, the greatest Man who ever presided in that high Post,² that over Virgil and Horace Rag and Phillips³ smoaked many a Pipe and drank many a Quart with me, besides the Expence of a Bushel of Nuts, & that now I am scarce able to relish their Beauties; I know it is Death to you to see either of Them mangled, but a Scrap of Paper I design to enclose will convince you of the Truth, It was in Joke to an old Woman of seventy, who takes the last Line so heinously, that Thanks to my stars, she hates me in Earnest, so I devote myself to Ladies of fewer years and more Discretion This and some other innocent Amusements I devote my self to in my Retirement. Once indeed in two Years I appear in the *Anus* of the World our Metropolis, his Grace my old Acquaintance⁴ told me I began to contract a strange old-fashioned Rust, and advised me to burst out of my Solitude, and refit myself for Publick,⁵ but my own Notion of the World for some time past is so confirmed by the Sanction of your

¹ These words were missed by the writer.

² Lord Castle-Durrow entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1701, when only fifteen years old, during the long rule of Dean Aldrich, who died in 1710.

³ Edmund Smith, author of the artificial *Phaedra and Hippolitus*, who also died in 1710; and John Philips, author of *The Splendid Shilling*.

⁴ i.e. the Duke of Dorset.

⁵ Ball inserts 'the' before 'Publick'. Not in the manuscript.

4 December 1736

Lord Castle-Durrow to Swift

Opinion of it, that I resolve this same Rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the Value of poor Dr Woodward's shield, tho it gave such offence to his cleanly Maid, that she polished it to none at all.¹

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you that I still design the latter End of next Month for England, you allow I have some Pretence to go there, my Progress with my son will be farther, for which perhaps you too will condemn me, as well as other Friends do, I shall be proud of the Honour of your Commands, and with your Leave will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a Pot of Woodcocks for a Christmas-Box, small as the Present is, pray believe I am wth sincere Respect Sr yr most obed. humble Serv^t | Castle Durrow

I hope you are as well as the News says. A Propos, can you agree with me that the little Operator of mine, who you saw lately at his Grace of Dublin's, has a Resemblance of your Friend Mr Pope.

Endorsed by Swift: L^d Castle | Durrow | De^r 6 1736 | to answer | Answd De^r 25th | 1736.

[Enclosure]

Laetitia's Character of her Lover rendered in Metre
Old Women sometimes can raise his Desire,
The young in their Turn set his Heart all on Fire,
And sometimes again He abhors Womankind,
Was ever poor Wretch of so fickle a Mind!

Lover's Answer

Parcius junctas quatiunt Fenestras
Ictibus crebris Juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen. Hor i Ode 25.

No more shall frolick youth advance
In serenade, and amorous Dance,
Redoubling strokes no more shall beat
Against thy Window, and thy Gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy Door.

Endorsed by Swift: Ab^t Dec^r 1736 | Verses by L^d Castle | Dur

¹ *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. iii.

² The reply is dated 24 Dec.

Deane Swift 1768

William King to Swift

London, December 7th, 1736.

Sir,

I arrived here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the history. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces, which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* representation;¹ this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts as an appendix to the history, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the E. of *Oxford* in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the history.² Perhaps on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of *Guiscard*,³ and the quarrel between *Rechteren* and *Mesnager*.⁴ But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the *Gazettes*, or any other news papers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this history should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall

¹ When writing the *Four Last Years* Swift consulted Sir Thomas Hanmer, whose 'Representation of the State of the Nation', described by Swift as 'supposed to be the Work of Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* Pen', is printed in full. See *Prose Works*, ed. H. Davis, vii, Intro., xi, and pp. 80-94.

² For Swift's character of Harley in the *History*, see *Prose Works*, vii. 73-75, 178-80; and as it appears in *An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry*, viii. 135-8.

³ In the *History* Swift dismisses the stabbing of Harley by Guiscard as 'not within the compass of this History', and refers the reader to 'the particular Account in the Examiner'.

⁴ The 'idle Quarrel' between Mesnager and Rechteren, alleged to have been caused by footmen of the former, see *Prose Works*, vii. 154, 158, 159.

7 December 1736

William King to Swift

ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, | W. King.

Scott 1814

Swift to John Barber

Dublin, Dec. 8, 1736.¹

My dear old Friend,

I am glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies.² The substance of her request is a public affair, wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed Sir Thomas Webster,³ the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand, those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into public associations subscribed and handed about publickly for that purpose. I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health: but my ill-health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for some time ago a friend of us both writ to me, that

¹ The holograph letter, now owned by Robert H. Taylor, is clearly dated Dec. 28. ² See p. 535. ³ The owner of Waltham in Essex.—Ball.

he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them.¹ I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. Alderman, | Your most hearty friend | and obedient humble servant, | Jon. Swift.

This letter, I suppose, will reach you, although I have forgot your street and part of the town.

4806

William Pulteney to Swift

[21 December 1736]

Sir,

I was at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month; I remember I once wrote to you from thence,² which letter I fancy you never received,³ and therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the Cross Post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all Physick and Water: drinking; My Constitution must certainly be a pretty good one, for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent Physicians for five months together, & I am not a jot the worse for any of them. for the future I will preserve my self by your advice, and follow your Rules of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this Regimen will long be of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoyced at Mr Stopfords good success, and have acknowledg'd my obligation to the Duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it.⁴ My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemd him, I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular Friend of yours; I afterwards upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and Character do an honour to those who recommend them.

¹ i.e. Pulteney.

² Hawkesworth omits the words between 'thence' and 'therefore'.

³ Apparently Swift had not acknowledged receipt of Pulteney's letter of 22 Nov. 1735.

⁴ In the previous summer Stopford had been appointed Archdeacon of Killaloe.

there is a sentence, (I think it is in Tullys offices) which I admire extreamly, and should be tempted to take it for a Motto, if ever I took one; *amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble Sentiment, and shall be my Rule, tho' perhaps never my Motto.

I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the Duke of Dorset, than because he has served (as they call it) his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather since I am told, he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the Person to succeed him, tho' I should be glad he was, since I flatter my self he would be willing on many occasions to shew some regard to my recommendations.¹ I have lately seen a Gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, that the Person you enquire after,² and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great Plenty and affluence; I own I doubt it, but if it be true, I am sure it can not last long, unless an Old Gentleman³ would please to dye, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, tho' near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than dye.

Pope shewd me a letter he had lately from you,⁴ we grieved extreamly to find you so full of complaints, and wished heartily you might be well enough to make a Trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me, perhaps it may be so to you; I mended from the moment I had cross'd the Seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing Air. His Majesty is still on the other side, he has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had, but when the wind will let him come, God knows; Lord Chesterfield says if he does not come by twelfth day, the People will chuse K—g and Q—n without him; I must tell you a ridiculous Incident, perhaps you have not heard it. One M^{rs} Mapp, a famous she Bone: setter and Mountebank, coming to Town in a coach with six horses on the Kentish Road, was met by a Rabble of People, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dress'd, took her for a Foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great Persons Mistress. Upon this they followed the Coach, bawling out, No *Hannover whore* no

¹ William, third Earl of Essex, the Duchess of Queensberry's brother-in-law, with whom Pulteney and Gay had stayed together (20 May 1727–8). He had been ambassador at Turin.

² Bolingbroke.

³ Bolingbroke's father, Viscount St. John.

⁴ Swift's letter to Pope of 2 Dec. 1736.

Hannover whore. The lady within the Coach was much offended, let down the Glass, and scream'd louder than any of them, she was no *Hannover whore*, she was an *English one*, upon which they all cry'd out, God bless your Ladyship, quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good Journey.¹

I hope to be able to attend the House next sessions, but not with such assiduity as I have formerly done; why should I risque the doing my self any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this Country, can have no Notion how wicked and Corrupt we are grown; were I to tell you of half the Rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished, and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of Ground only, you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret, when he comes to Town; I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour, for I assure you, that I am with the greatest truth and Esteem | S^r | Your most Obedient humble Servant | W^m Pulteney

London Dec^r 21st 1736

Endorsed by Swift: Date Dec 21. 1736 | M^r P—l—t—y | to answer | Ansd
Mar. 8th | 1736.²

Pierpont Morgan Library³

Swift to Lord Castle-Durrow

[Dublin, 24 December 1736]

My Lord

Your last Letter⁴ hath layn by me about a fortnight unacknowledged, partly by the want of health and lowness of Spirits, but

¹ This story, in a wittier form, has been narrated of the Duchess of Portsmouth (Louise de K roualle) and Nell Gwyn.

² Swift's draft of his reply is dated 7 Mar. 1736-7.

³ This letter is printed from the original in the Pierpont Morgan Library. There is a copy in the National Library of Scotland, MS. 912, f. 220. In this transcript the following note is added: 'This letter is an exact copy from a transcript made from the original letter, now in the possession of Lord Ashbrooke—W.Y.' The transcript is very faithful. The letter was also formerly printed in *Notes and Queries*, 11. vi. 367. It was contributed by the sixth Baron Monson, father of Viscount Oxenbridge.

⁴ 4 Dec. 1736.

chiefly by want of Time, not taken up in busyness, but lost in the Teazings of insignificant people who worry me with Trifles. I often reflect on my present life as the exact Burlesque of my middle age, which passed among Ministers, in those days that you and your Party since call *the worst of Times*. I am now acting the same things in Miniature, but in a higher Station, as a first Minister, nay sometimes as a Prince; in which last quality, My House-keeper, a grave elderly woman, is called at home and in the Neighborhood Sr Robert.¹ My Butler is Secretary, and has no other defect for that office but that he can not write yet that is not singular; for I have known three Secretaryes of State upon the same level, and who were too old to mend, which mine is not. My Realm extends to 120 Houses, whose Inhabitants constitute the Bulk of my Subjects; my Grand Jury is my House of Commons, and my Chapter the House of Lords: I must proceed no further because my Arts of Governing are Secrets of State.

Your Lordship owes all this to the beginning of Your Letter, which abounded with so many unmerited Compliments, that I was puffed up like a Bladder, but at the first touching with a pins point, it shrivelled like my self almost to nothing. The long absence from my Friends in England, whom I shall never see again, hath made most of them, as well as my self drop our Correspondence. Besides, what is worse, many of them are dead others in Exile; and the rest have prudently changed their Sentiments both of the Times, and of me.

My Secretary above-mentioned is a true Irish blockhead, and what is worse, a Blockhead with a bad memory; for I suppose it was with him you left your message, which he never delivered; However I wanted no Proofs of your Lordship's great Civilityes.

As to my Oeconomy, I cannot call my self a Housekeeper. My servants are at Board-wages; however I dine almost constantly at home, because, literally speaking I know not above one Family in this whole Town where I can go for a Dinner. The old hospitality is quite extinguished by Poverty and the Oppressions of England. When I would have a Friend to eat with me, I direct him in generall to send in the morning, and inquire whether I dine at home and alone. I add a Fowl to my Commons and something else if the Company be more, but I never mingle Strangers, nor multiply dishes. I give a reasonable price for my Wine (higher my ill-paid

¹ Mrs. Ridgeway had evidently inherited Mrs. Brent's title as well as place.

sunk Rents will not reach) I am seldom without 8 or nine Hogs-heads. And as to the rest, if your Lordship will do that Honor when you come to Town, you must submit to the same Method. Onely perhaps I will order the Butler to see whether by chance he can find out an odd bottle of a particular choice wine which is all spent, although there may be a dozen or two remaining; but, these are like Court secrets kept in the Dark. As to puddings, my Lord, I am not onely the best, but the sole perfect maker of them in this Kingdom; they are universally known and esteemed under the name of Deanry Puddings; suit and Plumbs are three fourths of the Ingredients. I had them from your Aunt Giffard,¹ who preserved the Succession from the time of S^r W. Temple.

You are perfectly right, that for a young man, you are my oldest acquaintance here; for when upon the Queen's death I came to my Banishment, I hardly knew two faces in the Nation; . . . But I lost you long before; for you grew a fine Gentleman of the Toun (London) went through all the Forms, Marryd; sometimes came to Ireland, settled; broke up house, went back, and are now as unfixed as ever. However, I find, you have not neglected your Book, like most of your sort, I suppose in your own Neighborhood, of whom you are grown weary, as I should be in your Case; but I am not certain whether you are a Member of the biennial Colledge-green Club² which is all the Title I give them to your old Friend the Duke,³ and yet I know one of the Numb^r, who confessing himself partial, declares there are 35 among them who can read and write. As to the Duke himself, although I knew him from his Boyhood, and severall of his near Relations, I never could obtain any the most reasonable Request⁴ from him, nor any more than common Civilityes, although I desired nothing [for a] friend or two, but what would have redounded to his Honor [and the] Satisfaction of his best Friends, as well as without any Party end: He hath this to say, that he was steady, from his youth to the same side; and I own him to be as easy and agreeable in Conversation as ever I knew; but a Governor of this Kingdom never is a free man. However I deserve better from him, because in the Queen's time I spent a great part of my Credit in preserving your people from losing their Employments. . . . But,

¹ The relationship which Lady Giffard bore to Lord Castle-Durrow as a sister of his grandfather, Sir John Temple.

² The Irish Parliament.

³ i.e. the Duke of Dorset.

⁴ Request] requests *Ball*.

24 December 1736

Swift to Lord Castle-Durrow

I shall trouble his Grace no more; And it is time to give you a Release. I know not whether it is francking season, and therefore I will avoyd the Ceremony of an envelope, to save Expence. I can not blame you for carrying your Son to Engld which hath been chiefly your home, as it was many Years mine and might still be so¹ if the late Queen had lived two Months longer. I am with very great Esteem | My Lord | Your Lordships most obed^t | humble Servant
J: Swift.

Dublin. Dec^{br} 24th. 1736

I heartily give you all the | Compliments and Wishes of the Season.

Address: To | The Right Honorable the Lord | Castle-Durrow, at Castle-Durrow | in the County of | Kilkenny

Postmark: DE 25

Faulkner 1741

Alexander Pope to Swift

Decemb. 30, 1736.

Your very kind letter² has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved or esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole People will rejoyce at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the publick

¹ The words 'and might still be so' are added above the line.

² That of 2 Dec.

rejoycings on your birth-day.¹ I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality, must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of publick esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus,

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!*²

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, to you) which we wrote in the year 1723, and he has printed them,³ to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time: Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, (Wit as well as Money) to these needy poetical Readers.

The world will certainly be the better for this change of life. He

¹ *Pue's Occurrences* of 4 Dec. 1736 gives an account of rejoicings when Swift entered his seventieth year—visits from persons of distinction, illuminations, firing of guns, and congratulatory poems. Among these tributes was Sheridan's birthday offering, *Poems*, iii. 1050.

² Catullus, xcvi. 3. Pope used the same quotation in his letter to Orrery, 10 May 1736 (Sherburn, iv. 15).

³ In the *London Evening Post*, 11 Nov., Curll had advertised: 'This Day is published (from the Original Manuscripts, transmitted from Ireland) with a curious Print of Lord Bolingbroke, *Letters written by Mr. Pope and Lord Bolingbroke, to Dean Swift, in the Year 1723.*' When reprinting in 1741 Curll changed his story about the letters coming from Ireland and on p. 217 added a note: 'These two letters were given to Mr. Curll by a Gentleman of Essex.' Somehow, one guesses, Pope fed these letters to Curll so that he might have further reason to urge on Swift (as he does) the return of his letters.—Sherburn.

seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled Philosopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquility he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new Friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of our selves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same Friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to our selves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men,¹ who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguish'd themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: Let me drop into common things—Lord Masham has just married his son.² Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife.³ Lord Oxford wept

¹ 'Patriot' was a name assumed by younger members of the opposition to Walpole to distinguish themselves alike from Ministerial Whigs and Jacobites. The term 'Boy Patriots' carried a note of derision.

² The second Lord Masham married on 16 Oct. 1736 Henrietta, daughter of Salway Winnington of Stanford Court, Worcestershire.

³ She died 21 Dec. 1736 and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 25th.

over your letter in pure kindness.¹ Mrs. B.² sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learn'd that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu. If you have lost a vol. of Rymer's *Foedera*, Mr. Arbuthnot will restore it you.³

¹ Over the melancholy expressed in the letter of 2 Dec.

² Blount.

³ Pope's London editions 1741–2 omitted this last sentence. It is not in Elwin-Courthope or Ball. No volume of Rymer's *Foedera* seems ever to have been in Swift's library. For the fifteen volumes of this work presented by him to the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, still to be seen there, see the references in *Journal to Stella*, ed. Williams, i. 271, n. 11.